# TRUE ADVENTURES OF THE SECRET SERVICE

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Plots, Counter-Plots, Harrowing Scenes

# The Adventures of the Secret Service

By MAJOR C. E. RUSSELL

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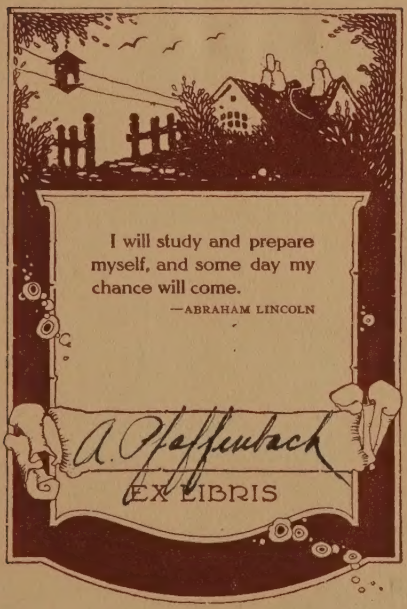
I will study and prepare myself, and some day my chance will come.
—ABRAHAM LINCOLN
A. Hoffenbach
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# True Adventures of the Secret Service

By Major C. E. Russell

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# CONTENTS


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| The Firebugs | 1 |
| The Greatest Secret Service Story Ever Told | 13 |
| The Train-Robbers | 75 |
| The Wine Swindlers | 90 |
| The Algerian Murderers | 123 |
| The Stolen Passports | 145 |
| The Woman Spy of Biarritz | 184 |
| The Women in Room 27 | 207 |
| The Cocaine Smugglers | 230 |
| The Underground Railroad | 256 |
| The Murder of Private Hand | 274 |
| Avenging Old Jean | 302 |

# TRUE ADVENTURES OF THE SECRET SERVICE

## THE FIREBUGS

AS NEVER before in history, the Great War called forth the business and professional man to help the fighting man. These civilians contributed largely to the Allied success. Napoleon with all his experience could never have foreseen the cosmopolitan organizations necessary for the success of a modern army. Before this war such organizations as the refrigeration units, forestry battalions, reclamation units, salvage organizations, and fire-department battalions were unknown.

The fire-department units were not used on the front to fight liquid fire or gas, but were stationed in the Service of Supplies to protect the billions of dollars' worth of supplies from fire. These battalions were made up of picked men from the fire departments of the large cities of the East. Only their efficient equipment and organization enabled them to save many millions of dollars' worth of material so necessary to our fighting men at the front. Besides

successfully fighting the accidental fire, they defeated organized attempts at the destruction of our docks and supplies—altogether another matter, that!

We all realized from the start that every effort would be made by the Germans to cripple our troops, and that our miles upon miles of docks and warehouses scattered along the coast of France offered the firebug a tempting chance.

Several attempts to burn these docks had been made prior to July, 1918; but they were clumsy, and the guilty ones had been promptly captured and punished. We kept a close watch all the while, and having had no serious fire, were congratulating ourselves on the fire situation when, in June, 1918, we received a report from one of our assistant provost marshals stationed at La Rochelle, one of our sub-base ports, which awoke us to new dangers.

This A. P. M. reported: "For the past eight nights, on each night we have discovered a fire on the gasolene docks. By good fortune we have been able to quench them before they made a fair start. But sooner or later, unless steps are taken to capture those who are responsible, we are sure to have a fire that will seriously cripple the entire American Army by destroying at least 75 per cent. of our gasolene supply. Stringent orders against the carrying of matches are enforced; we search every German prisoner before allowing him to pass through the gates; and any one found violating this order is severely punished; but still the fires continue. We have used

every effort to find the guilty ones, but have learned nothing, and want your help in solving the mystery."

The Commanding General considered the matter very serious and ordered that every possible means should be employed to catch the firebug and punish him. At this place we had a prison compound with over 3,000 German prisoners in it, and although their labour was used by both the French and the Americans, since they came from our camp we were responsible for their actions, and it was our duty to solve the mystery and punish the guilty. We felt convinced that the German prisoners were in some way setting the fires and we concentrated on that trail.

Our first move was to put extra men to watch the prisoners while at work. Several were secreted in and around the docks for that purpose. Even while these men were on watch, a fire was set which undoubtedly would have destroyed the entire dock system but for a favourable shift in the wind which enabled the fire department to quench it before it made much headway. This said little for efficiency of our present plans, and before we had others under way the enemy succeeded in setting another fire, this time at the French chemical plant, and the plant was totally destroyed.

Yet here, as at our dock, the prisoners were carefully searched before being allowed to enter the premises.

Inasmuch as we were sure that the fires were being set by the German prisoners, we put some of our

German-speaking detectives in the compound. But if we sent three strange prisoners into the camp alone, they would be at once suspected of being detectives and the guilty ones would be very careful not to expose themselves or their system.

We finally decided to send three of our men up to the front. They were to join the newly captured prisoners so that we could transfer them to our prison compound without their identity becoming known. There was a serious danger in this plan for our men as they must wear German uniforms all the time and if captured by the Germans they would be shot as spies. On the other hand, if they were seen walking around the front-line trenches without a guard, some of our soldiers were sure to shoot first and ask questions afterward. Our solution lay in dressing them in the boche uniform, placing guards over them, sending them to the front, and treating them exactly as we treated all the Germans.

After every possible contingency had been carefully thought out, the men were started on their trip to the front. They were placed in the front-line trenches with their guards, where we often had German prisoners, and the first time our troops went over the top, they were sent to join the first of the German prisoners captured and were sent back to the receiving stations. At our receiving pens they were assigned to a company of German prisoners and sent to the concentration camp for distribution to the various localities where prisoners were working.

Every precaution had to be taken that even the guards should not discover the identity of our men. For fear that the commanding officer of the prisoner escort company might be inclined to favour them, even he was not told of our plan—our men certainly were treated the same as the other prisoners. From the concentration camp we had them transferred to the prisoner company en route to our compound.

When they arrived at the camp, they were sent in a bunch to the docks to work with the other prisoners. But they sent word to us that it was difficult for them to meet large numbers of prisoners if forced to work in one crew. So to enable them to visit the various prison huts, we had them assigned to the sanitary squad—the meanest and dirtiest job in the prison camp. Too much credit cannot be given these men for their willingness to perform even this task in order to accomplish their mission.

At this particular time there was a man stationed at this prison camp who claimed to belong to the Swiss Red Cross and who passed by the name of Freytag, though I am not certain now as to the spelling of the name, and have no documents to go by. At the request of the German Government he had been sent here to look after the welfare of their prisoners. Having the proper credentials, he proceeded to make himself universally liked by all who had anything to do with him. He was a modest, quiet, well-mannered young chap, unmistakably a gentleman, speaking excellent though bookish Eng-

lish, and with only a slight foreign accent. He appeared to be in the early stages of consumption, and his colour looked hectic; but he was quietly efficient and made no complaints about his health till an attack of influenza put him in bed and served the Allied and American cause immeasurably.

But for weeks no one suspected that the Swiss Red Cross man, always working so earnestly for the prisoners, was any other than the philanthropist he appeared. He was allowed the freedom of the city and could buy any supplies he needed. He did his duty in trying to keep his charges free from the vermin and to that end supplied them with quantities of a certain chemical. When he wanted another acid to be used in the same fight there was no bar to his getting it.

Detectives are trained to look out for the little things, mark the small oddities, the trifles unaccounted for or unaccountably repeated, and sooner or later the big revelation comes. Our three men among the prisoners were industriously cultivating friends and watching for clues, but they got hold of nothing tangible till after they observed that Freytag in talking to a certain trio of prisoners always got them out into the open and generally took them into the centre of the prison compound. Other men he talked to with others crowding about; but these men, whether singly or in a group, he isolated.

Then one of our men reported that three of the prisoners were continually losing their blouses. They

were the same three Freytag had so frequently singled out. Next, the same man noted that the blouses were lost only after a chemical treatment. And now when he marked and reported further that the fires started only after one or more of these blouses had been lost—why, we knew we were hot on the trail of our quarry, though still we were unable to link these happenings with the chain of evidence we must have.

And then still another fire was set. We must hurry if we were not to lose our docks and perhaps the war. A slant of the wind in the enemy's favour might eventually give the Germans the victory.

Just then it was that Freytag was taken down with influenza. We managed, of course, that both doctor and nurse should be persons in our own service. But they both tried in vain to get into the sick man's confidence; he kept his own counsel—not displaying his suspicions, but certainly cherishing them.

Although he was told that it would be a month or six weeks before he could get out, he would not talk. Mary, the nurse, offered to carry on his work for him.

"You know," said Mary, "that although I am an American by birth, I am of German stock. My sympathies are all with Germany and I am willing to do almost anything to further the German cause." But she made no headway whatever.

Trying a new plan, Mary was instructed to go to the prison camp and tell the prisoners she was sent there as Freytag's representative—that he was ill and had asked her to look after their welfare while he

was away. She gave special attention to the three men whom Freytag had been so intimate with. Finally, one day, one of them said to her that he would have to have some more of both the acids that were used for the destruction of vermin. He said for her to tell Herr Freytag that the last acid was not strong enough; it would not work quickly enough, and for him to experiment to see if with the new supply the ration should not be changed.

Even with this information in our possession, we did not realize that we already had the solution of the plot; and but for a careless remark made by the Swiss, we might have gone on and on, still working in the dark.

Mary told Freytag that while she was at the prison camp that day a prisoner by the name of Hans had asked her to tell him that he, Hans, wanted some more acid. She also told him what Hans had said about the other acid being too weak and that he should experiment with the new supply before sending it to the camp.

"I will try it out by myself when I recover," replied Freytag. "The next time you go over to the camp tell Hans not to use any more until I first try it out here at home. Tell him it is too dangerous and that I wish him to wait until I have recovered and can tell him personally just what proportions to use."

When this was reported to me, I determined that I myself would experiment with these dangerous acids and asked my friend the doctor to help me. But he

did not need to experiment to know something about what would happen if I brought these two substances together.

"You will blow yourself up if you don't look out!" he exclaimed. "Those two acids in contact cause spontaneous combustion and you will set something on fire!"—and we had fathomed one of the deadliest plots of the war!

It was very simple: Freytag, teaching them how to fight vermin, had instructed all the prisoners to wash their clothing in the first acid, allowing it to remain on the cloth. The three who were in his confidence were the only ones who knew his real objective; he would give them a small bottle of the other acid, which was stopped with a small roll of paper; and when they were at their work they would take off their blouses and would throw them, with the bottle in a pocket, behind some combustible material on the docks. The acid in the bottle would eat through the paper stopper, and reaching the chemically prepared cloth it would burst into flame—and the chance of destroying a vast system of docks and endless supplies of gasolene and oil would be excellent, especially if the acid were timed to reach the cloth at night so that the fire might get a good start before being discovered. It took little experimenting to prove to us that the acids might and did work just this way. I purposely suppress the names of chemicals capable of such misuse.

The time came when Freytag was allowed by the

doctor to go for a short walk, and as we expected he took the first chance to get fresh supplies for arson. Meanwhile, we secreted several men in his cellar, where we were sure he would undertake an investigation of the strength of his purchases. Sure enough, when he came in he went to the cellar, and, taking some old cloth and paper, proceeded to try out various combinations of the acids. After several hours' experimenting, he finally secured the proper proportions and then put the two acids together on a cloth. In a few seconds the cloth was burning. Then our men stepped out of hiding and arrested him.

He was a brave chap, that German spy. Just up from a sick bed, he had been working for hours beyond his strength, but he showed no white feather. At first he denied all charges, but when he heard what we knew he took the other tack and wanted to know why any further preliminaries? Why should we investigate further or talk of a court-martial?

"Take me out and shoot me," he said.

He was brought before me. It was my duty to find out if I could who he was. The manner of his confederates toward him and his own personal quality convinced us that he belonged in the higher ranks of life. But I could get nothing out of him. We sat opposite each other, talking quietly enough, and nothing I could say appeared to shake him in any way. I told him that as a common felon he would be hung. He said he had a right to be shot. But when I replied that maybe if we knew who he was we could grant

that right, he still quietly refused us any information. I told him I recognized that he must without doubt belong in the officer class, but if we knew nothing about him he would have to bear the hard conditions imposed on his common soldier confederates.

"Put me in with them," was his answer.

I told him we wanted to send word of his end to his family, that we would take any messages and would faithfully deliver them—and so we would, all the more scrupulously in that we were constrained to admiration of this frail and indomitable enemy. He said he had no messages to send to any one.

All the while he kept his voice level and firm. Men experienced in such suffering could tell that his mouth was dry; he was "chewing cotton" and the white saliva showed at the corners of his mouth, but there was no weakening of his soul.

Men like ourselves, who were continually daring the Fate that had overtaken him, knew how to measure his courage. I, for one, as I sat there trying to break down his resolution, was hoping at the same time that if his doom overtook me as it soon might, I would meet it as unflinchingly.

He was too mysterious and personally impressive to be speedily executed. For the time being he was imprisoned under the conditions of an officer. Soon extraordinary German efforts to effect his exchange proved we were right as to his being an important person. The Germans offered to exchange many prisoners for this one. But our authorities would make

no bargains about him. For long they did not know who he was, and it was longer still before the events leading up to the "Greatest Story of the Secret Service" brought us news of Freytag from the men who made that story.

# THE GREATEST SECRET SERVICE STORY EVER TOLD

U. S. ARMY CABLEGRAM

Brest, France, July 10th, 1919.

SEC'Y WAR,
Washington.

Two German prisoners on transport sailing to-day consigned to the Intelligence Staff Washington.

BASH.

DISPATCH TO N. Y. *TIMES*

Washington, July 21

These were the only two prisoners of war to be brought to this country from France since the war and even those who were in immediate charge of them professed not to know why they were being removed to this country. The names and ranks of these men were withheld.

JUST a line from a cablegram announcing the sailing of a transport and giving a list of those on board—but more than one newspaper carried the cablegram; also there were as many versions of the facts regarding these two prisoners as there were newspapers publishing the message.

To chronicle one of the greatest feats of the war, I have decided to tell the story of these two prisoners. At the time the Armistice was signed, millions would not have induced me to tell this story. For then the

German Secret Service had a long arm. Men learned to their ruin, that hide where they would, it could find and punish terribly. More than one mysterious death has been the mark of that service. It was the boast of the Germans that whoever tricked them paid the death penalty. After the coup I tell about, and when the story had penetrated back to the Great Headquarters of the Germans, their Secret Service took a solemn oath that everyone connected with the work should swiftly die.

However, that is all changed now. The military régime in German has apparently passed for ever, and the members of the former Great Headquarters have troubles enough of their own without spending time trying to locate the actors in this stirring drama. All I shall tell is the truth, except where false names are announced, and in the matter of verbal accuracy in conversations; I cannot pretend to exact wordings in such quotations, though I can vouch for their general fidelity.

There stands in the heart of a forest in northern France an old château, built in the fifteenth century. Cold and gloomy it was on that rainy day in May, 1918, when the Allied commanders gathered there for one of the most serious conferences of the war. The château with all its blackness fitted well the moods of these men whom the world had charged with the task of saving it from Prussianism. These men had gathered here from the blood-stained fields of Flanders, from the French fronts, which at this

time were withstanding the terrific drives of the German, and, also, from the training sectors of the American Army.

The Germans were making their big drive on Paris and showed that they were determined at any cost to reach their goal before the strength of the American Army could be thrown into the balance.

There was a feeling among some of the higher officials of the Allied armies that if Paris fell both the Americans and the English would soon be swept into the Atlantic Ocean, and war with all its horrors would be a reality in the United States. No one knew just what the French would do if Paris should be captured by the Germans, but many believed that the fall of Paris would be the signal for the French to sue for peace. And one of the American generals said: "If Paris falls we will soon be up to our necks in the Bay of Biscay, yelling for ships to come and take us home."

If the French asked for a separate peace, England would be forced to do her fighting on her own island. A German victory in France would give Germany the bases which she so greatly needed in order successfully to attack England both by submarines and through the air. In this event, must not England come to her knees? Let this happen and the United States, despite her unlimited resources, would be obliged to fight to the limit of her strength. It was, then, a very desperate situation which confronted those devoted commanders on that May day when they gathered to

devise ways and means to turn the Germans back from Paris.

Each one had come with plans whereby he hoped first to stem the tide of the Prussian hordes, and then to complete their defeat as soon as they had been stopped. All plans, however, hinged upon an accurate knowledge of the German strategy: where the next attack would be made; the strength and morale of the troops. As this information was not available, the plans, as submitted, were considered and ultimately rejected.

"Gentlemen," said Marshal Foch, "it is absolutely necessary that we anticipate the moves of the Germans. I have sent my best men into Germany and they have failed. Only yesterday news came through that the man in whom I placed my greatest dependence had been captured and shot within an hour after he had penetrated the German lines. We cannot secure information in this way."

Attending this conference was Colonel R——, the officer in charge of the intelligence work on General Pershing's staff. He said in reply to the marshal:

"While I do not desire to discredit any one, I am convinced that I have the very men in my service who can penetrate into the German lines and secure the desired information. One of these men has been most successful in this type of work and was in Spain for us during the entire Spanish-American War. I am confident that we can get the data if we are granted permission to try."

At this time the Americans had not won the place in the hearts of the Allies which they held later. Château-Thierry had not been fought; and many believed that the Americans were just braggarts who could not fight or be depended upon when it came to an actual battle. Unfortunately our men were bragging very unbecomingly, and we had lost not only friends, but also prestige in the eyes of the Allies. Americans who had just arrived in France could be heard crying to both French and English soldiers:

"You folks just watch us! We'll show you how to finish this war! You have been at it for four years and can't stop it! You just watch us finish it up quick!"

Those who had endured the four years of the struggle found such boasting offensive, and our standing was injured and our motives were questioned. So when our Chief expressed his belief in our ability to secure the desired information, an undercurrent of indifference, even of derision, was plainly noticeable, which could only mean that once again they thought the Americans were indulging in their game of bluff.

After two days of conference, no headway had been made; for a careful analysis of each plan proved the more convincingly how impossible it was for these officers to settle upon a definite plan of campaign without the absolute knowledge of the German plans. As a last resort, a forlorn hope, as it were, they decided to give the American Intelligence Staff an opportunity either to secure this information or back down.

Immediately our Chief started to gather his forces for the attempt. The four men whom he wanted were at this time scattered in different parts of France. Major Anderson was in Bordeaux, Captain Orcutt at the Headquarters of the S. O. S. at Tours, Captain Odell with the First Army, while Captain Dunn was with the Prisoner of War Bureau. (Of course these are not their real names.) Urgent telegrams convinced them that something serious was pending and they rushed to Chaumont by motor and by train. Reporting to the Chief, they were sent to a town near Chaumont and quartered in a small château. The Chief knew that here they could work undisturbed and undiscovered, and here he joined them when the last officer had reported. He gave them a synopsis of the conference at the old château in the forest and told them of the wonderful opportunity now before the American Intelligence Staff.

To enable the four Americans to understand the previous attempts made by the various Intelligence Staffs, the chiefs of the Allied Intelligence Service came to this place for a conference, and told in minute detail how they had tried to reach Germany and what they believed to be the cause of their failures. A careful analysis showed that their men had in each case attempted to cross over to the German lines through the front, or via Belgium or Holland, and that, with almost supernatural powers, the Germans had spotted them, and all their efforts had ended in a firing squad and a brick wall. After hearing all

this it was decided that we should try to reach Germany through Spain.

Captain Dunn was an understudy in the scheme, and never took any prominent part in its activities, but he was there to be called upon if one of the others fell by the way.

It is a well-known fact that during the entire war, Germany maintained an intelligence and propaganda bureau in Spain. Although all the sources of communication between Spain and Germany were supposed to be in the control of the English, this bureau was in constant easy communication with the home offices. Bearing this in mind, it was considered that the only real hope of success lay in getting into Germany with the connivance of this very bureau. To fool them was our first objective. Every possible precaution was taken to prevent failure, and the plans were gone over again and again.

To begin with, one of our officers was to try and reach Germany through Spain by crossing into that country at Hendaye.

Major Anderson was selected to make the attempt. He had served in the Intelligence Service in Spain during the Spanish-American War, and he spoke Spanish fluently. With his knowledge of Spain and Spanish customs, the Chief believed he had the best chance for success. The Major was to represent himself as a fugitive. His story was to be that he was accused of stealing battalion funds, falsely accused according to his telling, and thereby filled with

a bitter thirst for revenge on the American Army. Also he would claim to have always been pro-German till America went into the war, and now he would do anything to injure the Allied cause; in addition he possessed valuable knowledge regarding the plans and strength of the American troops.

Captains Orcutt and Odell were to proceed to Hendaye, there to carry out their part of the plot and be ready instantly to cross over into Spain to help the Major, as occasion should demand.

Major Anderson, not daring even to carry his usual identification cards, so that he could not prove who he was in case either the Americans or the French arrested him, quietly slipped out of town and started on his way to Hendaye.

The first part of the journey was made by motor and was so timed that the Major and his companions arrived at the outskirts of the city soon after midnight. One quiet handshake, a whispered "Good luck," and the Major disappeared into the darkness and made his way into the town of Hendaye. Keeping out of sight of the military police, he passed down toward the waterfront and there in a third-rate hotel secured quarters for the night.

On the next day, at a prearranged time, Major Anderson walked along the beach to meet Captains Orcutt and Odell. They arrested him and took him up to the American camp, where he was confined in a small tent near the guardhouse. The news was then quietly passed around the city that the American po-

lice had captured a dangerous criminal; and before night, so successful was this propaganda, that all the good people of Hendaye were talking about the prisoner. The hope was to have the news passed over to Spain, so that when the Major appeared his criminal reputation would be there ahead of him. The Spanish guard on duty at the International Bridge was even invited to see this most dangerous man.

In order to check up the propaganda in Spain, Captain Orcutt passed over that night and returning on the next, reported that the fame of the prisoner had penetrated even as far as San Sebastian—and San Sebastian was the seat of the famous German Group of Five that ruled the German interests in Spain. Now was the time for the Major to make his escape and cross over the boundary. The stakes were so large that to take one of the guards into confidence was out of the question, so the Major had to run his chance of being shot.

But that night, just as the guards were being changed, he broke out of the rear of the tent and dashed away into the gathering darkness, although many shots were fired at him. The shooting and uproar made it clear to the men who knew of the plot that the Major had started, and they breathed a prayer for his safety. The Chief himself was in Hendaye now, and finally, unable to bear the suspense any longer, he sent one of the officers to learn the truth. When he heard that the Major had made a "clean getaway," "Thank God!" breathed the Chief.

Taking no risk with searching parties that might spoil his plans, the Chief detailed Captains Orcutt and Odell to take charge of the patrols, and for several days they both diligently hunted the Major where it was certain no Major would be.

When the news of the Major's safe arrival at San Sebastian filtered back to the Chief, Captains Orcutt and Odell were sent to shadow him. They were instructed to bother the Major in as public a manner as possible in order to prove to the Germans that he was exactly what he said he was.

So the pair broke into the absent Major's room as if searching his possessions and scattered all his clothing about. While the Major, on his return, was making loud complaints in the hotel office, a man came up sympathetically to tell him he knew who had done the deed.

"If you will come up to No. 6," he said, "I will give you all the information together with a description of the men I saw coming out."

"I do not know you," replied the Major, "and I'm not taking any chances of going with you. How do I know but you are one of those who committed this crime against me and all you want is to get me to go to your room, and then I will disappear, as did another man who fell for the same stunt! You will have to show me who you are before I will go one step with you!" And the Major walked away.

At this time there was a well-known American living in Spain as a fugitive from an indictment here at

home. On the same day this renegade, introducing himself, asked:

"Do you know the man you were talking with in the hotel this morning?"

"No," replied the Major. "Why?"

"Well, I know him, and you can trust him. Go up to his room at two o'clock this afternoon and see him; he is all right."

"Very well," replied the Major, " I will be there."

At 2 P.M., upon the Major's knock at No. 6, a slide in the door was opened and the Major saw the face of his friend of the hotel lobby, and the man, recognizing him, opened the door and invited him to enter.

Within, five men were seated around a table and instantly Major Anderson knew that he had at last reached the German bureau."

After introductions, one of the five demanded in Spanish: "Do you speak German?"

"No, I speak only Spanish and French. I learned Spanish in the Philippines and French since my arrival in France." Nevertheless, he did understand German.

The Germans, however, believed absolutely that Major Anderson could not understand them. Later in the game, if they had not talked freely before him, the expedition would have failed and he would have lost his life.

Considering their unquestionable ability, German credulity was curious, and often cost them dear. They made no effort to test his linguistic knowl-

edge. They were more eager than he was to make a deal. They were so ready to assume his ability and will to serve them that they appeared almost childish about it. But the truth was they were desperate, as came out when they arranged his first mission.

"We are going to play fair with you," the head of the bureau told him, "and show you our hand. Seated around this table you see the so-called 'Group of Five'—the men who have kept Spain out of the war and who control the German Secret Service outside of Germany. Here we carry on our work, and if you will join us and obey orders, we will pay you so much money that when we have won the war you can settle where you will and live like a prince. It is up to you! But if you join us and then play us false, no matter where you hide, we will find you and kill you. If you are afraid, stop now and you will not be molested, but if you come with us, you must come the whole way!"

"I would like time to think it over," replied the Major. "I will come back in one hour and give you an answer."

"Very well," said the leader. "We will await your return here."

Of course this was just what Major Anderson desired. But if he accepted their proposition as soon as made they might become suspicious; so he "played it safe" and left. When he returned, he walked up to the group and said:

"I have decided to cast my lot in with yours! You

know the Americans have offered a reward for my capture, so I am willing to do anything to get even."

The Major was very serious about it and right away the leader called for wine with which to welcome the new member. With every eye in the room upon the American, the leader proposed a toast:

"To the health of the Kaiser and the success of the German Arms."

Evidently they thought this was a clever way to test Anderson's sincerity. It was absolutely the only test attempted. Of course toast-drinking was a serious rite with them, and even though Anderson must drink, they must have hoped that he could not do it without betraying his real sentiments. But the only feelings he showed were enthusiasm and thirst.

The Germans put their feelings into queer pockets and are famous, of course, for understanding no ideas but their own. After the toast, the Chief administered the oath of allegiance to the German Fatherland and one of them opened a vein in the Major's arm so that he could sign the oath with his own blood. He was then welcomed as a member of the system, and the special use they had for him was unfolded.

"Recently," the leader said, "at one of the base ports the Americans captured a man whom they have tried and convicted of being a spy. This man, whom they know as Freytag, is a member of the German nobility and volunteered for this work since his health was such that he was unable to stand the strain of trench life. He was supposed to represent

the Swiss Red Cross, but through some slip he has been caught. The Kaiser orders us to use every effort to effect his escape. We want you to return to France and help him to get away or, if that is impossible, you are authorized to spend any amount of money to bribe his guards. We will render you every assistance possible from this side of the boundary."

"Where is this nobleman confined?"

"We do not know for a certainty, but we think at the Fort Medoc prison." The anxiety he felt showed in all his talk about Freytag. Germany's pressure on him regarding this man was evidently tremendous. After his case had been well canvassed, the smaller matter of the Liberty motor was brought up. But that, too, was urgent.

"We are also charged," said the leader, "with securing the blue-prints of that wonderful new Liberty motor. While you are effecting the release of His Highness, we want you to see what you can do toward securing those plans. Here are funds for your work. To-night I will come to your room and assist you in perfecting your disguise, for you are to pass yourself off as a Spaniard. We will supply you with a passport that will permit you to pass unquestioned anywhere in France."

Major Anderson made the right promises in his most convincing style, and bidding his new confrères good-night started toward his own room. But in the hall he discovered that he was being shadowed. Realizing that if this shadow was successful he could

never accomplish his own mission, he determined upon a bold stroke.

Returning to the room and bursting in at the door with a great show of indignation, he declared that if they did not trust him and were going to shadow him he would refuse to work with the bureau. "And," he cried, "before you get His Highness released he will have faced a firing squad."

The leader, hastily denying all knowledge of any such espionage, hurried out into the hall with Anderson; but the trailer had disappeared and so far as was ever known that was the only attempt made to keep a watch over his comings and goings while the "renegade" was in Spain.

The German leader came to his room that night to help him stain his skin so that he would look more like a Spaniard.

Thoroughly disguised and with his passports and final instructions, the Major on the next morning crossed over the International Bridge, telling the French customs officers on guard that he wanted to enter France on business for the Spanish Government. The French officials, finding his passports in order, sent him on to the American Intelligence Staff for further examination.

Ever since Major Anderson's disappearance into Spain, the Chief had remained in the Intelligence Officer at Hendaye waiting for his return. One of the arrangements that had been previously made was a secret sign so that, at any time and under any circum-

stances, each could signal the other without fear of attracting attention. Accordingly, when the supposed Spaniard saw the Chief sitting in the office he gave the sign and was passed through, and his passports were stamped to allow him to proceed to Paris.

All the while the Major had been in Spain he had been unable to send out word as to how he was progressing; so now, in order that his confederates and the Chief might know just what the situation was, Captain Odell boarded the train with the Major and seated himself in the same compartment. They had hoped they would be its only occupants. But to their disappointment, just before the train was to start, two Frenchmen came in. So then the Major passed a note to Captain Odell instructing him to leave the train at Bayonne and to keep on the lookout for him.

As the train left the station at Bayonne, Major Anderson, who had been standing on the rear platform, naturally lost his hat, quickly jumping off the train in an endeavour to recover it. The while the Major was recovering his hat, he watched the train to see if any one else jumped off. But no one did. As the train disappeared into the distance, Odell joined him, and before the arrival of the next train the Major had told his tale, and plans had been made as to where they should meet in Paris. Boarding the next train, the two officers entered separate compartments.

The Chief, with Captain Orcutt, met Odell and Anderson at the quiet Paris rendezvous, and the tremendous business of freeing the aristocratic prisoner

was gone over. These men were in favour of letting any *one* prisoner get away in order to win German confidence.

They now held a trump card, for the Germans would do almost anything to secure the release of this titled prisoner. And if the Major succeeded in getting him away there was no telling what he might not be able to do with the Germans afterward.

But another man had to be brought to their way of thinking.

The Chief made a trip to Chaumont, the Headquarters of the Americans, to learn the present status of this all-important prisoner. He was under sentence of death and his sentence had been approved by the authorities, and even as the Chief arrived, the officials were preparing to publish and carry out the sentence. The Chief took his story to the proper authority in great haste; perhaps the winning of the war turned on stopping this execution and getting this mysterious High-Born back to Germany—in Major Anderson's company. But he was up against a stone wall. For the better part of two days the Chief argued with a stubborn official who wanted the first programme carried out, and who was hard to convince that the condemned would be worth more alive than dead.

"We need this man in our work," said the Chief. "Surely you can realize that the life of one German is a small price to pay for such information as we can get from him or through him."

"That's all very well, Chief," replied the other. "If this prisoner was an ordinary German I would not hesitate a second, but we know that he is none other than Prince Joachim, one of the Kaiser's sons. We feel that the demoralizing effect of his execution on the Germans would be very great, and that it would mark a triumph for America."

The Chief knew the story of the prisoner's efforts to fire the docks at La Rochelle, and of his intrepid conduct and fixed silence about his identity when captured.

It is so long since any royalty was found at any post as dangerous as the one Freytag had filled, that it was hard to believe that he was the son of the Kaiser, the brother of the Crown Prince. But an American going through the prison had recognized him, and though Freytag had never admitted it, Major Anderson was able to corroborate such identification. The Chief could not wish him to be treated any differently from any other spy, but since it would serve the Allies and Americans better to have him live than to shoot him, he could allow himself to be glad it was a brave man whose life he was working for.

The German Government was making extraordinary offers to exchange several men for Freytag. Doubtless they would have offered a regiment of "cannon-fodder" if they had hoped it would do any good. But it was the Five in Spain who were going to effect something. For at last the Chief, by threatening to take the matter immediately to General Per-

shing, won the day. If his men could get the Prince away under the conditions they must accept—why, they could have him. The conditions had to be kept stupendously difficult. The Chief and the four officers already engaged in the scheme, together with the official just informed of it, must be the only souls to know what was going on.

The head of the prison, the guards—everyone would be as eager to defeat Major Anderson and keep their prisoner as if the Major were indeed a Spaniard in Germany's pay.

Returning to Paris, the Chief arranged with his men for all five to go to where the prisoner was confined and study the situation. But when Major Anderson presented his passport to be viséd an overzealous French intelligence officer came near upsetting all arrangements by refusing to allow the Major to go. He said the place was in the Zone of Supply of the French Army and foreigners were not permitted within it. Since Major Anderson posed as a Spaniard there was no legitimate argument against this decision. The passport must be viséd, however, by one ruse or another.

So, Captain Odell, a personal friend of the Chief of the French Intelligence Staff, was detailed to secure the proper stamps. If the American Chief had realized that the French would not pass the Major, he could have presented the passport himself; but when the Major had made the attempt, it was considered too dangerous to permit him to try it again.

Telephoning to his French friend for an appointment, Captain Odell presented himself at the bureau.

"Chief," said he, "I have a hobby for collecting all the stamps used by the various bureaus and armies of this war. I haven't a stamp of your office and I would greatly appreciate it if you would give me an imprint with your signature upon it."

The French chief, laughing at the peculiarities of the Americans, sent for his official stamp and handed it over to our officer. Giving as an excuse that it was too dark at the desk, the officer took the stamp to the window. Here, with his back to the Chief, he quickly stamped first the passport, and then a blank piece of paper. Handing the stamp back to the Frenchman, he said:

"Now, Chief, if you will please sign this imprint, I will appreciate it and keep it as my best souvenir."

"Under ordinary conditions," said the Chief, "the clerks sign all passports, but for you, my friend, I will myself sign it"—and he wrote his name, rank, and the word "Approved" across the face of the stamp on the blank paper.

The Captain hated to deceive a friend, even for a cause so sacred to them both, but it was impossible to take another person into his confidence. Six already knew what was being attempted, and in the eyes of intelligence officers that is a great many, and too many, although it could not be helped this time.

The next move was to find someone clever enough to forge the signature of the Frenchman. It was said

that no matter what kind of a man was demanded, the A. E. F. could supply him, and a man was soon found who was able, after a little practice, to forge the name so well that it was necessary to compare carefully the duplicate with the original before the fraud could be detected.

Equipped with the forged papers, Major Anderson was soon established. He found the prisoner he sought so closely guarded that he must needs be arrested and imprisoned himself to get in touch with him. Once a fellow-prisoner, the Major had no difficulty in reaching the man and soon had plans perfected to assist him to escape whenever the opportunity presented itself.

"I am here by orders of the 'Group of Five' to assist you to escape," the Major told him. "I will soon be out and you must watch your chance when they take you out for your evening stroll. When you see me with a car before the gate, you make a run for it, and we will get away."

The next move was for the Major to demand to see the Commanding General of the district to ask that he be released. Before leaving for his interview with the General, the Major told the prisoner that he was leaving some of his personal property in the prison, and if successful in forcing the authorities to release him he would return for it. The prisoner would then know that he had a friend outside working for his escape.

The next morning the Major was brought before

the Commanding Officer and, with a great show of injured dignity, he demanded to know why he had been arrested and declared that if he was not at once released he would appeal to the Spanish Ambassador.

The General called the Chief into his office and asked on what charges this man was being held. "If you are holding him on suspicion," said he, "I shall at once release him."

The Chief confessed he could not prove anything against this man; and so the General, with apologies, ordered his release after giving the Chief a reprimand for such careless work. The poor old General played right into the plans, while the Chief and the Major longed to laugh and tell him all about it. But unless the General should happen to read this story, he will always feel that the Intelligence Staff committed a stupid blunder when they arrested that Spaniard.

Returning to the prison with the Major, the Chief sent him into the building to get his property. And the Major then took occasion to bid the prisoner good-bye and once more caution him to be on the watch for the signal for escape.

It was arranged now for a high-powered motor-car with plenty of gasolene and oil to be near the entrance to the prison when the prisoner should be out for his exercise.

A few evenings after Major Anderson had been released, Captain Orcutt drove to the entrance of the prison just as His Highness left the guardhouse for his walk. The officer drove the car up to the curb

and, leaving the engine running, passed through the gate and sent the man on guard away on an errand.

With that the Major stepped up to the car and seated himself behind the wheel to await the next move. Prince Joachim strolled past the gate; the Major signalled, and he made a sudden rush through the gates and jumped in beside the Major. Throwing the clutch in, the car gave a quick start and sped away down the road.

Captain Orcutt jumped in front of the gate so that no one on the inside could shoot without hitting him and, drawing his revolver, commenced to shoot, ostensibly at the speeding car, but in reality up in the air. By the time the confusion had quieted down, the car with the Major and the prisoner had disappeared in the distance.

By the time the commander of the motor park, a mile distant, had started another car to the prison, the fugitives were a long way toward the Spanish frontier. When the pursuing car, loaded with guards, came to a fork in the road, Captain Orcutt took care to send it in the direction where it would do no harm. Thus the Major and the prisoner easily got away. Taking a circuitous route to avoid towns where American troops were quartered, they soon arrived at the foot of the Pyrenees Mountains, and hiding the car, they passed over the mountains and entered Spain.

Arriving at the headquarters of the "Group of Five," the Prince was greeted with shouts of joy, and

the Major was treated with amazing favour. The Prince had been a good companion in the adventure, prompt and brave, and now he was full of grateful appreciation.

The Five considered that Major Anderson's fidelity to Germany was proved and that he was the very man to go on now and get them those plans of the Liberty motor which they were so anxious to obtain.

Having proved to the group that he was honest in his protestations regarding his desire to help the German cause, when asked regarding the Liberty motor, Major Anderson told his friends, the enemy, that he could get the plans without difficulty. "When I was in Paris," he said, "I met a man who is connected with the motor corps and knows all about the Liberty motor. I am sure I can buy him if I am supplied with funds for that purpose."

"Possibly so," replied the leader. "But your sudden disappearance from the town where His Highness was confined will connect you with the escape; consequently you cannot return as you did before."

"But I do not believe they are clever enough to connect me with the escape, for I burned everything I had before I left. At least, I can go over in a different disguise and try it."

While this conversation was taking place, Prince Joachim had left the room, but he came in again; and when he learned what it was all about, he said to the leader:

"Meyer, I do not want my friend here to take any

more risks. I am under a life-long obligation to him and I desire the opportunity to repay the debt."

"There is no danger," insisted the Major. "I want just one more try at them, anyway, and then I will be content to go with you. I can take good care of myself!" And so it was finally decided that the Major should have his one more chance.

The Major decided to return this time in the guise of an enlisted man. The crossing, of course, had to be made secretly. Arrangements were made by Meyer for a friendly Spaniard to act as guide. When a good night came—that is, a very bad night as to weather—Anderson set out for the boundary with this Spaniard. It was raining in torrents and was so dark that it was impossible for the men to keep in sight of each other. The mountain trail was soon turned into a raging brook. Slipping and sliding around in the darkness, most of the time in water up to their knees, and in imminent danger of falling down the side of the mountains, the pair finally made the crossing. When daylight came, the Major once more stood on French soil. Hiding by day, and travelling on freight trains by night, he finally succeeded in reaching Paris; and there, escaping the notice of the military police, he made his way to the hotel where the others were awaiting him.

When he appeared at the rendezvous, the Major was greeted with great acclaim, for his friends were beginning to worry for fear that something had gone wrong. He gave them a detailed explanation of the

situation as it had shaped itself since he had so unceremoniously fled from the prison, and told how, in order to finish up the work, he would have to be supplied with plans and coached on Liberty motors. Realizing that neither the Chief, nor Captain Orcutt, nor Captain Odell, nor the Major himself knew enough about motors to pass himself off successfully as an expert, it was decided that they add a fifth man from the motor corps to those already working together.

Captain Elwood was the one finally chosen. After carefully checking up his record both with his organization and with the Central Records Office, the Chief asked for his detail to his department Much to the Captain's surprise and disgust he received an order to report at once to the Chief for duty. Upon his arrival, the Chief took him into his confidence and told him why he had had him detailed to the Intelligence Department. The Captain was informed concerning the dangers of the undertaking and was told that if he was captured it would be sunrise, a brick wall, and a firing squad as his only reward. But the new man never flinched at the risks and was eager to help with the work.

He set about securing blue-prints and plans of some motor that would fool the Germans into believing that they had the real machine.

"I know of just the motor," said the Captain. "Only yesterday I received the plans of a new twelve-cylinder motor that has been sent over here for a try-

out under war conditions. The boche will never know the difference."

Captain Elwood was to return with Major Anderson to Spain. Once there the Captain was to so confuse the "Group of Five" with his technical descriptions that they would see the necessity of sending him to Germany with the blue-prints. The plan was checked and rechecked to avoid the possibility of a slip-up. And leaving Paris on the night train and travelling as an officer and his orderly, the two officers made their way to Pau. As their reason for being there, they told that they were hunting deserters and that they intended to make a careful search of the entire country between Pau and the Spanish border. At length, working their way up into the mountains, they one day quietly passed over the frontier and into Spain, and finally reached the "Group of Five" at San Sebastian.

Elwood was supposed to have been bought to betray his country, and according to German calculations it did not take much money to do it, either.

The Captain attempted to describe the motor and soon succeeded in so confusing his listeners that they realized full well that the only hope for the German High Command ever to understand it lay in sending Captain Elwood to Germany. But when this was proposed, the Captain refused to go unless the Major accompanied him.

Prince Joachim was still in San Sebastian and took an especial interest in Major Anderson's return with

the motor drawings. Now he settled a vital point by saying:

"Both of these men shall go to Germany with me. I will look after them and will vouch for them to the High Command."

"That's all very well," broke in the Major. "But how do you expect to get into Germany? If we make the attempt through France, we will surely be captured and shot. If we try it through a neutral country, our fate will be the same, for England will not allow us to pass."

"You need not fear capture," assured Meyer. "Ever since the war started we have maintained a line of submarines, running from the coast here to Kiel, and they have been keeping to a regular schedule. The next one is due in a day or so. You can all return on her."

"How simple! But if this one is captured or sunk, who will be able, then, to give this information to the High Command?" demanded the Major.

"You need not fear," reassured the leader. "In all the time they have been running, the enemy has succeeded in sinking only three of these boats. And we believe those three would not have been sunk if the captains had obeyed orders. At least, it's a chance you have to take. And as it is for our Kaiser and the Fatherland, why question? You will not have died in vain."

This was cold comfort enough! But the prospect of getting into Germany was sufficient to keep up the

Americans' spirits. The leader told them to go to their quarters and he would notify them when the submarine came in.

On the night when the boat was due, the entire party left San Sebastian and went down to a small village on the coast where the submarines had been in the habit of landing. The night passed; but the boat did not put in its appearance. And for two days and two nights the party waited, all the while growing more and more anxious. Finally, on the third night, the boat arrived. The captain came ashore and, after greetings were over, told why he was so far behind his schedule.

"After we had passed through the English Channel," said he, "we were chased for two days by an English destroyer. They tried their best to sink us, but by lying still on the bottom we were able to give them the slip; and then we started for this place. I fear that they will be on the watch for us on the return trip, and in that case we will have our work cut out for us in evading them."

When the captain was told there were three passengers for the return trip, he refused to give them passage; but when the Prince approached and the captain recognized who he was, he made no further objections.

The programme being settled, the two American officers were called forward and introduced to the submarine captain. He bowed, but deliberately ignored the extended hand of the Major and, turning his back

squarely on them, began to talk to the Germans. It was evident that while he intended obeying orders, he did not propose to associate with the Americans any more than was absolutely necessary.

While they were all standing on the beach, a Spanish patrol came along, and for a few minutes it looked as if the entire party would be arrested, then and there. The patrol demanded to know what they were doing and who they were.

Meyer took the officer in charge to one side, and a few moments later he returned and said, by way of explanation, that in Spain a few pesos properly expended will accomplish almost anything. This byplay, as it were, proved that the American Intelligence Staff was right when it contended that while Spain was supposed to be neutral, any one, by expending money, could get the police to overlook violations of Spanish neutrality.

After the captain of the submarine had delivered the mail bags for the "Group of Five," and had, in turn, received the mail for Germany, he said it was time to start. "Follow me to where the boat is drawn up on the beach," said he. "It is impossible for all of you to go in the small boat at one time, so His Highness and myself will go on board first and I will then send the boat back for the others."

The captain and the Prince stepped into the boat and were rowed away in the darkness.

The leader of the "Group of Five" had noticed the deliberate insult of the captain of the submarine at

the moment of the introduction and apologized, saying:

"Some of our officers do not realize what a help you have been to our cause, and no doubt you will meet others also, who, not knowing the true facts, will act as did the captain. You may rest assured, however, that those of us who know will always remain your friends, and as for the rest—just continue on as you have started, unmindful of any slights, for Germany owes you a debt she can never repay."

The Major turned the matter aside as of no account. "We are governed by a high sense of duty," said he, "nor will we allow the slights of a few to deter us from carrying out our mission"—an innocent enough statement on the face of it, but what a difference it would have made had the Germans been aware of the real "duty" these officers were referring to. * * *

After it was all over and the Major had returned to our headquarters and was relating the story, the Chief asked: "Major, what were your thoughts as you stood there that night awaiting the return of the boat?"

"Well," said the Major, "I was wondering in case anything went wrong and a destroyer got us, just how my wife was going to prove I was dead, so she could collect my life insurance."

When Anderson and Elwood stepped into the boat and shoved off, they knew there could be no turning back now. As the boat made her way out to where

the submarine was waiting, they looked across the dark Atlantic and each wondered if Fate would permit him once more to cross the ocean to his loved ones.

The black shape of the submarine was gently rolling in the trough of the sea, and the German sailors brought the boat alongside and all climbed aboard. The little boat was quickly stored away, and the submarine, submerging until her decks were awash, started back on her long journey to Kiel.

The captain assigned a small room to our officers, telling them that under no circumstances were they to leave it unless he was with them.

"You are here by orders that I must obey," he said. "But should you go rambling about the boat, the sailors might not understand and would perhaps quietly slip a knife into you and finish you."

Even in this room the Major and the Captain did not dare to talk over their experiences or future plans. So each man was left to his own thoughts—and more than enough each got of them. They could not tell whether it was night or day; and as their meals were served in the room by a stolid German, they could not very well secure information as to the progress they were making. Occasionally, the Prince came in and courteously passed a few words with them; but his was the only civility shown them. Once they were awakened because the gas engines and dynamos stopped humming and they knew that then the boat had completely submerged.

When the submarine came to her dock in Kiel, the Major found land more welcome than ever it was before, and he promised himself he would remain in Germany for the rest of the war before he would leave on a German submarine.

Disembarking, the Prince called a soldier to him and instructed him to guide them to the commanding general's office. Passing along the quay, the two American officers got their first sight of the big submarine base at Kiel.

"Those, my dear friends," the Prince said, pointing to the many submarines, "will soon bring England to her knees suing for mercy, and then we will show those English what it means to incur Germany's hatred! Never again will England be allowed to be a free nation! Instead, she will be just a province of Imperial Germany!" The Major wondered just how much the Prince really believed of what he said.

Arriving at the German Barracks, the three were turned over to the non-commissioned officer on duty at the gate, who piloted them to the office of the General. The Prince instructed the two Americans to remain in the outer room while he went in and explained the situation. They had hardly seated themselves when several German officers entered. One who spoke English approached and asked if they were prisoners of war.

"No," replied the Major. "We are free and attached to the German Intelligence Staff in Spain. We were formerly in the American Army, but as our

sympathies are all with Germany we deserted as soon as we could after our arrival in France."

"Oh, I understand!" said the officer. "You are traitors!" Saying which, he turned and addressed his companions in German:

"These are two American pigs who have sold out their fellow-countrymen for money! It is just as I have always said: 'You can buy the Americans any time for gold. They are like Judas of old: no honour! no bravery! but always chasing the dollar! Bah! we do not need to fear the Yankee Army: they won't fight'!"

The Major, understanding all that was said, promised himself that if the chance ever came he would make at least one German officer pay dearly for that insult.

Prince Joachim came back shortly; and ushering the Americans into the General's office he introduced them, and pointing to Major Anderson—"If it had not been for the courage and resourcefulness of this man," he said, "I would now be rotting in France."

"Germany owes you a debt that all honourable Germans will try to repay," said the General, shaking hands. "Until you can be sent forward to the High Command, you will have to remain here, and to protect you from annoyance I shall detail one of my staff who speaks your language to take care of you." Pressing a button, an orderly appeared. The General ordered him to go and find Captain Schmidt and

tell him to report to him at once, and turning to the Prince began to converse with him in German.

By the time Schmidt came, the Prince had retired to his quarters, leaving the two officers with the General. Schmidt proved to be none other than the man who had insulted all Americans in the outer office. There the Major realized that Fate had once more been kind to him, for he felt he would have an opportunity to wipe out that insult, if he but bided his time.

The General, having given Schmidt orders to take care of the Americans and see that they were supplied with food and comfortable quarters until such time as the German High Command sent for them, added pleasantly in German:

"They are traitors, Captain, and after we have milked them of all their information we will let the rats have them!"

But now, under the escort of the Captain they were conducted to a small house in the barrack yard and assigned to a room. Here the Captain told them they were to remain unless he personally called for them, saying:

"The temper of our people is such that if you attempted to go about by yourselves you would certainly be killed."

The windows of the room faced a blank wall; so with nothing to see and nothing to do the time passed very slowly; and as there was the ever-present danger of eavesdroppers, they had to content themselves with talking about impersonal subjects.

In three days the Commanding General received a telegram ordering him to send the Americans to Great Headquarters, under escort. Accordingly, he sent word for them to prepare for their departure that same night. When they appeared before him ready to start, he said:

"You are going to the High Command. Captain Schmidt will be your guide. The trip will be by train from here to Coblenz, and from there you will go by motor. I know you are with us but, nevertheless, I want to suggest that on the journey you do not show too much interest in things military, for someone might not understand. The Prince has asked that you be sent to his quarters before you leave. That is all!"

Dismissed, without a good-bye or a handshake—just two traitors to their country who were tolerated merely because they were thought to have information that was of value. They knew for a certainty that after this information was secured they would be quietly killed unless they saved themselves, though they had saved the life of one of the Royal Family—not a very pleasant outlook for two men who two years before had been peacefully wending civilian ways in America. Is it any wonder there were moments when they questioned whether any success was worth the risks they were taking? For life was the least they stood to lose; they must stand as traitors, no more, no less, to their own people as to the Germans, if they were found out and shot; of

necessity the American Chief must admit their disgrace as well as their deaths.

"I only hope my family will never know just how I went west," said Captain Elwood, "for I would not wish my wife and children to think of husband and father as a traitor to his country." But that was a side of the case that did not bear talking about and was very rarely alluded to.

Prince Joachim seemed truly glad to see them and told them that he himself would soon join them at the headquarters. Wishing them good luck and a pleasant journey, he turned to the German captain and said:

"Captain, I shall hold you personally responsible for the safety of these two officers. You yourself will not offer them an insult nor allow any one else to do so while they are in your charge."

The Americans never saw or heard anything more of Prince Joachim, till the papers told of his suicide after the war. Neither the officers who arrested him nor the ones who liberated him will ever admit that that suicide was a coward. They had seen his manhood put to the test. He was a unique hero among modern royalties, and his courtesy and fair-mindedness made him singular among Germans.

Returning to their room, the officers quickly finished packing their bags; and when Schmidt came for them they were ready to start on what they hoped would be the last stage of their dangerous journey.

Arriving at the railroad station, they found that arrangements had been made for them to travel in a private compartment. Captain Schmidt at once gave orders that under no circumstances were they to leave it without him, and that no one was to be admitted unless he himself came also.

Shortly after leaving Kiel for Coblenz, the train entered the Zone of the Army; and although classified as first-class, the train was frequently shunted on to a side track and held there to allow troop and supply trains to rush toward the front. For the first time our men were able to study and ascertain the real conditions behind the German lines. It was to be readily seen that even thus early in 1918 the morale of the fighting machine which the Kaiser and his High Command had laboured so hard to build up for the conquest of the world was cracking under the strain. There were no songs now as the troops moved forward to the front lines—only a sullen scowl or a muttered curse as an officer passed them. The Allied propaganda was already at work and its poison was slowly sapping the vitality of the German Army. No longer did these men act like victors, but instead they seemed to realize that they were fighting for a lost cause.

While waiting for one troop train to pass, another one came along and stopped opposite the track where the train bearing the two officers was waiting. The Americans had been recognized as such long before, and now the word was passed along the troop train.

As many supposed they were prisoners, the German soldiers began to hoot and jeer at them. One who spoke English asked them if it were true that the Americans could only muster 10,000 men to fight in France, and also if it were true that the United States was at war with Mexico and Japan. When questioned as to why he had asked, he replied:

"That's what they tell us. I spent five years in the United States and I could not believe that our officers were telling us the truth."

Not venturing on any answer, the two officers could only laugh. So even the High Command was inventing fairy stories for their soldiers!

The train slowly made its way, passing through the "rest areas" where the German troops were sent to recuperate from the front. The more was seen, the less the morale looked like what is expected of a victorious army. The famed "goose-step" was gone and, instead, the men slouched along with heads down. Stragglers were almost as numerous as the marching troops. No semblance of order was observed on the march, and the troops looked more like a rabble than fighters.

Later on the train began to slow down even more than before, and to stop more frequently on the side tracks, while hospital trains, loaded with wounded, passed ahead. Here, again, the German commanders showed failure; for it is a well-known rule in military tactics that wounded men coming from battle should never encounter fresh troops moving forward. Ger-

many's railroads, however, were so overloaded with traffic that they were forced to transport the wounded back over the line the troops were using in passing to the front.

All day long the Major and the Captain sat in their compartment and watched the ebb and flow of the German Army, while they did not dare to speak of what was in their minds; nevertheless, eyes carried messages. Neither one doubted that the German Army was in a very demoralized condition. The only question was: "When will it crack wide open?"

When the long journey was at last nearing an end, the German captain entered the compartment and told them that they would soon be in Coblenz, their destination. Here they expected to find the German High Command; and here they planned to secure all possible information as quickly as possible before trying to escape into either Holland or Switzerland.

With a curt, "Follow me," Schmidt led the way out of the station and through the crowds to the waiting motor-car. It was dark in Coblenz and, as the Allied aviators were at this time bombing the Rhine towns, no lights were allowed on the streets, so it was impossible to judge the conditions in the town. The motor slowly made its way to a hotel, where Schmidt announced:

"Here you will remain until the Commanding General desires your presence. To-morrow I shall bring you passes, so that you may walk through the

town without danger of molestation. The only order you will have to observe is to report at this hotel once during the forenoon and once during the afternoon and to remain off the streets after dark. I shall be busy at the office of the Commandant; if you get into trouble you can reach me there. When the General is ready for you I shall be notified and shall come for you. That is all."

Twice during the night the air-raid alarm sounded, but our officers were too tired and sleepy to trouble to go to the cellar for safety.

Early the next morning the German captain came and gave them their passes and, once more repeating his order of the previous night, left them to their own devices. Deciding that they would now lose no time in endeavouring to obtain the information which they had come so far to secure, they sallied forth. Carefully avoiding everything that would attract the least attention, they were still successful in learning much of value to the Allied Command.

Several times during the walk Major Anderson believed they were being followed, although at no time could he be certain. Finally, to test the matter, they entered a café and, taking a seat at a table near the door, they ordered refreshments. While slowly drinking their beer, they watched the crowds pass in and out, but did not see any trailer.

At length two young women came in and took seats at an adjacent table. After looking around for a few minutes, they caught the eye of Major Anderson

and, smiling, they arose and came over to his table. They at first spoke in German, but the Major shook his head to that, saying in Spanish:

"We do not speak German. We are Spaniards."

So then the women began talking to them in Spanish. It was all so very bold that Major Anderson felt confident it was a trap and that here were the people who had been following them around the city.

Believing them members of the German spy system, he determined to lead them on until they should reveal their true identity. Carrying out this idea brought about an acquaintance with the pair which finally saved his and Elwood's lives and made them far more successful in serving their country than they had ever dreamed they could be. Both these girls were young, attractive, and well dressed; furthermore, it was soon apparent that, while they might do almost anything to accomplish their mission, they were not members of the underworld of Coblenz.

The woman who had first smiled at the Major asked if they were strangers in town and where they had lived in Spain before coming to the city.

"Yes, we are strangers now," the Major replied, "but we hope to make this town our home in the future. We came here from San Sebastian."

"Indeed!" said the young woman. "We have always lived here and we would be very glad to be your guides and help you select a good hotel and point out the various places of interest, as well. Of course we expect pay for our services, but we will try and

make the acquaintance pleasant. At what hotel are you living now?"

When the Major told her, she said: "Why, how fortunate! We, too, are living at that very hotel."

The talk grew more general and friendly, and when it was approaching the time when the German captain had told them they must be at the hotel, the Major paid the bill, and the four left the café together. Bidding the two women good-bye in the hotel lobby, the officers went directly to their room. The Major quietly closed and locked the door and then, placing his finger on his lips, took out his pencil and wrote the following:

"Without a doubt these girls have been sent here to spy upon us. Their plan is, I believe, to make love to us and in this way secure our confidence in the hope that we will tell them who we really are. It's a very clever scheme, and we must be exceedingly cautious that we do not say or do anything which will give them an inkling of our true status."

The use of pencil and paper between Major Anderson and Captain Elwood was the only means they had of communicating to each other things which they did not want a third party to hear. All the while they were in Germany they had to be on their guard every second, for it was an easy matter to conceal a dictograph in a room and a thoughtless word might spell quick disaster.

After some thought on this new phase of the game, the Major determined upon a bold stroke. "If we

can win the love of these two women," he wrote, "we can soon learn whether our suspicions are true or not. We must be careful, however, that we do not ourselves become entangled"—and the Captain nodded his head that he understood.

The plan was clever. While the two women were trying to gain the confidence of the two officers, the officers, on the other hand, aware of the real identity of these women, would to all appearances concur in their plans and make love to them, but the end the men proposed was that the women would work for them instead of against them. The methods used to accomplish this end will never be known, for both the Major and the Captain agreed never to tell about this phase of the work; and as for the two women, we should be charitable and remember that after all they were human beings before they were spies for the Kaiser.

It was a battle of wits. And finally the two Americans won. One night, while seated in the park, where it was impossible for any one to approach from any direction without being seen, one of the girls told their story:

"From the first we have known you were not Spaniards, but in reality were American officers. You," pointing to Anderson, "are a major, while your associate is a captain. We have heard your story from the officer in charge of our department.

"The German High Command is not sure about you, so instead of sending you direct to headquarters,

they decided to have you wait over here, in the meantime calling upon us to find out if you are what you claim to be. Of course, we know all about the Major's success in assisting His Highness to escape and that the Captain stole the plans of the Liberty motor; but even this was not sufficient to convince the powers that you are just what you claim to be. To learn your secrets, we were sent here to work on you and to see if we could get you to fall in love with us and in time tell us the truth. I do not know whether you are honest or not and I do not care. From now on I am going to protect you from harm, if possible, so that when the war is over we can do as we have planned. If you are spies, I will help you to escape into Switzerland; if, on the other hand, you are what you claim, you must, nevertheless, be careful and make your escape, for as surely as the sun rises, you will be quietly put out of the way after you have told all you know. Please, please be careful! You know what it means to us if you are killed, now!"

While the Major had every reason to believe that the woman was telling the truth, still he would not allow her story to influence him in any way, so he said:

"I know you really mean what you say, but my story is as I have told it. I am an escaped American criminal with a large price on my head because I have always tried to help Germany; nor can I ever return to my home or American friends again. If Germany should lose this war, the Americans, if they

could find us, would demand that we be turned over to them for punishment; and I believe the Germans will do as you say and kill us after we have given them all the information we have—but that is a chance we will have to take. However, with you to help us, I do not worry over the outcome."

"From now on, be the result what it may," replied the girl, "we work for your safety. To-morrow I will report to my chief that you are what you claim to be."

True to her promise, on the following day this woman reported in favour of the two Americans. But she further suggested that she be allowed to remain on the case to watch them. Her chief told her to go ahead and keep an eye on them. Thus this woman was able to keep the Major posted on just what was planned for them.

On the same afternoon that this friend made her report, Captain Schmidt came to the hotel and said: "To-morrow you will go with me to the German headquarters. There, the Major will receive the thanks of His Majesty for saving the life of His Highness and will be expected to give all the information he has regarding the enemy's activities; while the Captain will be turned over to the chief of the air service to give information about the motor. I will be here at daylight." Then bidding the two officers retire early, he departed.

This was an unlooked-for event, for at no time had the thought occurred to either the Major or

the Captain that they would be separated. Consequently, no arrangements had been made to cover such an eventuality; however, they had agreed long before to tell the German authorities the truth, and only the truth, as to the American Army in France. That was a great protection against being found out under any circumstances, and in this case the truth was all that they could ask for in disconcerting the enemy. Now there was nothing to do but to stick to this programme and trust to the same good fortune which had protected them so far, giving each other messages to carry back home if one got through while the other died. They wrote these out; each read the other's; and then the paper was chewed up and swallowed. They always chewed up and swallowed all the communications that passed between them. This was a process that discouraged loquacity—and at that they suffered indigestion from so much paper. They were busily engaged when there was a rap on the door and a note was pushed under it.

Opening it, the Major read: "Meet us in the park in twenty minutes" —and it was signed by one of the women.

Realizing that it was urgent, the two officers immediately went to the appointed rendezvous, where, notwithstanding their haste, the two women were already awaiting them.

"To-morrow you are to see the General," Gretchen said. "Don't tell him all you know the first time. Keep some of it back, and don't worry. You will not

be separated for any length of time. To-morrow night you will both return here. We are both working for you, and before long we will have a plan arranged so that you can escape without fear of being captured and shot. Don't be afraid. Everything will come out all right."

After a brief personal talk over future plans, Anderson and Elwood returned to the hotel to await the arrival of Captain Schmidt and the motor car which would take them to the German headquarters.

On the next morning, before daylight, they were awakened by a servant bringing them their breakfast, and just as the morning glow came into the eastern sky Schmidt appeared. Now, at last, after weary weeks of danger and uncertainty and waiting, they got into a car and were on their way to the sacred head of the German Army.

The headquarters had been established in a large château, about fifteen miles outside of the city. The motor quickly covered the distance, and before the country was scarcely awake, they speeded up the driveway and stopped before the door. Telling Captain Elwood to remain in the car, Major Anderson and Captain Schmidt passed by the guards, entered, and walked the length of the hall, where the German opened a door that led into an ante-room. Telling the officer on duty there to say to the General that they had arrived, the officer disappeared through another door and, returning almost immediately, said:

"The General is waiting for you. Enter."

Anderson, with a firm grip on his nerves, followed the German through the door and at last stood face to face with Von Hindenburg, himself.

Captain Schmidt saluted, and in English said, "This is the man who saved His Highness from being executed as a spy. By direction of His Highness I have brought him here to you."

"Very well," replied the General, in the same tongue. "You may retire to the ante-room and wait there until I send for you."

After Captain Schmidt had left the room, Von Hindenburg turned to the Major, saying:

"Be seated! I have already been informed of your excellent work and His Majesty has commissioned me to thank you in his name. You will soon receive a more substantial reward direct from His Majesty. However, I want you to tell me all about the conditions in France—how many troops the Americans have succeeded in bringing over and everything you can think of that will assist me in learning the true conditions behind Foch's lines. Before you begin, I want to send the other man to the aviation staff so that they can learn about the Liberty motor," and calling the orderly, the General instructed him to tell Captain Schmidt to take the other American officer to the aviation office. When they were again alone, he told Major Anderson to go ahead.

For two hours Anderson sat in General Von Hin-

denburg's office, picturing to him that two millions of Americans had already landed in France, and with them thousands of aëroplanes and cannon and millions of tons of supplies. He told of the large fleet of ships the Americans had built and how these ships with British tonnage maintained a constant stream of men and supplies into France. As the story progressed, Von Hindenburg turned paler and paler, while his wrinkles grew deeper and deeper, until, at length, unable longer to control his feelings, the General arose and began pacing up and down his office. It was not necessary to exaggerate. The truth was sufficient. And without doubt the General realized that Germany was doomed and that it was only a question of time before she would be forced to her knees, unless the present drive on Paris were successful. At last the blood rushed back to Hindenburg's face in a dangerous-looking tide, and he seemed apoplectic when, with a muttered curse, he ordered Major Anderson from the room and told him to return to his hotel. He could not stand any more truth that day.

Late that night, Captain Elwood, returning from his interview with the Chief of the Aviation Corps, whispered to his confederate, "I surely did sell them to that motor. They are now planning on building a factory and putting me in charge of it to manufacture it."

"If possible, we must not allow them to separate us that way," replied the Major. "If you are sent

into the interior of this country, no one knows what will happen to you. Remember and fight such a suggestion, for we must stick together."

On the next morning, to the surprise of both officers, Von Hindenburg sent a motor car, with instructions to bring Captain Elwood to his office.

The Major remained in his room after Elwood's departure, not caring to walk the streets by himself. As the time passed and still Elwood did not return, he began to fear that old Von Hindenburg, maddened with an overdose of the truth, had ordered the guard to shoot Elwood.

After a racking wait Captain Elwood came in with a report which he could not get down on paper fast enough. What it came to was that Hindenburg was in such a state that he longed to shoot someone, and Elwood thought it very likely that they would speedily face a firing squad if they did not make a speedier get-away.

Just as they were planning ways and means of escaping, there came three gentle raps on the door—the signal agreed upon between the two officers and the two women. Opening the door, Gretchen stepped into the room. She was pale and showed that she was labouring under great excitement.

"Major!" she whispered softly. "You are under suspicion! And just as soon as the Captain is through with his description of the motor and they feel confident they understand it, you both are to be quietly put out of the way. I have been ordered to keep

a close watch on you so that you will not escape. Oh, what are we going to do?"

"The only thing," replied the Major, also in a soft whisper, "is for me to appeal to His Highness for protection. You must find out for me just where he is and I will write him a letter."

"That's all very well," said the woman, "but if I were you, I would not depend too much upon him; even he has to give in to the High Command. Instead of trusting him, let us all concentrate our minds and efforts upon your escaping into Holland, away from all the treachery of the Germans. I am going now, but before I sleep I will try to find the solution."

After she had gone, the Major and the Captain sat up trying to find a way out. It began to look as if, with victory almost within their grasp, they were going to fail. That night the firing squad and the brick wall seemed very real and very near. Various plans were discussed and rejected, and just as daylight was breaking they had decided to make a run for it that very night, when the soft rap sounded and there were the two women.

"I have solved it for you, Major," whispered Gretchen excitedly. "Listen and do not interrupt. This is the plan:

"Both of you men, according to what you have said, are now outlaws. In France, there is a price on your heads because you have turned traitors; and if captured you will be shot unless you can offer something of great value in exchange for your lives.

Here in Germany, it is only a question of time before you will be milked dry and then it will be a firing squad, or a quiet stab, or a shot in the dark, and the Rhine. You cannot remain here and you cannot escape into Holland, so your only hope is to return to France through the front, taking back something that may help you to win back your chance to live.

"For a long time I have been on friendly terms with two of the officers of the general staff. Their devotion to the cause has been waning for some time, as they have realized the Germans were playing a losing game ever since the Americans came into the war. They have read the reports of your interviews with Von Hindenburg and they know that there is no hope of a German victory now. They do not like the idea of staying in Germany after the defeat, for they are afraid the German people won't look upon the army officers with favour then, and they are anxious to get away if possible. I have just left one of them and he is willing to resort to almost any means to get away, he is so desperate, and the other will go with him. I have made them see that their only chance of getting out of Germany lies in going with you.

"Now, here is the great point: I can induce these men to steal all the general staff's most vital plans and records and drawings."

No wonder the girl was tense and short-breathed with excitement. The men were used to tremendous experiences, but here was a moment that will always

stand out beyond any memories of personal dangers. Here was beckoning bigger success than any one had ever even dreamed about. They only nodded for her to go on, and the girl told how the four fugitives could get into Metz and, at the first opportunity, slip over the trenches and cross No Man's Land and surrender.

"You will be granted a pardon," she concluded, "for the information these two German officers will bring with them will be so valuable that, instead of being classed as deserters, you will be hailed as heroes. What do you think of it?"

It was a wild plan, not to be accepted instantly. No one but a woman could have conceived such an idea; but, by its very boldness, it held a chance of success. The situation was desperate, and the longer Major Anderson thought about it, the more he thought that here was the only chance they had for serving their country—and saving their lives into the bargain.

Questioned about their German colonels, both women urged that they could be trusted to the limit. Anyway, the Americans saw that they must take the chance. It was agreed that they should remain within doors all day and that the women should see if they could arrange for the two German colonels to visit them that night.

The strain of waiting and wondering was almost more than Anderson and Elwood could endure. Once more calling into play their pencils and paper, they

discussed this new phase of the case—was it a trap, and they the victims? Or was it real, and victory almost within their grasp, a victory beyond belief? Time only could tell and time on this day crawled at snail's pace.

Late that night, the signal-rap once more sounded —and here were the women with two German colonels in uniform.

Gretchen said that she had talked it all over with the men. The colonels were willing to carry out their part to help the Americans get away, if the Americans would make them certain pledges to be fulfilled when all were finally safe in France.

"Our proposition is this," said one of the Germans. "We can secure all the data needed to enable Foch to so plan his attack that victory will be certain, but we demand three things: First, we must be protected as long as we live from the long arm of the German spy system; second, we are giving up all our property in Germany, so we must have $50,000 in cash for our own use; and third, we must be furnished transportation to some foreign country where, under another name, we can start life over again. We can, without danger, secure the necessary passes to allow us to take you to the front. In fact, we can say we are taking you up to the front so that you will be killed up there, instead of here in Coblenz. We are allowed to travel anywhere, and when we get to the front lines, we can slip over in the night and before morning be safely in the Allied trenches."

Major Anderson promised that they should have all they asked, provided they furnished information up to their specifications.

"Never fear on that score," was the reply. "We will have all the various plans for the campaigns."

The woman who had been successful in making the arrangements urged the Americans to hurry their start. "The quicker the better!" she whispered, "for every hour you remain here increases the danger of orders being issued to confine you—and then it would be all over."

The German officers said they would be ready by the next night. It was decided the start must be made near midnight on the following night.

On the theory that they were taking the Americans off to be quietly put out of the way, the German colonels got permission for all four to proceed by motor to the front-line trenches. To assist them Captain Schmidt was sent along, although both the colonels protested against it vigorously.

After bidding the two women farewell, the party started for Metz. Everything progressed according to plans. The next night found the entire party established in that town, where, as soon as morning came, Colonel Harte went forward to reconnoitre the front, in order to find a place where all could cross over. After two days of searching, he reported that he had discovered just the place.

The next question was what to do with Schmidt.

"I have a way out of that difficulty," said Major

Anderson. "Let him go to the front line with us. I will attend to him when the time comes, for I owe him a great deal for his studied insults to my country, and before I go across I want to repay him."

On the next afternoon the entire party made their way into the front-line trenches; and by careful manœuvring they arrived near midnight at the place selected. There were only two soldiers on guard, and when the colonel ordered them to go to their dugout they went without question. Then came the final act in the drama.

Realizing that if they attempted to cross while Captain Schmidt was alive he would at once give the alarm, it was decided that the time had come to settle all scores with him. He was quietly seized and as quietly silenced; and when they passed over the top the Major remarked: "That one will never insult Americans again!"

The four noiselessly made their way over the top, and, working their way through the barbed-wire entanglements, were soon swallowed up in the darkness. All was moving as planned, when a cry arose behind them in the German trenches. Apparently a passing patrol had stumbled over the body of Captain Schmidt. With that the whole truth was easy to read. Star shells were sent up, and the four officers were forced to keep close to the ground and not move. Then both sides began to shell No Man's Land, and they were in great danger. After a time the sector

quieted down, and when morning dawned the four out there in No Man's Land got into a shell hole and stayed there all day, not daring to show themselves to either side. They realized that the Germans were trying to locate them with field glasses.

When darkness finally closed in again it was decided that one of the Americans should make his way to the Allied trenches and arrange for the others to come in without the danger of an alarm. The Captain and the Major drew lots to see who would undertake this dangerous trip. The Major drew the shorter, and with a handshake and a whispered "Good luck" from the Captain he stepped out of the shell hole and, creeping and crawling along, finally came to an American listening post.

Creeping up, he whispered: "Don't shoot! I am an American officer who has been a prisoner in Germany!"—and he crawled over the top and into the trench.

He was immediately seized and, since he was in civilian clothes, the men were for shooting him as a spy, then and there. Finally convincing them that they would ruin everything if they did not take him to their commanding officer, they tied his hands behind his back and took him to the colonel in command of that section. Here he told part of his story, and arranged once more to return to the shell hole and bring in the rest.

The return trip was even more dangerous, for the Germans had searching parties out in No Man's Land

hunting for them. He finally succeeded, however, in finding the others, and before the sun rose in the east all four were on their way to the General Headquarters.

At the Headquarters, Anderson and Elwood were hailed with shouts of joy, for they had been given up as dead. After the story was told and after the colonels of the German Army had been promised that whatever arrangements or promises the Major had made would be carried out, they turned over their plans and information. To enable Marshal Foch quickly to utilize this information, the German officers were sent to him under escort.

The world knows the rest—how Marshal Foch suddenly shifted his method of attack and within two months had the entire German Army in full retreat. Major Anderson and Captain Elwood, however, were deprived of any part in the final victory, for while on the train, en route to the leave area to rest, both were taken ill with pneumonia, brought on by the nervous strain and exposure. When that memorable day came, the day the Armistice was signed, these two brave Americans were once more fighting for their lives and once again, in their delirium, living over their recent experiences.

With the ultimate disposition of the two German colonels or the real names of those who accomplished the seemingly impossible task, the public cannot be permitted to concern itself.

The world knows, too, the story of Prince Joachim's

suicide. The American officers who participated in this great feat will always believe that the Prince killed himself because he realized that he was the means by which the Americans were successful in reaching officers of the German High Command and in inducing them to turn traitors and in helping so materially to conquer Germany.

With those who know, there is no doubt that the efforts of these two Americans markedly shortened the war.

### Excerpts from a Dispatch to the New York *Times*

#### GERMAN SOLDIERS WHO AIDED ALLIES HERE FOR SAFETY

Washington, July 21.—Two German military "prisoners" who were brought to New York on the transport *Agamemnon* for protection by the United States Government in return for extremely valuable military information which they furnished to the American Expeditionary Forces in France, will probably be brought to Washington to-morrow and turned over to General Marlborough Churchill, Director of Military Intelligence. . . .

All that could be learned to-night was that the two men had, for certain inducements, given the American military intelligence officers in France information of very great military value regarding the plans of the German General Staff, probable lines of retreat, where the Germans would make stands and other information of high strategic value, which was of such great service that it enabled General Pershing in his great offensive in the Argonne in 1918 to proceed with very definite knowledge as to much of the German staff's programme. It enabled the Americans greatly to cut down the losses they might otherwise have sustained in the battle. . . .

Very great regret was expressed to-night in high military

circles that the story of the dispatch of these men had become known as the result of the careless announcement that such men were on the passenger list of the *Agamemnon*. . . . . .

When Secretary Baker was told something of the story of the arrival of the men, he told the *Times* correspondent that he had never heard the story and knew none of the details.

Washington, July 22.—High army officers to-day confirmed the account of the circumstances under which the two German officers who had furnished valuable military information to the American army have been brought to this country for their protection.

## SUICIDE OF PRINCE JOACHIM

### YOUNGEST SON OF EX-KAISER

(From our own correspondent)

Berlin, July 18.—It is officially announced that Prince Joachim of Prussia, the youngest son of the ex-Kaiser and the ex-Kaiserin, in a fit of nervous excitement, shot himself in the Villa Liegnitz at Potsdam on Saturday morning. His injuries were so great that he succumbed at 1 o'clock this morning.

Prince Joachim of Prussia, sixth and youngest son of the ex-Kaiser, was born at Berlin on December 17, 1890. He was a weakly child, and it is recorded that he owed his life to the affectionate care and unwearied devotion of an English nurse, who is called "Nanna" in some of the many volumes which tell of life with the Hohenzollern family.

The uncompromising and fearless "Nanna" even waged war against the whole Court when the time came to remove "Pykie"—as he was nicknamed—from her care and to confide him to professors. The rigid educational machine, she shrilly proclaimed, would ruin him, and for a while the amused support of the boy's father gave her victory. But in the end "Nanna" was dismissed to England with an ample pension, and Joachim was caught in the machine for the preparation of princes.

Early in 1911 Prince Joachim entered the Army, and a fall from his horse at manœuvres is all that is recorded of his early career as an officer. In 1913, at a time when official Germany had determined to organize for a German victory at the Olympic Games to be held in Berlin in 1916, Prince Joachim was chosen as the representative of his family, and solemnly took up track athletics. This and other plans, however, were interrupted by the outbreak of the war, when he joined the regiment of cavalry in which he ultimately became a captain. He was serving as an aide-de-camp on the firing line in September, 1914, when German official dispatches announced that a piece of shrapnel had wounded him in the upper part of the right thigh, without touching the bone. A brief spell of hospital soon cured this, and he returned to Berlin, to be met at the station by his mother, who "pointed proudly to the Second Class Iron Cross on her son's breast."

In January, 1915, he was reported as taking part in the campaign against Russia, but a few weeks later he was at Baden-Baden under treatment for dysentery. In March, 1916, he was wedded to Princess Marie Augusta of Anhalt. The ceremony took place at Bellevue Castle, in Berlin, in the presence of the ex-Empress and the Duke and Duchess of Anhalt—the ex-Kaiser, for a reason not announced, being absent. There is a son of the marriage, Prince Charles, born at Potsdam on December 15 of the same year, but later reports of the couple have been unhappy.

Both Prince and Princess Joachim were at Munich during the Spartacist troubles of 1919, and in February of that year it was reported that the Prince had been arrested by the secretary of Kurt Eisner, it being rumoured that he had headed a Monarchist counter-revolution. He was for a while interned in an hotel, but later was sent back to Prussia with his wife.

WELL, Major, Gièvres reports still another shortage to-day when they unloaded the usual automatic shipment. Yesterday it was Is-sur-Tille. To-morrow I suppose it will be some other depot. If the checking-out records are correct, we are being systematically robbed. For the past month, supplies, including cigars, cigarettes, candy, and tobacco amounting to thousands of dollars' worth have disappeared. For want of proof to the contrary, we must accept the records of the men who check the supplies into the cars, as well as those of the men who check the cars when they are unloaded into the supply depots."

"Gièvres reports to-day a shortage of ten bags of flour, five boxes of bacon, and two boxes each of tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, and candy—all short from two P. L. & M. R. R. cars. Colonel Marble swears that the supplies were loaded; while Colonel Bates, at Gièvres, is equally as emphatic that they were not in the cars when they were unloaded. It is one of two things—either someone is lying about his check records, or there is an organized gang of thieves at work. It is your task to ferret out the truth and see that the guilty ones are punished."

This commission was the prize I drew at the morning conference in the General's office.

The automatic shipment was a product of American ingenuity. If there were a million men in the front area, then a million rations of flour, hard-tack, bacon, beans, meats, vegetables, coffee, sugar, and canteen supplies must go forward each day. The welfare of the soldier at the front came first, and the automatics had priority over all other shipments. Certain train crews, locomotives, and cars were designated for these automatic shipments, and woe to any one who interfered with their going forward. It was the boast of the Quartermaster's Department that nothing could so interfere, and that they always went forward on time.

If these shipments did not arrive intact at the rail-heads, some of our soldiers found their rations curtailed; and as no man can fight on an empty stomach, it was vital that these losses be stopped.

The great value of the Provost Marshal's Department, in the conduct of a war, was not recognized by our Commander-in-Chief until late in 1918. Then suddenly he awakened to the fact that, outside of the actual combat units, there wasn't a department in the army that required a higher degree of efficiency and bravery than did the Provost Marshal's, and we finally received the recognition due for hard and dangerous work. But this morning, when we were set on the train-robbers, we were still struggling along as

best we could, and every added case made our burden heavier. So now I was forced to protest.

"But, General," I said, "you must remember that my force is very small now. The recent order to send every available man to the front as replacements has sadly depleted our force. To-day I have only one hundred and forty-eight men for duty, and if I withdraw them from one place to put them in another, it will be merely 'robbing Peter to pay Paul.' Of course we will do the best we can; but, with our small force, please do not look for the impossible."

We knew that petty thievery among the stevedores on the Bassens docks was prevalent. It did not seem to matter much what the article was. Many of these Negroes, like a boy stuffing his pockets, delighted in taking anything that was not nailed down. In the majority of cases the attraction wasn't the article itself so much as it was the fun of getting away with it right under the noses of the officers on watch.

A case of automatic revolvers would disappear; then boxes of razors, soaps, toilet articles, tools, belts; and from boxes not broken open, like magic, part of the contents would be missing. Anything might be recovered when we searched the stevedores' barracks. In one cache we found tools and an axe, though it was impossible to tell what the man intended to do with the axe.

Cigars, candy, cigarettes, and tobacco were the greatest temptation. It was a continuous battle be-

tween our dock detectives and the Negro stevedores. Time after time we would arrest men for stealing, and, although conviction meant the coal-pile, the stealing went merrily on. It was not only the Negroes by any means who stole; we caught a white officer stealing cigars and selling them; but even the punishment meted out to him did not deter the petty thieves. This new loss, however, was an entirely different matter. Individual soldiers might take small articles, but now ten bags of flour were gone, to say nothing about other such bulk supplies, and such losses could mean only one thing—an organized raid.

The German people were not the only ones who suffered from the lack of flour, sugar, fats, and tobacco. Even in France the need of these articles was acute; a person who could secure any of them was assured of a ready market, a market where high prices were the rule and no questions asked as to where their supplies came from; and no amount of questioning would bring the purchasers to divulge where they got such things.

The checking system first demanded our attention. Honest mistakes before now had sent us off on a wild-goose chase, and before we started out to look for thieves, we wanted to be sure that the thieves really existed.

If it was just a difference of opinion between two sets of checkers, each jealous of its accuracy, we wanted to know it. We could not capture imaginary thieves.

It was a difficult task, this checking up the checkers. It meant putting some of our men on the docks and others at the supply depots; and there they were when a substantial loss from one of the cars during the time we were double-checking showed that we were not on a wild-goose chase this time; a real band of crooks was at work.

Having proved to our own satisfaction that the stealing actually was going on somewhere between Bassens and the rail-heads, our next move was to ascertain whether the losses were occurring on trains manned by Americans or by French. A week's record of all cars in the trains handled by both American and French crews showed that the stealing always occurred on trains handled by the French.

Compared with American freight trains, the French trains are a joke. Slowly they wander across France, stopping whenever and wherever the crew may desire. The only energetic thing ever noted about a French freight train is the locomotive whistle; that is always blowing. Almost anything seems to serve as an excuse to open the whistle, and the nights are often made hideous by those blasts. Instead of a caboose for the train crew, the men are forced to ride in little coops built on the ends of the cars.

Covering these freight trains was a hazardous undertaking for our men who were detailed to shadow the train crews. It was impossible to hide on top of the cars. A man who tried that would be quickly knocked off by the low bridges or tunnels. And,

owing to the fact that our men were forced to remain hidden in the little cubby holes, keeping clear as best they could of those being used by the Frenchmen, the checking up of all these crews was a long and tedious job.

While some of the men were covering the shipments on the trains, others were seaching through Bordeaux, trying to locate, if possible, the receiving end of the system; for by this time we were thoroughly convinced that supplies were being systematically stolen. Our efforts along this line had not met with the success we had hoped for. Consequently, it was with a sigh of relief that, one night, I encountered the first promising clue I had seen in the case.

I had dined with a French friend at one of the hotels. Knowing my friend's liking for a good smoke I had planned to bring him cigars from a box I had just received from the States; but when, after dinner, I reached in my pocket for them, I found that I had left them in my room. Full well I knew that as a general thing French cigars were both poor and expensive. But I did not want to disappoint my friend, so I decided to try to get one from the hotel. Calling the head waiter, I explained my predicament and asked if he would get us some good cigars. Although a frequent patron of this hotel, I was surprised at the reply.

"Yes, Major," said the man; "I can give you a real American cigar. In fact, you may have a choice of several brands, not only of cigars, but also of ciga-

rettes, if you wish." And he named over several well-known brands that were legitimately for sale only in our Quartermaster Department canteens.

Determined to find out how much of a stock he had, I inquired whether he would be willing to sell a box.

"Of course I would," he replied. "It would take time, but by to-morrow you can have them. Ordinarily we sell these only to our French patrons; but you are different, and we want to please you."

So I placed my order for a box.

After finishing our smoke, my friend and I arose and left the hotel. Bidding my friend good-night, I hurried to the office and summoned Lieutenant Hodson for a conference. As a result, we determined to place a man in the hotel, preferably as a waiter, so that he could ascertain, if possible, where the supplies were coming from. The rôle of a waiter was the easiest, for all the hotels were short of waiters, so many being turned soldiers.

Fearing that someone connected with the hotel might recognize our man if we detailed one who had been active in the city, I called in Sergeant Whitehouse from one of the outlying stations and placed him on the case. Equipped with the proper French credentials and a story that he had been a waiter on a transatlantic liner, he was soon put to work. Following through the cigar lead, Whitehouse soon developed the fact that it was the head porter who supplied the cigars. A head porter in France, by the way, is

a functionary as gorgeous as a drum-major, and very different from the muscular worker Americans call a porter. This porter would keep a box each of excellent brands on hand at the hotel, and when a box was emptied he would bring in another. But, although we had this man under surveillance for a long time, we were unable to learn more than that he brought these wares from his home.

We must learn where this porter was securing his supplies. Frequently, when our men detectives were forced to admit defeat, one of our women detectives would pick up the trail and successfully dig out the truth. One of the lessons learned by one who studies the life of some of the greatest detectives is:

If it's a man you want to get, send a pretty girl after him. She will by flattery draw more out of him than all the torture in the horror chambers of olden times.

So Céleste was called in and sent after the head porter. Representing herself as a Parisian who, afraid of the air raids, had fled to Bordeaux for safety, Céleste obtained quarters at the hotel. A pretty girl, a conceited man who is like moulder's clay in her hands, and the opportunity—the rest was easy. Soon Céleste was able to report that the cigarettes and cigars were coming from a woman by the name of Madame Marceau, who lived in a house near our headquarters.

Withdrawing Whitehouse from the hotel, we set him to watch the Marceau woman. He watched her home and trailed along whenever she went out. Fre-

quently Whitehouse would follow her when she carried a bundle to the home of the porter. Céleste shed light for us on those bundles, for she ascertained that they contained cigars and tobacco.

This was the way the porter got his supplies; but the next question was: How did Madame Marceau get hers? We never saw any packages being taken into her house that could, by any stretch of the imagination, contain cigars or tobacco. Frankly, we were stumped. Surely, if Madame Marceau was carrying box after box of cigars and cigarettes out of her house, she must have some way of getting them in—but *how?*

When on a serious case the French police assisted us to the fullest degree; nevertheless, they could not be otherwise than in sympathy with their own kin when it comes to a question of food and smokes; so our problem was to search Madame Marceau's house without the French police knowing what we were up to. Céleste solved this problem for us.

"I can tell my friend, the porter," she proposed, "that my funds are getting low, and get him to recommend me to Madame Marceau. I will then ask Madame Marceau to take me into her home as a boarder." And so it was arranged.

Now that we were at last in the house, our next step was to get Madame Marceau out of it, so that we could take our time and give it a thorough search. Lieutenant Greene, the Adonis of our force, was introduced into the situation to pass as an old friend of

Céleste. Supplied with a motor-car, Greene soon became devoted to Madame Marceau. When he proposed a day's picnic at Arcachon, Madame Marceau, urged on by Céleste, accepted. Greene tipped us off, and they had hardly left the house before Céleste had the door open and we were within, with a whole day at our disposal in which to conduct our search.

Guided by Céleste, we made a thorough examination of the house from top to bottom; but we had our trouble for our pains—not a thing incriminating did we find.

While seated in a back room discussing the failure, I casually noticed that the house abutted on a large yard. Asking what was the place beyond the yard, I learned that it was the Bordeaux Wholesale Grocery Company. The answer made only a passing impression upon me, and had it not been for Céleste's sharp eyes we should have overlooked the real solution.

Céleste, the next day after the picnic, happened to see Madame Marceau come from the warehouse across her back yard, staggering under the weight of a large and bulky bundle. Peeping through the key-hole, Céleste saw Madame untie it. It contained cigars—box upon box!

We investigated the Bordeaux Grocery Company, and learned that it was owned and operated by a Jew of the name of Simons. His record, as we had it from the French, was shady.

Having traced the cigars from the head porter, through Madame Marceau, to Simons, our next desire

was to see the inside of Simons's warehouse. But right here we were blocked. Simons, a sallow-skinned, crafty man, always prevented any such attempt.

In desperation, we hired the house next door to his warehouse, determined to tunnel from it into the cellar of the warehouse. Here was an incongruous situation indeed. Men who were supposed to be enforcing the law were about to commit the crime of breaking and entering, in order to obtain evidence!

Our men were called upon at various times to perform strange duties, but none queerer than the digging of that tunnel. We could work only at night, after we were sure that Simons had retired. And for several nights, by the dim light of a lantern, we diligently picked away at the hole.

Then, one night, we dug through into the cellar. Quickly enlarging the hole, so that we could squeeze through, we entered. Grimy of hand and face, with clothes smeared with dirt and torn from contact with jagged pieces of the foundation and walls, we looked more like a band of yeggs than like military police.

A survey of that warehouse opened wide our eyes. What a sight it was! Thousands of dollars' worth of all kinds of American supplies, neatly arranged in piles on the second floor, and all bearing the private mark of our Quartermaster Department.

We left one man behind in the cellar to replace the wall, after which he escaped through a window.

While we had been working on this phase of the case, our other men were still busy checking up on

the various crews. Eliminating crews as fast as it was proved that they were not involved, our case finally settled on one.

As already explained, riding on a French freight train and keeping out of sight at the same time was a difficult and also dangerous job, yet two of the men volunteered for it.

We soon had a list of the places where this particular train would stop; and, with this list as a guide, we hustled out enough men to cover each one of these places, and then sat back to await results. They were not long in forthcoming, for Rich, one of our men, discovered just how the trick was turned.

Hiding in the bushes beside the track, Rich saw this train come to a stop and the fireman start to fill his tender with water. While this was going on, the crew came along beside the train and, going to a certain box-car, broke the seal, opened it, selected what they wanted, and carried the stuff down the embankment and hid it in the woods near by. Then they shunted an empty box-car on to the side track and went on. When all was quiet, the station master and his assistant came along and collected the stolen supplies, carried them to the station, and put them in an empty box-car.

On the return trip, the same crew that had stolen the supplies picked up this car, shunted it on to their train next to the engine, and, just before the train arrived at Bordeaux, placed it on an abandoned track and left it there. On the next night Simons sent

out his wagons, unloaded the car, hauled the goods into the city, and hid them in his warehouse. Here Simons and his confederates would repack the various commodities at leisure and sell them to dishonest dealers throughout the city.

Even now, with all the knowledge that we had at hand, there were certain features of the case that puzzled us: How did that gang of crooks know which cars to break into? How could they reseal the car with a United States Government seal after having broken the original? We must have an answer to these two questions before we could make an arrest.

An analysis of the evidence convinced us that there must be someone on the docks who was in league with the train-robbers. It must be that some one of our checkers had been tempted by the desire to get some easy money and had fallen in with Simons's scheme.

Ever careful to avoid suspicion we had three of our men come in from an outlying district and sent to the docks. Arrangements were made with Colonel Marble to have them assigned to the checking department.

It was our good fortune that Smith, one of the new men, discovered the crooked checker. Working with him, Smith noticed that when valuable food-stuffs were loaded by this checker, he would put a chalk mark similar to a Greek cross on the ends of that particular car, so that the train-robbers could easily spot it and would waste no time in breaking into the

wrong car. This man also supplied the crew with lead seals, and he was the one responsible for their having a seal-press in their possession. He had succeeded in securing a second seal-press by pretending that he had lost his original one (he had given it to the crooks).

Sometimes our department would collect what we considered a mass of evidence in a case, only to hear Major Meadows of the Judge Advocate's Department say:

"It's all very well as far as it goes, but it is not sufficient proof to obtain a conviction. It is weak—here——"

Now Major Meadows demanded absolute proof. In order to comply with his wishes, we arrested the crooked checker; then we loaded a car with marked boxes, arranging that it should go out on the train the crooks were in charge of. Exactly as we planned, the thieves broke into that car, stole several of the marked boxes, carried them down the embankment, and hid them.

Meanwhile, we kept a sharp watch on them, and allowed them to place the stolen goods in the other car and return it to Bordeaux. We even allowed Simons to unload the car and carry the supplies into his warehouse.

Then we called in the French police and raided Simons's place. We found his warehouses full of American goods; in fact, it required all of seven motor trucks to haul the stuff back to the docks. It

inventoried several thousand dollars. How much he had already sold, no one could tell.

We arrested the entire crew, the station-master of the small place where the car was reloaded, and all of Simons's men, as well as Simons himself. Simons went to jail for fifteen years. The others received sentences that varied from two to fifteen years. Our investigation could not connect the woman or the head porter with the thefts; they were allowed to go with a reprimand from the judge.

## THE WINE SWINDLERS

WHEN the American soldier in France ate his breakfast of bacon, potatoes, prunes, bread, and coffee he should have been thoroughly satisfied. He should have been the last one to compare his well-rounded ration with that of his French brother-in-arms, who had to be content with his daily dish of soup. Nevertheless, our boys did so compare their rations and found them wanting. "Why?"—you ask. Because the French ration included wine. English soldiers had their allowance of rum or, if the occasion warranted it, a good toddy; and the Italian army had wine. And how the Allied soldiers delighted in poking fun at the American, who had to content himself with water! The American doughboy could not understand why, if wine was good for the others, it wasn't good for him; and in his eyes the lack of a ration of wine was the one weak spot in the Quartermaster Department service that he could never overlook.

The greatest wonder of any army, they say, is the tremendous number of rumours it generates in a given time. Rumours starting from goodness knows where, and accumulating speed and power as they are passed along, soon lose all semblance to the original story.

One doughboy would slap another on the back, and in a loud voice for all the world to hear, would boisterously announce:

"Hey! Buddie, we're going to get the wine! I know it, for I got it direct!"—And away starts another rumour on its wild career.

Consequently, when my friend Leblanc said that the Americans were going to issue wine to their soldiers, I believed I had encountered another one of those idle rumours.

"Why, that's utterly impossible, friend," I said. "The American Army does not supply wine to its men! And even though General Pershing himself desired to issue the wine, he would not dare! He is watched too closely by our multitude of reformers. Issue wine? I should say not! Pershing would lose his official head."

"I know what I'm talking about!" averred Leblanc. "My friend, Levy, is supplying the wine! He told me he had an order from Captain Gordon for 500,000 quarts of red wine, and he has already made the first shipment of five carloads."

One of our greatest pleasures in France was the privilege, generously extended to us, of spending an occasional evening in a French home. Numbers of the better class made it a practice to invite our soldiers to visit them whenever the boys were off duty. Americans who have enjoyed this opportunity know the real French home life. They were jealous of their visits, and were careful never to do or say anything

that might offend their French friends. And so when the above conversation took place one evening while I was visiting the Leblancs, I did not argue the question with my friend; I was a guest in his house, and for fear of offending him, since he was so absolutely sure of his stand, I dropped the subject. I determined, however, to make it my business to look into the situation the very next day.

We had several important cases pending at this time. In the stress of the work entailed in conducting these investigations, the wine argument slipped my mind. It was forcibly brought back when my French interpreter came to me and asked for my assistance in securing part of the wine contract for his brother. Politely, but firmly, I told this man that there was no such thing as a wine contract for the Americans, and I bade him forget it.

He insisted that he had not been misinformed, and continued to press me to use my influence with Captain Gordon, so that his brother might get his share.

The various departments of Base Section No. 2, in Bordeaux, were at this time scattered all over the city. The General had his headquarters in what formerly had been a private house, while our Quartermaster Department was several blocks away. Determined to settle this wine question then and there, I wheeled about in my chair, and picking up the telephone I called Captain Gordon.

"Captain, what is this I hear about your going into the wine business? What about it?"

"What are you driving at?" demanded Gordon. "I don't drink the stuff, let alone buy it! Has someone been kidding you?"

"I don't think so," I replied. "However, I would appreciate it if you would come over to my office now so that we can get at the bottom of this mess! Without a doubt it's only a tempest in a teapot; still, like other rumours, it might grow into a huge affair. Come over, and we will spike it now!"

As soon as Gordon arrived, I told him what I had heard. He refused to become disturbed about the story, saying it was too absurd to bother with. To convince him that this might be a more serious matter than he believed, I summoned the French interpreter again.

"Adjutant," I said, "what do you know about this wild yarn regarding the buying of wine by and for the Americans?"

"Only this," he replied: "everywhere in town they are talking about the change which is to be made in the American rationing—how you are planning to issue wine to your soldiers; and that Captain Gordon has placed the order for 500,000 quarts."

"There you are, Captain! What have you to say to that?"

"That's the first I've heard of it!" he replied. "Certainly I'm the one who ought to know, since I'm the purchasing agent for this part of France, and would be the logical person to place such an order."

While Captain Gordon and myself were debating

about what should be done to stop this rumour—for it was really necessary to take some action, as Gordon otherwise would soon be deluged with offers of wine—the telephone rang and my clerk informed me that the local manager of the Y. M. C. A. was on the line and insisted on speaking with me. Turning to the telephone and picking up the receiver, I asked:

"What can I do for you, Mr. Reynolds?"

"I want to know," demanded Reynolds, "if it is true that the army is to issue wine to our boys? It's an outrage! I want to find out about it so that I can enter a protest!"—"Oh, Lord!" I groaned, "it's come sooner than I expected! The reformers are after us on it, even now!"

"Well," I replied, "you know as much about it as I do! But before you enter any protest, I would suggest that you await confirmation. I will let you know as soon as possible"—and I slammed down the receiver.

"Captain," I said, turning to Gordon again, "it looks to me as if we were in for a session over this rumour. Evidently someone suspects you of trying to put over a deal in wine!"

"Major, I am telling you the truth, yet, where there is so much excitement and hurrah over it all, there must be something to it besides mere rumour! Please help me out on this, for I don't want to be the 'goat'!"

It was evident that, at last, the wine deal had Gordon worried.

I was determined to sift this pernicious rumour to the bottom. So there and then I wrote a note to my friend Leblanc, asking him to come to my office and to bring his friend, Levy, with him. Calling my chauffeur, I gave him the note with instructions to bring both men back to the office with him.

While we were waiting for the return of the car, the General's orderly came in with the customary: "The General's compliments to the Major, and the General would like to see him at the Major's convenience."

In the army there are ways and ways of issuing an order. When you receive a message from the Commanding General asking you to come and see him "at your convenience," it doesn't mean that you are to call on him when you get good and ready, but that you are to drop everything else and hustle into the August Presence. And so I hustled.

After close association with the General for several months, I understood him very well. I could almost invariably tell just what mood the "Old Man" was in by the way he answered my knock.

This time I heard a sharp, "Come in!" and at once I knew something was wrong, but didn't for a minute connect it with the wine rumours. (The Provost Marshal is the right hand of the Commanding General in the enforcement of orders and discipline; but, on the other hand, he is the "goat" when things go wrong with the "Old Man." Whatever happens, it's always, "Send for the Provost Marshal!")

I found the General surrounded by some of our welfare workers.

Sure enough, the General was all upset over something. It was quite evident that his visitors had been giving the "Old Man" a trying half hour and he was just looking for someone to take it out on—and I knew that once more I was elected to be the "goat," but I did not mind, for I knew that behind all his gruffness and bluster he was a kindly man, and that, even while calling me down for effect, he took it for granted that I would know that he did not mean quite all he said.

"Major!" he demanded, "what is all this I hear about Gordon buying thousands of gallons of wine? You know very well we do not issue wine to our soldiers! Why do you allow such rumours to circulate?"—and as he was wont to do when excited, the "Old Man" puffed out his cheeks, and swelled up his chest so far that I was afraid he would burst.

"General," I explained, "I am working on the case now, and as soon as possible I will report to you the results of my investigation."

Pounding his desk, the General thundered: "I don't want reports; I want action! and it is up to you to get action ——— quick!"—and the "Old Man" looked out of the corner of his eye at the feminines present to see if they observed how he could "squelch" the Provost Marshal.

Although I realized that he was not in a reasonable frame of mind, I felt that he had gone a bit too far in

blaming me for all those idle rumours. I did not start them, and the Lord knows that I could no more stop them than could the old woman stop the tide with her broom. I wanted to answer back, but I had been in the army long enough to know that I might get court-martialed for insubordination if I did; and so I merely repeated that I had started an investigation to determine who was responsible for starting this rumour.

"The first thing I want you to do," said the General, "is to place Captain Gordon under arrest."

Here, again, if the General was merely talking for effect—that was one thing. But if, by chance, he had allowed his temper to master his judgment and to please these reformers was actually ordering the arrest of this efficient officer—that was something else again.

"I have already heard Captain Gordon's story and I am absolutely convinced that he is innocent. Right now he is in my office and we were planning to find out the truth about this rumour when you sent for me. Captain Gordon has asked me to help him run it down. Before taking any further action, I would suggest that I be permitted to interview the Frenchman who is supposed to have shipped the wine—I have already sent for him."

"Get busy!" again snapped the General. "I am not interested in your interviews! Get the guilty man and bring him here at once!"

It was much easier for the General to give the order

than it was for me to execute it. But I considered the "Old Man" had troubles of his own. Saluting, I left the office.

The chauffeur had carried out his mission. I found both my friend, Leblanc, and Levy in the waiting room and Gordon still in the private office. "Now," I thought, "I'll soon settle this. I'll confront Levy with Gordon, and if Gordon is the one who placed the order, I'll soon find it out."

Levy confirmed the shipment of the five carloads of wine.

Then, calling the two Frenchmen into the private office, I said: "Mr. Levy, is this officer the Captain Gordon who gave you the order for the wine?"

*"Non, mon Commandant!"* replied Levy. "The Captain Gordon who gave me the order came from your Great Headquarters in Paris. The Captain Gordon that I dealt with was tall and erect, with broad shoulders and the wedge-shaped body of the typical soldier. He had keen blue eyes, was clean-shaven, and had a very winning smile and a personality to inspire confidence. With his manner of a born commander, no one would think of questioning that he was other than he represented himself to be—an American officer on official business."

In no detail did this description fit the Captain Gordon who was here in my office and who was the purchasing officer at the Base. Our Captain Gordon had just managed to squeeze by the limit as to height; and, thin as a rail owing to a recent sickness, his uni-

form seemed made for a man nearly twice his size. Also, in an endeavour to eliminate the boyish look of his countenance, he had for some time been trying to coax a mustache to grow. With black eyes, and black hair that never seemed to stay put, he was a contrast, indeed, to the other Gordon.

I pressed Levy for further details of the visit of the Paris Gordon, and he continued:

"You see, Major, when this American officer came in and stated that he was from the Headquarters of the American Army in Paris, I did not question it. He said he had been commissioned by his Commanding General to purchase 500,000 quarts of red wine of the best quality. He told me that he had investigated my firm and had learned that we were reliable and could and would fill such a contract. Naturally I felt flattered to think that out of all the wine merchants in this city my firm should have been the one selected by the American Government as its agent."

About two months previously the army authorities, realizing that someone might try to take advantage of their methods of purchasing supplies, had issued orders to the effect that before a purchase was made it must be certified by the local quartermaster purchasing officer. Inasmuch as this information had been published in the local French papers, I could not understand how Levy had permitted this man to get away with five cars of wine. But he soon cleared up this point for us:

"I told this captain," said Levy, "that there was

an order requiring the approval of the local purchasing officer and that while I would gladly accept the order, I would suggest that such approval be secured.

"'Oh, that's all right!' he replied. 'You put on your hat and we will go over to Headquarters right now and get the approval!'

"Instead of going myself, I suggested that my son go—and the two men left my office and went out to the street and, hailing a taxi, rode away. What happened at your Headquarters I learned from my son after the order had been placed and the Captain had gone. When my son and this captain arrived at the office of the Base Quartermaster, the Captain suggested that he could save time if he went in alone and left my son in the taxi.

"The Captain remained in the Quartermaster's office for about twenty minutes, and when he came out he showed my son the order, officially stamped. Then they quickly drove back to my place, where the final details of the transaction were arranged.

"The terms of the order were at a variance with our established custom; but the profit was sufficient to warrant our accepting these terms. We were to make deliveries in five-carload lots each week, and thirty days after the last shipment I was to receive the money for the wine. The entire contract was to be billed as one lot and the invoice was to be sent after the last shipment had been made.

"He told me that if I desired to communicate with

him, I should address the letters to the station where the wine was to be delivered—a place called Soucy, about ten miles outside of Paris. Already I have made one shipment and have another one in preparation to go forward this week. I trust that there is nothing wrong with the order, Major."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Levy," I replied, "but I am much afraid you have been swindled."

This was a severe blow to Levy. The loss of that first five-car load of wine would spell disaster to his balance sheet for some time to come. Frantically gesticulating, he jumped up and, with tears in his eyes, implored us to help him rescue his "beloved wine."

Unfortunately, it was not in our power to do this, as the swindlers had had plenty of time to dispose of the first shipment. The only thing we could do was to protect him from further loss. And thus, what we had considered as merely one more idle rumour had suddenly developed into a real problem which might, owing to the delay, prove difficult to solve.

"Of course, now that you know that this is all a swindle," I said, "you will not ship any more wine. No doubt when this crook sees that the next shipment is not forthcoming, he will write you. All we can do now is to 'sit tight' until a letter is received from him, and then we will set a trap to catch the crook. If you wish to assist us, at the same time saving yourself worry, trouble, and money, you must remain absolutely silent. Do not breathe a word of

this conversation to any one, not even to your wife!"

Four days after the second shipment of wine was due at Soucy, Levy, greatly excited, came into the office.

"I have received another letter from that scoundrel!" he exclaimed. "Here it is! Now you can get him!"—and he handed the letter over to me.

The letter was written on the official stationery of the American Army Quartermaster Department and had the official stamp affixed. Any one not knowing the circumstances would without question have accepted the letter as genuine.

"You are advised," I read, "that the shipment due four days ago has not arrived at Soucy. We must insist that you live up to your contract and make shipments on time. You will please advise when we may expect the next shipment." It was signed, "H. B. Gordon, Purchasing Agent, U. S. A."

A decoy letter was prepared telling Gordon that the delay had been caused by the inability of the railroad to secure cars for loading and promising to get a shipment off within a few days. This letter was mailed to him at Soucy in care of the station agent, after being held over for a day in order to have Sergeant Rich, dressed in civilian clothes and accompanied by a French Secret Service man, rushed to Soucy. These two were to loaf around the town, keeping a close watch on the railroad station; and when the swindler called for the letter, they were to arrest him.

Not always do plans work out as anticipated! In this case our work went for nothing. Right under the noses of these two men that letter disappeared. They swore that no one even faintly resembling Gordon had called at the station; yet one day the letter was there, peacefully reposing on the desk, and the next day it was gone, although they had remained in the immediate vicinity of the station until the agent had left for the night. From this we surmised that the station agent might be in league with Gordon. This suspicion was afterward confirmed. Rich and the Frenchman returned to Bordeaux, defeated in the object of their search.

Blocked in our first attempt, we wasted no time in useless repining, but went right to work planning another trap. Levy wrote the swindler a second letter at our suggestion, and told him that the next shipment of five cars would go forward on the following day. Levy did not feel disposed to send any more of his wine, well aware that he might lose the second shipment as well as the first. For this reason we secured the approval from our Chief to purchase five cars of the cheapest wine, and we loaded the cars with this *vin ordinaire*. We did not intend, however, to let our purchase get out of our sight if we could help it. Rich, Reilly, and Black were assigned to accompany the shipment to its destination, Soucy. And when the wine started, these three men, stealing a ride on the same freight, went along.

Great care had to be taken at Soucy; for if the

station agent there *was* in league with these swindlers and discovered three strange men hanging around his station, he might warn the crooks, and then our second trap would be as empty of results as our first had been.

On the same day the wine left on the so-called fast freight, I went to Paris and established myself in a hotel, as far removed as possible from the American Headquarters—I could not afford to have any officious officer interfering with either the men or the plans. The second day after my arrival in Paris, Rich came in and reported that the five carloads of wine had arrived and had been shunted on to a side track.

Hiding around the railroad yards, Rich, Reilly, and Black closely watched those five cars, waiting to jump out and seize Gordon when he came for the wine. We expected, of course, that he would show up himself. But here, again, we were doomed to disappointment. Gordon did not show up; instead, on the third day of our watch, a French motor truck backed up to the car and the driver started loading the wine onto his truck. Rich, who was in charge, realized that the only hope of catching the ringleaders was not to arrest the "tool," but to shadow the truck. Hoping against hope that before the truck was loaded Gordon himself would appear, they waited—but in vain. We had not anticipated the possibility of their using a motor truck, because the French were prohibited the use of motor trucks owing to the

scarcity of gasolene; we supposed that they would use a horse-drawn dray. As our men had no means of transportation other than their sturdy legs, shadowing a motor truck was an entirely different proposition from shadowing a horse-drawn, heavily loaded dray. While they were still considering what to do, the truck-driver finished loading and started away. As there was no time to telephone to me in Paris for assistance, Rich, Reilly, and Black had no choice but to start out afoot to try to keep that truck in sight—no small task.

There is a Frenchman living near Soucy who doubtless believes, and with reason, that the Americans are a crazy lot. He was peacefully riding along the road on his bicycle when, before he had time to realize just what was happening, he found himself on the ground with two men holding him there, while a third man had started off down the road on his wheel. The two men who were holding him tried to convince him that he wanted to sell his bicycle, but he insisted that he didn't. Guns thrust into his mid-ribs were the final argument which won him over to their way of thinking, and he named a price for the wheel. They gave him the money, and another one-hundred-franc note besides, with instructions never to mention the incident to a soul; and then they released him.

Meanwhile Rich, on the bicycle, had picked up the trail of the truck and followed it into Paris. Here the truck, after making many turns and twists, entered the slum district and, finally drawing up before a

warehouse, was unloaded, and the truckload of wine disappeared.

Rich immediately reported these facts to me, and the other two men were sent out to watch the warehouse.

We had at last run our quarry to earth. Our next move was to place someone on guard at the warehouse with the expectation of capturing our man in that way. But another week of watchful waiting went by without bringing the desired result.

Gordon was surely a sly one. Like a fox, he undoubtedly had two entrances to his den, and while we had been wasting our time watching the one entrance that we knew of, the clever crook probably was passing freely in and out of the other one. If we couldn't catch him by waiting, we at least could make an effort to catch him inside his den. We decided to place two of our men inside that warehouse, if feasible. But if we were to succeed in gaining an entrance without being discovered, we knew that we would require the assistance of men well acquainted with the underworld of Paris. Without a doubt Gordon must have surrounded himself with a gang of crooks. By no possible stretch of the imagination could we conceive of his engineering and carrying out this gigantic scheme entirely alone.

With the knowledge we had to build on, I visited the Chief of the French Secret Service to explain the case to him and request his help. He readily agreed

to give us all the assistance necessary. And, after a thorough discussion of the situation, we concluded to send one of our own men with a Frenchman to find out what was in that warehouse. A detective whom we will call Lupin, of the French staff, and Graham, of our staff, were selected as the two men best qualified for this dangerous mission. Lupin had an enviable reputation in the French service and was fast becoming famous in his profession. Graham had lived in France for several years and, since he spoke the language like a native, could easily pass as a Frenchman. These two men were instructed to go down into the underworld and join Gordon's crowd if possible. They were authorized, if they deemed it necessary in order to establish themselves firmly, even to go to the extreme of committing a robbery or two so that they might be considered worthy to become members of Gordon's gang. They were to report at the end of a week.

Two weeks passed, but no message came from Lupin and Graham. Greatly worried, I went to see my friend, the French Secret Service Chief. The Chief did not look the part. Any one meeting him on the street would never have suspected from his appearance that he was the head of the most feared of all France's forces—the secret police. Small and wiry in build, with iron-gray hair and black Vandyke beard, he had the air of a gentleman of leisure. Dressed in the height of fashion, and swinging his little cane as he strolled along, he did not seem to

have a care in the world. But his keen black eyes, peering out through their half-closed lids, did not miss a thing as he passed along the streets.

After considering all angles of the situation, we finally concluded that something must have happened to our pair, and so we ordered out a rescue party. Both French and American detectives were sent to comb the underworld in an endeavour to pick up information regarding the fate of Lupin and of Graham. First one then another came and reported that not a trace of our detectives could be found. Our men had disappeared completely. Greatly worried by their silence and with a full realization of the desperate character of the criminals involved, the French Chief and myself determined to try our hand and see if we could not pick up some clue as to their whereabouts.

Guided by the French Chief, who knew every rendezvous of the Paris crook, and well protected by several men of the French Department who shadowed us wherever we went, we started out to make even a tour of the dives. Late that night we reached one of the worst of all these dens. The Chief told me that before the war this place had served as the principal headquarters of the far-famed apaches. Entering it, we took a seat at a small table in the rear and studied the crowd, while the Chief regaled me with tales of murders and robberies that had taken place there. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw four of the Chief's men enter and casually seat them-

selves at a table near us. I was still more glad they were there when the door opened and a man came in whom I recognized from the descriptions we had as the crook we wanted—Gordon.

He was treated with every consideration, and it was very evident that he was well known here. Soon we heard the gangsters calling him "Chief." I whispered to the Secret Service Chief that this so-called Chief was the man who had perpetrated the wine swindle. As we were trying to rescue our own men, I suggested that we pass him by this time, but the Secret Service Chief would not have it.

"Our men," said the Chief, "started out to locate the gang of which Gordon is the head, and they may have fallen into his hands. I will have two of my men shadow him and when they have traced him to his home, we will nab him."

I never did see how the Chief managed to convey the order to his men to shadow Gordon, but in some way he did; for later on, while in the Chief's office, two men came in and reported that they had followed the fox to his lair. We jumped into the Chief's motor-car and, accompanied by several of his men, we soon arrived at the house. Quickly surrounding the place to prevent his quarry from escaping, the Chief gained admittance, and before the man who had called himself Gordon was aware of it, we had him in irons. Taking him back to the Chief's office, we plied him with questions as to the whereabouts of our two men.

He denied all knowledge of the men and claimed to know nothing whatever about the wine deal.

I had supposed that the days of the rack, wheel, rings, thumbscrews, and hot irons had passed; but when the French took this man into a private room I knew differently, for there I saw all these instruments of a mediæval torture-chamber. Gordon was told that if he refused to talk he would have an opportunity to test these various machines, and was given one more chance to tell the truth.

"I know absolutely nothing about your men or the wine!" he protested. "And as for torturing me with these things, why, you're just bluffing, that's all!"

He was the most surprised man in France, however, when at a nod from the Chief he was seized and suspended by his thumbs. Gordon was game and, although it must have hurt him, he still refused to talk. Three minutes of this treatment was enough to convince the French officers that they were not dealing with an ordinary man and that they would have to try some other way to make him talk.

Next they turned to the rack and they strapped him to that and then slowly tightened the screws. He began to stretch and his bones to crack, while beads of cold perspiration stood out all over him. It was torture unendurable, and after a little while he cried out for them to stop, saying he would tell us all about his connection with the affair and where our men were confined.

The Chief ordered him released and placed a chair

alongside of that terrible rack, warning Gordon that if he did not "come clean" and give us all the truth, he would quickly find himself back on the rack. Then the Chief commanded him to go ahead with his story. Only too well aware by now that these French officers meant exactly what they said, Gordon told us the story of our two men.

"One evening," began Gordon, "I found two strangers in the café where we hang out. They had been there for some time and by free use of their money had become quite chummy with some of my men. Upon being introduced to me, they told how they had been forced out of Havre after staging a series of hold-ups and robberies there. For a number of weeks I had been planning to get together the biggest gang in Paris. As these two men seemed to be the very type I wanted, I proposed that they join us. I told them that in order to become members it would be necessary for them to prove their ability, and proposed that they rob a certain house we had already planned to raid. They seemed eager to do this, so I sent them out with one of my men to do the job. And right well they did it.

"When my man returned and told me they were not amateurs, I was glad to welcome them as members. We took them fully into our confidence. And they established themselves at the warehouse, where we had a secret den for our meetings and where we had also fitted up a room on an upper floor to sleep in.

"A few days after joining us Lupin committed an exceptionally bold burglary, after which, fearing that he might be caught, he remained in hiding in the secret den under the warehouse. It was quite damp down there and before long he caught the 'flu.' As he was delirious most of the time, it was necessary for someone to be with him constantly.

"One night after I had gone to sleep, one of the gang came to me greatly excited and said the boys wanted me at the den. Arriving there, I found the men excitedly discussing the revelations which Lupin had been making.

"It seems that Lupin had been more delirious than usual this night and in his delirium had disclosed his true name and his mission. He had also told the men that Graham was a member of the American Secret Service. These crooks carefully played the sick man and soon had the entire story.

"They were for killing Lupin then and there, but I pointed out to them that they would need him as a witness against Graham, who was out on a robbery.

"Graham returned; and while telling us about his latest exploit, he suddenly found himself seized and bound. He was a cool one, that Graham! Even when confronted with what he knew was the truth, he only laughed and called us a pack of fools. Then we brought in Lupin, on his cot. Gagging Graham, so that he could not warn Lupin, these men once more questioned your man, and once more in his delirium

Lupin babbled out the story that condemned both himself and his companion."

Poor, loyal Lupin!

"The gang insisted on an immediate trial," Gordon went on. "It was my first experience of a trial by a gang of crooks. All I had to do as the leader of the gang was to pass sentence if they found their captives guilty. Under two smoky lanterns that cast a sickly glow over the scene, my gangsters gathered around the table and prepared to condemn your two men to a horrible death. Each man argued the case; and when he had finished, if he considered the prisoners guilty, like old Romans he turned his thumbs down upon the table. Graham was offered a chance to defend himself, but he only laughed us to scorn. The vote of guilty was unanimous and it was up to me to pronounce the sentence.

"The sentence for spies and squealers in our gang was that the offender should have a vein in his arm opened and, watched and jeered at by the others, be allowed slowly to bleed to death. That was the sentence pronounced on both Lupin and Graham. The men were for carrying out the sentence at once, but I prevailed upon them to wait until Lupin had recovered and to use Graham as his nurse. I told them their revenge would be far greater if Lupin knew he was slowly bleeding to death, than if he were killed now while unconscious of the reasons and methods.

"You may think me a hardened criminal, but I draw the line at such cold-blooded murder as that.

I hoped, if I could only get the carrying out of the sentence delayed, that I might, somehow, get the men away. I don't know whether the gang suspected me or not; but I do know that one of them is on guard day and night outside the room where your men are confined; and at the first sign of an attempt at a rescue, he will kill them, throw their bodies into the sewer, and make his escape the same way. The only method of gaining an entrance to this den is through a house on the next block, and then only by giving the proper signals. If your men attempt to break in, the two prisoners would be dead before you could batter down the first door.

"You must go to No. 20 Rue de Ratt; give three quick raps at the door; then, when it is answered by two raps, give three more quick raps; and when the slide in the door is opened, give the password, 'Montréal' and a woman will admit you to the first house. You must pass through this first house into the kitchen, turn to your left, go down into the cellar, and turn sharply to your right when you reach the foot of the stairs. Here you will see a door that opens into a passageway. Go through this tunnel until you come to another door; here you must rap twice, and, upon hearing an answering two knocks, rap twice more and, when challenged, give the password, 'Quebec.' If you endeavour to do this without me to guide you, you will surely make a failure of it, for the old woman who runs the first house always looks out through the slit in the door before answering. When

visitors look suspicious, she rings a bell which connects with the den where the gang hangs out; then one of them will come up and, after looking you over, will warn the others who will certainly kill your two men. The murderers will then escape through the sewer, and you will never catch them."

We could not place too much confidence in this startling confession for fear that the man might mean to lead us into a trap. It would be necessary for us to substitute one of our own men for Gordon, that much was clear. A search through the Headquarters' regiment in Paris produced a man who was of the general physical build of Gordon. The French Chief sent us after their expert in the art of disguise; and with our man we went to the prison. Here we placed our man and Gordon side by side. With the features of the real Gordon to guide him, the French expert soon remodelled the face of our man so that the two looked exactly alike. It would require more than a casual glance to tell which was the real and which the spurious Gordon.

Disguises as a general thing are overdone, and so lose the effect desired. An old suit of clothes, a few days' growth of beard, a pair of coloured glasses, and a cap pulled down over the face are, in the majority of cases, all that is necessary fully to disguise a man. In this case, however, too much depended upon our success to take any chances, so we went to the extreme of having our man's face remodelled with clay and tinted to resemble the pseudo-Gordon.

Everything was now in readiness, and as soon as it was dark, in company with the French Chief, we presented ourselves at the door of the first house. Would our ruse be successful? Time only could tell. The signals were made, the password given; and, after inspecting us, the door was opened and we were admitted. Before the woman could give the alarm we had seized her; and after binding and gagging her we carried her with us to the cellar—our first step had been accomplished.

Turning to our right at the foot of the stairs, we found the door just as Gordon had said we would. Opening it, we found ourselves facing a dark and fearsome tunnel. Not a glimmer of light could we see; we wondered intensely just what that tunnel might hold—it might be the Devil's abiding place, it was so gruesome. Each one claimed it as his right to be the first to enter that dark passage, which was so narrow that we could only pass in single file. The Chief insisted that, inasmuch as it was a civilian case and the crooks were French, it was his privilege to lead the way. And so we finally started; the Chief first, our disguised soldier second, with myself bringing up the rear.

It was a very dismal place, low-ceilinged and reeking with a heavy musty odour of dead air. Guiding ourselves along by feeling the sides with our hands, we made very slow progress, and I caught myself wondering whether I should ever traverse this tunnel again or whether I should find my grave at the other

end. We stumbled over unseen projections, and it was with a sigh of relief that we finally came to our journey's end and encountered the other door. Listening for a moment at this door, we heard men talking; then we made ready for the final rush. Revolvers were quietly prepared for any eventuality, the safety catches were released, and we were ready for the last and most dangerous part of the adventure.

The soldier whom we had disguised as Gordon now took the lead and then the signal was given—two quick knocks. A gangster answered our knock, and we gave the second signal. Then a gruff voice from the inside demanded:

"Who's there?"

And the French Chief answered, "Quebec," for we did not dare risk letting our "Gordon" speak—he was only a "super."

"All right!" replied the first voice. "Just a minute and I'll open the door."

We could hear them taking down bars and chains and then the door slowly swung open. With our disguised soldier still in the lead, we three stepped into the room. There were five of the gang there; three were seated at the table, one was standing near another door, while the last was the one who had admitted us.

As the Chief stepped into the room, before any of us could utter a word, one of the gang recognized him and shouted:

"Police!" At the same time he made a dash for the

door leading out of the room on the opposite side; the others, following, pulled their guns and began shooting. But our guns were readier than theirs, we had not been surprised. An automatic spoke once—the apache who was the first to jump for the door whirled around and with a look of profound surprise on his face, slowly sank to the floor. Again and again our revolvers barked; and each time a gangster dropped, losing all interest in the fight. When the smoke cleared away, there were four of them dead on the floor, while the fifth had his hands stretched high above his head in token of surrender.

When questioned, this fellow told us that we would find the two men for whom we were searching if we went through the door which the first man had tried to reach.

Leaving our soldier to guard the lone prisoner, the Chief opened the door designated by the prisoner and we passed along a small tunnel to another door. Unlocking it, we stepped into a small room and there we found our two men. Poor Lupin, still weak from his illness, lay huddled up on a cot covered with dirty burlap sacks and rags; while Graham, gaunt, half-starved, ragged, dirty, and with a heavy growth of beard sat on the edge of the cot. (They had lost all hope of a rescue and, when they had heard the shooting, supposed it was just another gang fight.)

When we stepped in, Graham staggered to his feet with a cry of joy, "It's the Major!" and fell forward into my arms in a dead faint.

It was a task to get these two sick men out of the den and into a place where they could receive treatment. The cot that Lupin was lying on was too large to pass through the door of the long tunnel, so the Chief lifted him on to my back and I started to carry him out. It was a hard trip, but I finally made it; and leaving Lupin under the care of the soldier who had removed our one prisoner to the vacant house we had first entered, I returned for Graham. It was necessary to carry Graham, also, as he was still too weak to walk. Placing him on my back, I staggered on through the tunnel. I could have sworn that the second trip was at least ten miles long. Now that we had brought them both to safety we called an ambulance and had the men sent to a hospital for treatment. Although they had gone through a very harrowing experience and had been nearly starved, they eventually recovered.

After seeing Lupin and Graham placed under the care of the doctor, the Chief and myself returned to the cellar. We had two reasons for returning: One was to search the place thoroughly for evidence which we could use against Gordon and the rest of his crew; the other was to find the answer to our wondering questions as to how we three had come through the fight in that apache den, unscathed. Examining the wall against which we had stood, we saw that the crooks' bullets had spattered the wall between twelve and fourteen inches above our heads—it was our good fortune that in their excitement they had shot high.

In the table drawer we found the papers relating to the activities of the gang. Pouncing upon them, the Chief, after a cursory inspection, announced in a pleased voice:

"We have enough evidence here in these papers to place the entire crowd behind the bars for some time to come!"

This gang, it appeared, was run on business principles. In the ledger that was found was a list of the places robbed. On the debit side was entered all the loot taken, while on the credit side were entered the names of the men who had shared in the loot and the amount each one had received. We also found a list of the places yet to be robbed together with the names of the men who were to do the jobs; a list of the names of the café owners who would buy wine without asking too many questions, and in a steel box we discovered a quantity of official stationery and an official stamp, all belonging to the American Army.

As soon as Graham was allowed to talk, we went to the hospital to see him. We were anxious to have him complete the chain of evidence that we were forging against the gang. We knew what had happened up to the time of their trial and death sentence, but we wanted to know how these two men had so successfully fooled the crooks after Lupin had recovered consciousness.

"I was the one detailed to nurse Lupin," said Graham. "My only hope was that he might die or that we should be rescued before he recovered, so that we

might escape the terrible fate planned for us. Eventually he recovered so far that I was afraid that the gangsters would carry out the death sentence. When he was able to comprehend the situation, we agreed that he should keep up the appearance of delirium in order that you would have time to find us. It was very tiresome for Lupin to be always on the watch; but he played the game with his characteristic thoroughness; and it is due to the fact that he was able to carry his deception through, and to nothing else, that we are alive to-day. The man whom you shot first was the worst one of the entire bunch. When he came in daily to see if Lupin had recovered, he took particular delight in telling me how they were going to slit our throats and then feed us to the sewer rats. I am positive he was coming to kill us both when that bullet stopped him."

With four of the gang dead and their leader in jail, the arrest of the others was easy, and we soon had them all. Gordon's was the brain of the crowd.

Their first move in the wine swindle had been to secure a supply of our official stationery, also an official stamp. To obtain these, they supplied one of the gang with forged letters of introduction and a recommendation; next, Gordon secured a job for him as clerk in the Quartermaster Department at the supply depot in Paris. The actual stealing of the forms, letter-heads, envelopes, order blanks, and official stamp was then a simple matter. Once equipped

with all the necessary papers, Gordon was able successfully to start his game.

Gordon acknowledged that the most dangerous part of it all was when he went into the Headquarters and had to wait around for twenty minutes while he left young Levy outside. "I knew," he said, "if I was found out then, I would be shot as a spy. But no one seemed to pay any attention to me or suspected that I was other than I seemed—a captain of the Quartermaster Department."

After they had received the first shipment of wine, they bottled it and sold it to the cheaper cafés in Paris. It had been so easy to dispose of that first shipment that they were in a great hurry to secure the remainder. We caught them, however, before they got around to bottling the second shipment.

Delving deeper into Gordon's past, we found that *Gordon* was his real name. "My home was in Montreal," he told us. "But when I was cashiered from the Canadian Army for stealing, I did not have the courage to return home and face my friends, so I drifted to Paris and there organized my gang."

When Gordon was tried, he received a life sentence to the French penal colony. But I have a standing wager with my French friend, the Chief of the Secret Police, that they will not hold him there for long. I shall win, I know. Gordon is far too clever to be held in that colony.

## THE ALGERIAN MURDERERS

I HAD just returned to Bordeaux from Paris where I had been attending the trial of the men we had arrested in the "Wine Swindle," and was telling the Commanding General of Base Section No. 2 that I was hoping we could all take it easier, and that now some of my overworked men could enjoy the leave to which they were entitled.

"I am sorry, Major," replied the General, "but you cannot allow any of your men to go on leave at present. For the past two weeks Bordeaux has been the scene of a series of murders and hold-ups, the victims in each case being French civilians. The French claim that the crimes were committed by two American Negroes. It may be so—they may be right—but I doubt it. However, it is up to you to ascertain the truth and capture the criminals. The French seem powerless to apprehend them, and the most remarkable incident of the whole situation is that in every case the passport of the victim was stolen."

"But, General," I replied, "that surely is a matter for the French to handle. It's a civil and not a military case."

"Possibly," said the General, "but General Halloran—the French commandant of the district—has

been making quite a stir over this. He claims that we are the proper ones to handle the case, since the criminals are evidently American Negroes."

There must be a mistake somewhere, because all the military police had been very active. Moreover, orders were issued that all our troops must be off the streets after nine o'clock at night, and the military police had been arresting all whom they found out after that hour.

But I returned to my office and broke the news to the men who were planning a trip to Nice.

Captain Baker, who was acting chief of the department when I was away, was summoned, and from him I got the past two weeks' reports sent us by the French Chief of Police. A study of these reports showed that the General was right—the victim in every case was a French civilian. The reports also stated:

"Without doubt the crime was committed by two American Negroes. The French authorities request prompt action on the part of the Americans to prevent these desperadoes from continuing further crimes."

We were well aware that the French were prone to insist that crimes were committed by the Americans. Experience had shown that they were. Even when we had proved to our own satisfaction that the criminal was French, they found it hard to admit to us that a Frenchman could so far forget himself as to commit a crime; and, while to us these murderers seemed

in all probability French, still the case was unique and it was up to us to prove it.

Asking Captain Baker what steps had been taken to capture the criminals, he said he had men out in civilian clothes every night—"But the force is so small and the city so large that we cannot cover it all, and consequently have been unable to accomplish anything. There is a possibility that these criminals are Americans. A survey at Bassens shows that there are over twenty American Negroes posted there as deserters. Without doubt a majority of these deserters are staying in this city. It is almost impossible, however, owing to the fact that we have Algerians, French Colonials, English, and American Negroes who have lived here, as well as the deserters from Bassens, and all these are scattered throughout the city."

That the situation was agitating the French authorities was evident when General Halloran, learning that I was back, sent me this imperative message:

"I insist that you put an immediate stop to these depredations! Our citizens are being killed and their property stolen."

Then came the Mayor: "If you do not stop it," said His Honour, "I shall take this up with the government at Paris and have Bordeaux declared 'off limits' for all Americans!"

It sure enough was a peaceful life we lived in our department! We felt that trench life would be heaven compared to it, for at least there we could fight back.

The last straw—a heavy one—came from my friend, the French Chief of Police. If any one knew of the troubles that assailed our department this man did. He had worked with us on so many cases that we considered him a friend. Both surprised and disheartened we were when he came to me declaring that the Americans were running wild.

"It is a certainty in this case," he insisted, "that the criminals are Americans and not French! I have personally interviewed every victim that has been robbed and they all declare that the robbers are American Negroes. Everyone is angry about it and unless you want the mayor to carry out his threat and have the city 'off limits,' you must stop these crimes! My entire force is at your disposal."

I thanked the chief for his offer of assistance and told him that as soon as we had carefully investigated the situation we would call upon him for any help needed.

Our first move was to have all the persons who had been robbed brought to our office and interrogated. Their stories were all similar: the victim was stopped in a dark spot by two Negroes dressed in American uniforms who, bayonets in their hands, ordered, "Hands up!" Those who offered resistance were killed. The robbers searched their victims, took all their valuables, and in every case the passport. If the victim's clothes were of any interest to them, they took them also. After robbing a man, they hit him over the head with the butt of the bayonet and, while

he was still unconscious, made their escape. They were never seen until their victim was suddenly confronted by them. Further questioning brought out the fact that these two Negroes spoke excellent French and that they were exceedingly black. We were particular to enquire about the teeth of these crooks. Almost invariably they stated:

"The teeth were *not white* like the teeth of the Americans."

No one could give us a good description of the criminals:

"Black, kinky hair, black eyes, discoloured teeth, dressed in an American uniform, speaking French fluently, of medium height—*and Americans*."

Not much of a description for ferreting out the criminals, you will agree. It would fit any one of thousands of American Negroes and any one of thousands of other coloured soldiers of the Allies.

Even in the face of the victims' positive assertions that the criminals were American Negroes, we were not prepared to admit that they were. There were too many angles that did not correspond to the facts as we knew them. In the first place, the criminals spoke excellent French. Those of our coloured troops who spoke French spoke a Louisiana dialect that was further characterized by its Negro accent. In the second place, the description of the bayonets did not tally with that of the bayonets issued to the American troops. There was a big difference between the American and the French bayonet. Our bayonet

was more like a broadsword—short, thick, and heavy, while the French bayonet was patterned after the rapier—long, slender, three-cornered, and keen. The description of the weapon used, however, did tally with that of the French weapon. (Of course, due allowance had to be made for the excitement and fright of the victim, for even an ordinary kitchen knife in the hands of a robber on a dark night would loom up like a broadsword.) Then there was the question of teeth. As suggested before, we laid particular emphasis on this feature. Practically every American Negro has very white teeth; white teeth were the exception rather than the rule among the other types of coloured men we encountered in France. And, by the way, the French people were always remarking the white teeth of all Americans! That gave us a clue to work on.

Our deductions were one thing; the next thing was to prove them and capture the criminals. Plans were laid by which we hoped to catch these two Negroes red-handed. Our first move was to strengthen the military police of the city. Shortly before these murders took place there had come an order from the front calling for every available man. At that time we had about six hundred military police to cover a city of over six hundred thousand people, to say nothing of ten or fifteen thousand American soldiers in the city on leave every Saturday and Sunday. This force was entirely inadequate. We needed more rather than less. Orders are orders, however, and in-

stead of adding to our force we had to send four hundred of our best men to the front. Thus it was necessary to call upon some of the regiments in the training area to help us out. These men were hurriedly given instructions and then placed on patrols around the city.

After placing the extra men on duty, we next decided to clean up all the stragglers who might be loafing in the city. Accordingly the commanding general issued orders that for forty-eight hours no troops were to be given passes to come into the city. Bordeaux for forty-eight hours was to be "off limits" to all, including even the generals of the divisions. These orders also applied to the force working at base headquarters. Every one must be supplied with a special form of pass and must go directly from his work to his quarters. Then the military police started in to arrest any one found in the town who did not have the proper pass giving him the right to be there. Guards were placed on all the roads leading into Bordeaux, with instructions to refuse entrance to any one unless on urgent official business.

At the end of the two-day period we had found several officers and more men who were in the city without permission, and included in the number gathered in were several Negro deserters from the Bassens camp. We then arranged for the victims to come in and try and pick out the robbers from among the prisoners. We were congratulating ourselves that even if we had not succeeded in capturing the actual

murderers at least we had frightened them. Then the telephone rang! It was the French Chief of Police on the line.

"We have just discovered another civilian murdered!" exclaimed the Chief. "His body is under the Bordeaux end of the Bassens bridge. We will not disturb it until after your arrival. You must come at once."

Taking the medical officer attached to the headquarters with me, we went directly to the scene of the crime. We found the French police there by the body waiting for us. I asked the medical officer if he could examine the body then and tell me how he was killed, but he suggested that instead we take it to a hospital. So the body was placed in the automobile and taken to the French hospital. Here our doctor performed an autopsy.

"I find," he reported, "that the death thrust was delivered by a sharp three-cornered knife. The wound could not have been made with an American bayonet. Examination of the clothes shows that they have been rifled and the passport has been taken." (The passport again!)

We had neither captured the murderers nor frightened them away! No doubt even while we were cleaning up the city they had been laughing at our feeble efforts, and so, just in a spirit of braggadocio, they went out and murdered another Frenchman.

Detectives who had been covering Spanish Town —the dive and slum district of Bordeaux—reported

that there were Negroes of all types in that part of the city. Ever since we had been in Bordeaux, Spanish Town had been placed "off limits," and military police had been stationed at every street that led into the district. I knew that no American in uniform could pass through this cordon. It was impossible, however, to overlook the undisputed statements of my men, so we decided to call in the French and pay Spanish Town an official visit.

As a result of our conferences with the French it was planned to raid the place as quickly as possible. When it is realized that this district covered some thirty square city blocks, you will understand something of the magnitude of the task we had set ourselves to accomplish. If the raid was to be a success every avenue of escape throughout the entire district must be sealed tight. It would be a failure if *any one* within our lines should get by.

First we had to ascertain just how many men would be required. To do this we donned civilian clothes to study the situation at close range. As a result of our visit we decided that it would require at least a regiment of American troops, a battalion of French military police, and a score of American and French detectives, together with our entire organization of military police—quite a formidable army in itself. The descent upon Spanish Town would have to be sure and swift. Marching troops could not move as fast as news of the raid would travel, and in order that no one should get away before we could surround the

district we called on the motor transport corps for help. Sufficient trucks to transport the entire "army" were gathered at Gendicourt. Here, after giving every officer instructions as to just what was expected of him, we embarked the troops and the order to march was given.

The raid was to be made at nine o'clock at night; and as the clock in the old Cathedral began striking the hour there was a rumble and a roar as our trucks dashed into the district. Within five minutes every street leading from it was covered by three American soldiers with fixed bayonets, two French military policemen, and a *gendarme*. The inhabitants were panic-stricken. The noise of the motors dashing through the streets and the shouts of the American and French officers issuing orders to their men were enough to make the denizens wonder whether the Germans were not now raiding Bordeaux. Flee where they would, they were met at every street corner by the guards, who sent them back into the district. No one was immune. All had to remain until we had investigated them.

Before the raid was started we held a rehearsal with the officers who were to lead the patrols. The district was divided off into sections and each raiding party knew exactly what streets they were to cover. As soon as we had closed off the streets and had the district under guard these raiding parties sallied forth. An American officer in charge, a French detective accompanied by his dog, five military police, and two

French police were, we firmly believed, sufficient force to put the fear of the law into the heart of any criminal, no matter how desperate he might be. The French Chief and myself established our headquarters in the centre of the district, and like two gigantic spiders in as gigantic a web we awaited results.

The orders were to bring to us all who were coloured, regardless of nationality, and well did the men obey those orders. Any one who looked as if he might be classified as coloured, no matter how light-coloured, was brought in.

Some were found hiding in closets, some under stairs, or in barrels and boxes, or hanging out of the windows on ropes, while others were in secret recesses in the walls, or even up chimneys—we got them all. They couldn't hide from those wonderful police dogs. These dogs entered into the hunt as if it were all a game, and no hiding-place was too out-of-the-way for the dogs to nose out the hidden.

By ten o'clock the prisoners began to arrive and what a motley crowd they were! Some in rags and tatters, others in excellent clothes. Algerian, French, English, and Americans—some, deserters from some one of the Allied armies—some civilians, it made no difference: all were wheat for our mill that night. We had already received about sixty in all and were busily examining them, when the door opened and, looking up, I saw a very tall and dignified coloured man enter accompanied by one of our officers.

He was glowingly dressed in the extreme of fashion

—frock coat, yellow brocaded waistcoat, silk shirt, black silk Ascot tie with a diamond in it the size of a large pea, striped trousers, tall silk hat, white gloves, white spats, patent leather shoes, and a gold-headed ebony cane—rare and striking combination. It was obvious that this dignified coloured gentleman was somewhat ruffled and mad clear through.

Saluting, the officer reported: "Major, he sure didn't want to come, but I reckon my old forty-five is some persuader! He is here! I told him that you said bring in *all* coloured men and I just naturally obey orders, so I brought him in."

Interrupting the officer this spectacular man broke in:

"I wish to protest against this high-handed outrage!" he angrily shouted. "I claim the rights of protection from France! I am immune from arrest! I was on my way to Paris to present my credentials to the French Government; I am the accredited representative of the Liberian Government! I am the Liberian Minister to France!"

Though the room was as hot as a sultry July night could make it, I suddenly grew cold and beads of cold perspiration stood out all over me. What had this over-zealous officer done? What complications would follow? What would the outcome be? All these questions flashed through my brain as I sat there, face to face with this minister. In my dilemma I turned for assistance to my French colleague; all I received was a broad grin. It was up to me to try and calm

this enraged man. With profuse apologies he was offered a seat while I endeavoured to explain both the mistake and the purpose of the raid.

Stubbornly he refused to either listen to reason or accept my apology and still threatened to demand satisfaction before all the world.

I was in a quandary. I knew that if he carried out his threats I was in for a hot time. There I sat and worried, wondering what tack to try next, when my friend the French chief, believing that the joke on me had gone far enough, suddenly turned to the officer who had brought this man in and demanded:

"Captain, where did you find this man?"

When the captain had explained and given the number of the house the chief turned to the indignant self-styled minister.

"My friend," said the chief in that quiet voice he always used when angry, "if I report to my Government in Paris the circumstances of this case, mentioning just where you were found, I do not believe that they will permit you to even present your passports or credentials."

This phase of the matter quickly calmed the diplomat down and before long we persuaded him to forget all about it and watch the workings of the raid. Later, we sent him back to his hotel in the automobile. When he had gone I asked the chief if he really would have reported the circumstances to his Government in Paris, and he replied:

"No, my friend, it was only what you Americans

call a bluff. The elegant gentleman was *not the Liberian Minister at all.*"

In a short time one of our patrols brought in several officers from a Brazilian battleship then in the river. They had tried to enter the district and were arrested. I had visions of international complications; but these gentlemen treated it as a good joke. They had been attracted by the excitement and wanted to watch what was going on. After a brief interview they were furnished with a pass and left.

By two A.M. the raid was over. Summing up the results, we found that our descent upon this locality was highly gratifying to us as well as to the French; our capture netted us a total of twenty Americans wanted for various offenses, mostly for being absent without leave. The French secured over sixty, among them three who were wanted for murder. Mutual congratulations upon the success of the raid passed between us and we both felt that of course amongst the eighty prisoners we had the ones who had caused the reign of terror in the city.

Exhausted by the arduous work, I returned to my room to retire. I had just fallen asleep when there came a knock at the door and, to my dismay, there stood a French policeman who informed me that *another* Frenchman had been found murdered in the same old way. Though the entire city was more or less stirred up on account of our raid in Spanish Town, these murderers, in contempt of all authority, had deliberately killed still another Frenchman!

While our efforts in Spanish Town had not been in vain, nevertheless, we had not caught them.

There was one way and only one way that gave us any show to capture these murderers and that was to bait the trap with live bait. We wanted those crooks, dead or alive. We decided to set a trap for them and that I myself should be the bait. Realizing that we were dealing with men who held human life very cheaply and that we could not afford to take any chances, five soldiers were selected from a near-by camp to furnish much-needed protection. These men were expert shots with a rifle and they would undoubtedly shoot if the exigencies of the situation demanded.

Dressed in civilian clothes and accompanied by the soldiers, I went to the river-front that same night. The plan was that I should stand under a street light while the soldiers would hide themselves in a doorway near by. If the murderers held me up, I was to pretend to be intoxicated, and as they robbed me the five soldiers were to shoot. If possible, they were only to cripple the criminals; but if the case was desperate enough, they were to shoot and shoot to kill, while I must manage to get out of the line of fire.

Everything in readiness, the soldiers crept into the doorway while I, the live bait, sat down on the curb under the light. For three nights we patiently waited from four to six hours each night; but each night passed with no nibble at the bait. The fourth night's vigil was drawing to a close and I was about to give

up in disgust when out from the darkness from somewhere—none knew where—two Algerian soldiers suddenly appeared.

The command, "Hands up!" in French at once convinced me that at last I was face to face with the criminals who had created such terror in the city. With my hands reaching toward the sky these two Algerians started in to search me. The bait had finally brought the quarry to the trap—*but why didn't those five soldiers close it before the bait was finished?* Glancing out of the corner of my eye, I saw that I was not in the line of fire, but *why, why* didn't they shoot?

Those two thugs went about their work in a business-like manner. Quickly they searched me. They took all my valuables and also the faked passport, which they seized with guttural sounds of satisfaction. Then—to add to my humiliation—they stripped me, and I had to submit! Inwardly raging, but still simulating drunkenness, I slowly undressed. In order to remove my boots I seated myself on the curb. Now, I thought, my soldiers will surely shoot, for I am away out of the line of fire. Every minute I expected to hear the rifles crack and see the robbers fall. But no such luck! As slowly as I dared, I removed my boots; but all was silent in the doorway where the soldiers were hiding.

How thankful I was that it was near midnight, for I was stripped down to—no, I don't believe I will tell precisely how far I was denuded! Nor did I appear

any the more dignified in that I was still simulating an advanced stage of drunkenness. The Algerians believed that I was so drunk I was harmless, so, dispensing with the customary blow over the head, they slipped away in the darkness as quietly as they came, and, before I realized it, I was alone.

Mad clear through, so mad that I did not stop to consider the ludicrous appearance I must have presented, I strode across that street, not even noticing that the cobblestones were cutting my feet. I thrust open the door; the sight that met my gaze only added fuel to the flames. Every last blessed one of those soldiers was sound asleep! Curled up on the floor, they were utterly oblivious that a war was on, to say nothing of the fact that they were supposed to be there for my protection! As soon as my rage cooled so I could talk I demanded to know what they meant by sleeping on post.

The only excuse that they could offer was that for the past three nights they had remained awake, but on this night as eleven o'clock came and no one showed up they thought that they might as well get a little sleep. Leaving one of the men on guard the others had curled up for a snooze. The guard had soon joined his companions in slumber; and no one of them was aware that anything out of the ordinary had happened until I strode into their midst. Not even stopping to consider that I might still have need of them, I sent them all to the guardhouse and started out to make my way to my hotel, again out of luck,

as the men were so small I couldn't wear any of their uniforms.

Hugging the walls, and dodging through the back alleys, afraid of being arrested by some wandering *gendarme* who would consider me crazy and so lock me up, I finally reached a taxi stand. Surely I had suffered enough for one night! But no, before I could induce that taxi driver to move an inch I had to go all through that miserable affair again and explain how I came to be in such a predicament! Finally convincing this man that I was neither drunk nor crazy, he agreed to take me to my hotel. When I arrived at the hotel I called the night porter and had him bring my uniform. The taxi at one o'clock in the morning made a safe and fairly comfortable dressing room for me. When I had finished dressing I ordered him to drive me to my office.

There I summoned all my men and we started to search for the two who had stripped me. If it was humanly possible, I intended, before the morning sun came up, to wipe out the indignities those two Algerians had heaped upon me. Only too well I realized that, while I was blameless in this affair, nevertheless unless I succeeded in capturing these two crooks before morning I would never hear the last of it from my friends at base headquarters. Circulating around the vicinity where my hold-up took place, we finally encountered a *gendarme* who told us of chasing an Algerian into the wine market. Here

was the one promising clue. We hurried to that spot.

Half of the large park in Bordeaux was given over to the wine merchants for a storage and market place for their goods. Three city blocks square it was and contained thousands of casks of wine. At night it was habitually frequented by the criminals and unfortunates of the city. Here they could, with the assistance of a straw, continue drinking wine until they fell over on the ground in a drunken stupor and lie there until they slept it off. It was a dark and dangerous place, for some of the men who frequented it were not ordinary tramps, but vicious criminals; we did not blame the *gendarme* when he told us he had refused to chase the Algerian beyond the entrance.

However, our patrol was strong enough to prevent an attack, so we did not hesitate to enter the market and begin our search. Many a poor devil, awakened out of a drunken sleep at our flash thrown on his face, and finding we did not want him, cursed us heartily as he rolled over for another snooze. We had searched through half of the market when we suddenly caught sight of a shadow gliding away.

A shot in the air, coupled with an order to "Halt!" stopped that shadow in its tracks. Our flashlights revealed a most villainous-looking Algerian. We had found one of the men we wanted. A search of the man's clothes brought to light my watch, while on his feet we found my boots—no question now but our

search was so far successful. Close questioning with the necessary persuasion finally drew from this Algerian the admission that he had held me up that night. Further questioning and more persuasion brought forth the additional fact that his companion in the crime was a member of the French Algerian regiment quartered at the barracks and that his number was 143.

Urged on by my desire to wipe out the insult and clean up this gang before I slept, we went on to the French barracks. Arousing the commandant, we told him whom we wanted. Just before the sun broke through the eastern sky we arrested the other murderer. Underneath his mattress we found my money and the remainder of my clothes. At last I was avenged and we had the murderers. As I returned to my room for a much-needed sleep I felt that although the night had been well spent it had been an exhausting and hectic one for me.

We now had the criminals; the next step was to secure a confession, for while we might prove that they were the ones who had committed the robberies we could not prove that they had had a hand in the murders. In the American Army a confession, unless made directly before a court-martial, is not allowable as evidence unless fully corroborated. Before a French court, however, it *is* considered good evidence. Inasmuch as we intended to prosecute before the French court we had to have the confession. At our police headquarters there was a cemented cell underground,

which was about ten feet deep and about ten feet square. The French called it the "cave of oblivion" —a most appropriate name. We never learned just what they used it for, but it made an ideal place in which to confine these two slippery prisoners.

In dealing with the criminal element of the various nationalities, the end must justify the means. With these two Algerians the usual methods of securing a confession would have been of no avail. Mohammedans by religion, they were fatalists—"What is to be will be"—and from this you could not turn them. Consequently, we were forced to play upon their superstitious fears: Telling them that we buried all our dead in that hole, we put them in and left them there for a while.

Later on they were brought before us for questioning. Nothing that we could say made any impression on them, however; so we now planned a little spectacular entertainment for them. One of the men quietly slipped into the hole and by a liberal use of phosphorus made several streaks and pictures on the walls. Dropping the Algerians back into the hole, we slammed down the cover.

With the rattling of chains on the cover above and the glow of the phosphorus in the darkness beneath the effect was just what we had hoped to accomplish. Shrieking with superstitious fear, they promised that if we would quiet the spirits they would tell us all. Summoning the French Chief of Police, we once more questioned them. They confessed to several crimes

which they had committed, then hesitated to go on. But a threat to put them back into the hole was sufficient to loosen their tongues again, and before they had finished, these two Algerians had told us of a series of robberies and murders that made our blood run cold.

Their trial soon followed and they were publicly guillotined.

There was one detail in connection with their robberies that we had overlooked, however. We had neglected to ask them what they had done with the passports which they had taken from the victims. If we had followed out this line to the end, it would have saved us many days' hard work and sleepless nights on a later investigation that we had to make.

But we had proved conclusively that the Americans had been unjustly accused by the French authorities.

## THE STOLEN PASSPORTS

AS THE knife of the guillotine descended and the heads of the two Algerians dropped into the baskets, we who witnessed the execution little realized that the "Kiss of Death" (as it is often called by the French) meant the sealing for ever of lips that could have told us much that would have saved us weeks of untold worry and heart-breaking work.

Why neither the French Chief nor I had inquired more minutely into the motive behind those many robberies and murders will always remain a mystery to us. The tale of our final success sounds like some great playwright's plot; but the grim artist was Fate.

A person walking along the Rue Sainte-Catherine in Bordeaux during the war never would have given Number 29 more than a passing glance. From the outside the house appeared little different from any other house on the street. But those who were privileged to enter through those barred doors knew that within lived a family whose hospitality could not be exceeded in France, a very happy and prosperous family whose head we will call Lapin.

Lapin was a wine merchant who specialized in ex-

porting Bordeaux wines to Spain and importing Muscatel wines from that country. His warehouses, along the water-front, were large, and his business so extensive that he owned and operated two coasting-schooners to transport his wines. Lapin claimed to be a Basque, one of that mysterious race of people who inhabit the southeastern part of France adjacent to the Spanish frontier, the race, by the way, that gave to France Marshal Foch.

Madame Lapin was a typical Frenchwoman, beautiful, keen of mind, well educated. The two daughters, who had had the advantage of three years at a private school in England, spoke excellent English, and were much sought after by our younger officers of the base. At the time of which I write, Lillian, the younger, was engaged to one of our officers attached to the Base Headquarters; while the older daughter was wearing the ring of a French major of artillery who was with his battery at the front.

It was my good fortune to receive an invitation to this home for dinner on the same day on which I had witnessed the execution of the two murderers. Gladly the invitation was accepted. It would allow me to forget, for a while at least, the horror of that guillotine.

When dinner was over, Lapin suggested that we go into his den to smoke our after-dinner cigars. At first the conversation was on general topics; but after a while Lapin brought back the scene of the execution when he abruptly asked:

"Major, you were present at the execution this morning, were you not?"

"Yes; and I hope never to be called upon to witness another like it," I answered.

"Did either of the condemned make a statement before he was put to death?"

"No," I told him, and went on to say that we had no light on why those scoundrels had murdered so ruthlessly. Though the subject was dropped, I wondered idly why Lapin was interested in the gruesome affair.

We had, as we thought, written *finis* to the Algerian murder story and filed it away; but one day, some weeks after the execution, I received an urgent summons from the colonel in charge of our department at Tours to take the first train and report to him for a conference, and without fail to bring the entire file of the case of the two Algerians.

What under the sun could the Colonel want with this file? I wondered, as I sat in the train en route for Tours. Surely that particular case had been completed. But, to make sure and refresh my memory, I opened the file and went through all the papers once more. After several hours' study I gave up guessing what was on the Colonel's mind.

I was not left long in the dark, however. Although it was well after working hours when I reached Tours, the Colonel had a motor-car waiting for me, and I was taken at once to his office. The first greetings were barely over when the Colonel broke out:

"Major, there's the very devil to pay! In some way, one of the passports that those Algerians stole has shown up in the hands of a German spy. The worst part of it all is that the spy would have got by with it if the one chance in a hundred had not occurred: when he presented himself at Mentone for admittance with this passport, it so happened that the officer in charge of the Intelligence office there was a man who had been in Bordeaux at the time the rightful holder of the passport was murdered. He recognized the name on the passport and at once placed the spy in prison, where he now is. We have been unable to learn from this spy how the passport came into his possession. What did you do with the passports you found when you arrested those two men?"

"The strange part of it all is, Colonel, we did not find a single passport. We took it for granted that they had destroyed them all."

"Well, here is one they didn't destroy!" And he handed me the passport taken from the body of the man we had found murdered under the Bassens bridge.

It seemed as if I should never hear the last of those two Algerians! First, they had come near causing an open break between the French and the Americans at Bordeaux; then they had stripped me of all my clothes; and even after they were dead and buried, they re-appeared to haunt me!

"Possibly, Colonel, this one passport was found

and used again," I volunteered. "Surely there can't be any more around."

"All rot!" exploded the Colonel. "How do you account for the fact of the passport's getting from Bordeaux to Mentone, if you think it was found in Bordeaux?"

Here, indeed, was a facer! That the passport was genuine, there was no doubt. But how it could have worked its way clear across France, around to the Italian frontier, and have shown up in the hands of the Boche spy, was beyond me. Apparently the Chief read my thoughts, for he continued:

"You are wrong, Major. I believe that in your district there is a gang employed in the procuring of passports for Germany. And it is up to you to catch them before they do any more damage. Did you quiz those Algerians as to what they had done with the passports they took from their victims?"

Right here I realized that there had been a bad slip. I had to admit to the Colonel that, in my anxiety to convict the men of the murders, I had overlooked the question of the passports!

Colonel R—— was one of the finest officers that it has ever been my good fortune to serve under. His criticisms were always tempered with a thorough understanding of human nature. When I admitted that I had never considered the question of the stolen passports, the Chief countered:

"Major, you have made just that much more work for yourself. It is up to you to retrieve the mistake.

You will have to work all the harder to do it. But locate the missing passports and you will clear your department of the stigma of having made such a blunder."

All the way back to Bordeaux that night I studied the case. When morning came and I was once more back in my office, I was forced to admit that it looked hopeless, now that the two who might have helped us were dead.

I had scarcely reached my office when the Chief of the French Secret Service was announced.

"Read that!" he sputtered, as he passed me a letter from his headquarters in Paris.

The wonder is that the paper was not consumed, so fiery was the language of that letter. It demanded, in no uncertain terms, an explanation as to how a passport belonging to a murdered man had fallen into the hands of the German Secret Service and had shown up at Mentone.

I looked at the Chief—the Chief looked at me. And then—in almost the same breath, we both said what damned idiots we had been in not following up the passport clues.

"My dear friend," I consoled, "you've nothing on me, for I've just returned from a session with my Chief at Tours on this very matter, and I know exactly how you feel. However, it's of no use to lament over what might have been. It's up to us to get busy and see if we can trace that passport through Bordeaux to Mentone."

In the early part of the war Germany had made use of passports from neutral countries when she sent her spies into France. But by 1918 her welcome was worn out at the foreign offices of those countries; also, the Americans and French were carefully checking up any one who tried to enter with a neutral passport. In consequence, Germany was getting desperate for passports for her spies and was willing to adopt almost any scheme or pay almost any price to get authentic ones.

"I think our first work should be to check back on those two Algerians," I said to the French Chief, in a conference. "We must see if we can connect them with any one here at the base. If we can do this, we may be able to get a lead that way."

So it was arranged that the French Chief and I should send out men to comb the town for traces of the associates of the dead Algerians. It sounded less difficult than it really was; and after a week of futile effort we were forced to admit that we had not made even a start. If any of the denizens of the underworld knew aught of those two men, they took pains to keep that knowledge to themselves.

I was forced to fall back on a man of the underworld who had been of assistance to me in the past. An appointment was made for this man, Gaston, to meet me at a secret rendezvous. Here he was given all the facts known to us. After a few minutes' consideration, he volunteered the information that somewhere he had heard talk among the apaches that one

of their number had recently shown up with plenty of money. Possibly this fellow might know something about the passports. Gaston promised to investigate this angle of the case for me, and said he would tip me off if he learned anything definite.

During the time that I was stationed in Bordeaux I made my headquarters at the Hôtel Gobineau, on the square. Here, a few nights after my conference with Gaston, he came, much excited.

"Major," he exclaimed, "I have located the man you want. He is called Pedro, is a frequenter of the 'House of Glass,' and while drunk, he has boasted to me that he knows all about those passports! He is there now. If you hurry you may catch him."

The "House of Glass" was located in the Rue de Gal, which was probably one of the worst streets to be found in any civilized country. Only the lowest types of men frequented it. It was famous as the hang-out of the Bordeaux apache, more feared by the French police than even his brother, the Paris apache. All the streets leading into the district were "off limits" for our troops, and every one of them was heavily guarded with military police. Even our military police had to travel in pairs.

And this was the neighbourhood that Gaston suggested I enter at two o'clock in the morning! Our police could be of no assistance, for the force was so small that we had to withdraw the men at midnight to allow them some rest. Even in the early evening, when it was necessary for me to enter this street, I

always had at least three heavily armed military police with me. I knew better than to go prowling around there alone—much less go into such a notorious place as the "House of Glass" at this time in the morning after an apache named Pedro!

I called my friend the French Chief on the telephone and briefly told him of the new developments. He agreed to get together some of his men and to stop at the hotel for me.

He must have encountered some difficulty, for it was almost three o'clock before he arrived. We started at once, all of us dressed in civilian clothes. Just before we entered the street the Chief suggested that we spread out and travel in pairs, so that the sharp eyes always on the watch might not spot us and give the alarm before we could reach the house.

Our precautions were useless, however. Before we had passed a quarter of the way down that street someone recognized us, and the cry of "Police!" sent every last one of those human rats scurrying into his hole. Breaking into a run, we quickly reached our objective. A sharp rap on the door, a curt demand to open in the name of the law, and we were in the house. Leaving one of our escort to guard the door-keeper, so that he should not give the alarm, we started for our man.

To reach the dance-hall, where we expected to find him, we were forced to pass down a long corridor. As we walked along this corridor, it became evident whence the house derived its name: the floors, the

walls, and even the ceilings were made of mirrors. At last we stood on the threshold of the most notorious dive in Bordeaux.

There is one thing about a French crook that is most peculiar. I have seen him face a gun without flinching; I have seen him deliberately walk up to a desperado armed with a villainous-looking knife; but the sight of a whip in the hands of a determined man will make him cringe.

We were all armed with revolvers, although they were not visible; and as we stood in the doorway surveying that crowd, all they could see were the heavy riding-crops in our hands—but that was enough.

Then someone recognized the Chief. The music stopped with a crash. The apaches with their girls all stood in sullen silence, with their eyes focussed on those whips, awaiting the word from us. The Chief gave a gruff command, and all in that crowd stepped lively and arranged themselves around the tables at the rear of the room. We established ourselves at a table near the door. One at a time, the men were ordered to come to our table for examination, passing out through the corridor after we were finished with them.

We were about half way through with this examination when we were startled by the crash of glass. A man who they told us was Pedro, realizing from the nature of our questions that we were after him, took a desperate chance and jumped through a window.

As we rushed to the window and peered out into the darkness, we heard the roar of a motorcycle. Our quarry was gone!

Chagrined at our failure, we returned to the hotel. While waiting for daylight, preparations were made to take up his trail. We were now doubly anxious to get our man. Not only did we want to question him about the passports, but we also wanted to know how it happened that he was riding an American motorcycle—for we had recognized the exhaust as that of an American machine.

A telephone message to the Casino brought to the hotel Lieutenant Simmons and four men, all mounted on motorcycles. As soon as it was daylight, these five were sent off in different directions to comb the various roads leading out of the city, and to ascertain, if possible, the direction taken by the fugitive.

Late that forenoon, Lieutenant Simmons telephoned that he had picked up the trail on the Paris-Bordeaux Boulevard. He had found a French peasant who had heard the motorcycle roar past his house as he was getting up; he said that apparently our man was headed for Paris.

The lieutenant was instructed to keep close on the trail, and to telephone to us from time to time as he had news of the fugitive.

We next heard from Simmons at Limoges. "The man stopped here for gas, and left in the direction of La Cortine; I believe he is headed for Paris," he reported.

"Keep after him, Lieutenant!" I advised. "You can overtake him, I'm sure."

Simmons followed the trail to La Cortine, where Pedro had stopped for supper. Reaching Nevers at about ten o'clock that night, and stiff from being so long on the motorcycle, Lieutenant Simmons was dumbfounded when the policeman on the bridge that led to Nevers told him that no one had entered the city on a motorcycle since noon, when he came on watch. Simmons stopped at Nevers only long enough to get something to eat and to replenish his gasolene, and then turned back for the night ride to La Cortine.

By daylight he was once more on the trail of the fugitive. Before night overtook him again he had picked it up, only to find that, instead of heading for Paris as he had supposed, Pedro had swung directly over the mountains toward Clermont-Ferrand. At Clermont-Ferrand Simmons discovered where Pedro had stayed overnight. The landlord of the inn said that the man had inquired the way to the frontier.

Riding south Lieutenant Simmons finally found where the fugitive had turned east and was headed for Marseilles. Simmons felt repaid for his hard riding, when, within two miles of the city, he found the motorcycle abandoned. The gas-tank was empty. A peasant said he had seen the man start toward the city on foot.

At last the end of the chase was in sight!

We now knew that we had Pedro in Marseilles.

On advising us by telegraph of the results of the chase, Simmons was instructed to secure the abandoned motorcycle and to remain where he was until we could arrive.

During the time that Lieutenant Simmons was trailing Pedro across France there occurred two incidents that convinced me that I was dealing with a desperate band.

On the next day after our visit to the "House of Glass," Gaston came to me, very much excited, and said:

"Major, I beseech you to drop all investigations of the passport fraud and leave town for a while! You are a marked man. Last night I overheard a man and two apaches plotting your death. There is some powerful influence at work which has the money to carry out its purpose, and they will murder you unless you get away at once!"

I did not doubt the sincerity of Gaston's warning, but I put it down to idle threat. The warning came back vividly to me that night, however. Working on another case, I was returning to my quarters late, and was taking a short cut through one of the less-frequented streets, when suddenly I heard the report of a revolver, and a bullet whistled past my head. I dropped to the ground, pulling my automatic as I did so. A second later another shot whizzed by overhead, and I saw the flash of the gun. I opened up with my gun then, and by the time I had emptied the first magazine and was inserting the next there

were no more flashes from around that corner. I did not go man-hunting again without a bodyguard.

The next murderous attempt was made on the night following the shooting. I had been spending the evening with Monsieur Lapin, and was on my way back to my hotel when I was startled by a crash directly behind me. A large jardinière filled with heavy rocks had been dropped from the roof of a house. To all appearances, it was intended for me; and if it had landed on my head it would surely have killed me. But it was my good fortune that whoever dropped it had miscalculated the speed at which I was walking—it struck about two steps behind me.

A hasty blowing of my police whistle brought to my aid both French and American military police on the run. But, although we searched several of the houses, we couldn't find a clue as to who had once more tried to kill me.

The necessary trip to Marseilles came as a relief from these several attacks. Gaston was urged to spread the report throughout the underworld that, afraid of my life, I had fled the city. Thus I hoped to throw my enemies off my trail. Because the two attempts upon my life convinced me that my movements were watched, it was decided that the French Chief should not leave Bordeaux with me; but instead should go on to Poitiers by train. There I picked him up; and together we went on to Marseilles.

While we were waiting for Simmons to run Pedro to his lair, the French had not been idle. They had secured a very good description of our man.

"The man we want, Chief," vouchsafed my companion as we were seated in the office of the head of the French Secret Service in Marseilles, "is about twenty-four years of age, tall and slim, smooth-faced, of a very dark complexion, with eyes that seem to be looking out through slits in his head. He has extra heavy black bushy eyebrows that meet in the centre of his forehead, giving him an ugly look; he has a scar across his right cheek; and his left ear has been mashed at some time, presumably in a fight. When he jumped through the window he had on a dark suit, no vest, a gray flannel shirt, and a cap with a patent leather visor. For fear of alarming him, my friend here, the Major, and I will lie low while your men make the search."

Even with all our precautions, in some way Pedro was tipped off that the police were after him. He decided to try to make his escape from the country by shipping as a sailor on one of the numerous steamers sailing from this port.

During the war the French had a regulation that called for a list of all crews sailing to be supplied to the port officer twenty-four hours before the boat sailed. This regulation was the undoing of Pedro. He did not know of it; and when the captain of the steamer he shipped on presented his list to the port officer, the French detective whom the Chief had sta-

tioned at the office for just this purpose picked out Pedro's name from the list.

That night, under cover of the darkness, we took the French port officer's motor-boat, and, with plenty of French police along, we went out to the steamer.

Pedro was nobody's fool. He was on the watch. As we started up the gang-ladder he took another desperate chance and dived overboard. Tumbling back down the ladder, and in our excitement getting in one another's way, we finally got the boat started and began the hunt for the fellow. The other steamers in the bay heard us and their searchlights flashed out. By the glare of their lights, we soon saw our man swimming lustily toward one of the other boats. As he grasped the rope thrown him, we nabbed him and pulled him into our boat. As he reached for his knife, one of the French policemen hit him on the head with the butt of his revolver. When Pedro came to, he was in double irons.

After putting him in the French prison at Marseilles for the night, we went back to our hotel. Next morning we started with our prisoner upon the return trip to Bordeaux, arriving there very late on the night of the second day. And, before any one was aware of our return, we had Pedro safely confined in prison.

All the way from Marseilles to Bordeaux the French Chief and I had taken turns in questioning the prisoner; but we had been met at every turn with sullen defiance.

"Never mind, Major," consoled the Chief, after we had tried in every way to induce the man to talk; "I know how to make this fellow tell us what we want to know. Just wait until I get him back in Bordeaux!"

And, sure enough, a few days later the Chief sent for me to come over to his office and witness the examination of Pedro. The examination was held in a room that I often had called the "Chamber of Horror." Pictures of executions by the guillotine, of hangings, murders, and other forms of sudden death adorned the walls.

Into this room Pedro was brought, and seated in a chair in such a way that he constantly faced a large picture of the guillotine.

In a quiet voice the French Chief, drawing largely upon his imagination and the slender threads of evidence that we had untangled, built up a masterly case against the prisoner. Then he told Pedro that the penalty for such a crime was the guillotine. He described such an execution. Pedro's bravado gradually disappeared; and as the Chief unfolded the scene of death the prisoner's face assumed an ashen hue.

When the Chief had succeeded in working Pedro into such a frame of mind that he knew Pedro would tell us what we wanted to know, he turned to the officer who had the prisoner in charge and said:

"That's all! Take him back to his cell."

"Don't send me back there!" cried Pedro. "Wait!

I'll tell you whatever you want to know if you'll only spare me!"

"Then," thundered the Chief, "tell us the whole truth about your connection with those two Algerians and the stolen passports!"

"Yes, Chief, I will!" sobbed Pedro.

We settled ourselves in our chairs. At last we were to hear the truth about this mysterious and puzzling case.

"One night," began the prisoner, "when I was at the 'House of Glass,' a rough-dressed chap came in. He looked like a sailor. After looking the crowd over, he came and sat down at the table where I was. After a few commonplace remarks he suggested that we have a bottle of wine. I told him I hadn't been able to afford a bottle of good wine for a long time. But he was willing to buy it, so I ordered a bottle.

"The man said that his home was in Paris, but he'd been to sea for the past three months. He seemed to have plenty of money, and I let him buy a second bottle. After some general talk, he suddenly reverted to what I'd said about not having any money. He asked me if I'd like to make a lot of money; and when I told him I would, he suggested that we get a private room where we could talk without fear of being overheard. As I needed money, I told him to give me five francs and I would see what I could do. He passed over the money, which I slipped into my pocket. I quickly secured a room.

"Seated there, with the third bottle of wine be-

tween us, this man once more asked me if I'd like to make a lot of money and could keep my mouth shut. Naturally, I told him yes, and asked him how it could be done. He then told me he wanted to get hold of some passports for a friend, and would pay me one hundred and fifty francs apiece for them.

"I hadn't seen that much money since the war started, and I fell for his suggestions. Only the day before I'd seen two Algerians out on the Rue de Gal trying to sell a passport, so I said that I might get a few. I told him to return the next night and if I could I'd have several for him.

"Just as soon as he left, I started hunting for those Algerians. I found them the next morning, and bought the passports for fifteen francs apiece. When I gave my visitor the passports that evening, he paid me the promised price and urged me to get more.

"After that night I acted as a go-between for this man and the Algerians. I was making a good thing out of it, too, until those cursed American police broke up the game and sent the two Algerians to the guillotine.

"I noticed one or two things while dealing with this man which led me to believe that he wasn't what he wanted people to believe he was. In the first place, his hands were too soft to belong to a sailor; then, every once in a while he'd speak like an educated man. I got two of my pals to follow him and see where he lived.

"You can imagine my surprise and joy when my

pals told me who he was. I knew then that I needn't work any more, I could bleed him for all he was worth."

"All very well," dryly commented the Chief. "But who is he?"

Pedro was by now enjoying the situation he was in—the centre of the stage, as it were—and he hesitated before answering. Then in a slow voice he said:

"The man you want is Marceau, the chief clerk for Paul Lapin, the big wine merchant!"

If Pedro had named the mayor of the city I would not have been more astounded.

"Absolutely impossible!" exclaimed the Chief. "Why, Marceau has been Lapin's confidential man for years. You will have to do better than that, friend Pedro, if you want to escape and save your neck!"

"I can't help what you think!" sullenly replied the prisoner. "You don't have to take my word for it if you don't want to. Just get in touch with my two pals who traced Marceau to his home and then to his office, and see whether I'm telling the truth or not!" And he gave the names of his two pals and told us where they could be found.

The Chief sent out his men with orders to round up these two and bring them in. Meanwhile, we waited. As the men were brought in, the scene was most impressive. It was growing dark in the room, and the shadows on the walls seemed to make those pic-

tures almost lifelike. As the two men came in Pedro turned to them and said:

"Boys, tell the Chief the truth!"

The Chief took up the questioning. Sure enough, without delay or hesitancy, they said the man they had followed at Pedro's request was Marceau, of Lapin's company.

The Chief was for arresting Marceau at once, but I pointed out to him that in all probability the man was only a tool for someone higher up, and if we showed our hands now we should surely drive the ringleaders to cover. We wanted the big fellows, not little Pedro and the clerk. Pedro, I was convinced, had told us the truth. Just how much the clerk knew —that, of course, was the vital question. At any rate, we would keep him shadowed to prevent his escape. We could afford to spend some time checking up Marceau.

Thus it was finally agreed upon that we should have him followed. For fear that Marceau might recognize a shadow from the French department, I put two of my own men on the job.

Marceau, it appeared from their reports, led a well-ordered life. When he left his home in the morning, he always went directly to the warehouses on the water-front. Here he usually remained until noon, unless he went on some errand to the banks or to the stores. Promptly at noon, every day, he left the warehouse and went to the same café, and even sat at the same table. At six o'clock each night he closed

the office and turned the warehouse over to the night watchman and went home. Once or twice a week he would saunter forth for an evening at the theatre.

In order to catch this very elusive man, we determined to install a dictograph in the office of Lapin's warehouse.

Our first move was to bring in an officer who was not well known at the base and have him secure rooms as near the warehouse as possible. We called in Lieutenant Gorman for this part of the work. Fortunately for the prompt success of our plans, Gorman found two elderly Frenchwomen living in the house adjacent to the warehouse who were glad to add to their meagre income by renting him two front rooms.

The next step was to get our instruments installed and our wires concealed inside the warehouse. This should have been the simplest part of the work; and it would have been had it not been for that night watchman. He was a real watchman, was that man! We tried several times to catch him asleep, but in vain. After one of us had had a narrow escape from being shot while trying to enter through the skylight one rainy night, we determined to adopt another expedient to get in.

The next man to come in on the case was Sergeant Baxter. He was to pose as Lieutenant Gorman's orderly, and his task was to become acquainted with that watchman. American cigarettes were the open sesame with the French. Soon he reported that he was so well established in the good graces of the man

that for three nights the watchman had been stealing wine and smuggling it out to him.

We were now ready for the next move. To aid us, Lieutenant Murphy, our medical officer, was taken into our confidence—with the result that he prepared for the watchman a draught that he guaranteed would keep him from meddling with our arrangements. The drug was placed in a bottle of whisky, and the bottle was turned over to Baxter. Baxter was instructed to simulate drinking at first; but as soon as the watchman was *hors de combat,* he was to open the skylight for us, and then return and drink enough of the whisky to drug him also, to allay possible suspicions of the watchman.

Night came. Baxter sallied forth with his bottle, while the rest of us, prepared to hustle in the dictograph, waited. Finally he appeared outside for a moment, took off his hat and wiped his forehead—the signal agreed upon that all had gone as planned. Making sure that we had seen his signal, he went back inside the warehouse, opened the skylight, and then began to carry out the hard part of his task—the drinking of the drugged whisky, afterward smashing the bottle so that none of the contents would be available should the watchman become suspicious.

The moon shining down on Bordeaux that night certainly witnessed a strange sight: four American officers in uniform stealing over the roof of a warehouse, dropping down through a skylight, and work-

ing feverishly against time to get their instruments in place and the wires strung and well concealed before the watchman was able to throw off the effects of Murphy's dose. Murphy had carried out his part of the work well, however; for by two o'clock in the morning we had completed our work, the necessary wires had been brought across the roof to Gorman's room, and the whole installation so carefully concealed that we felt sure that no prying eyes would ever discover it—and still the watchman and Baxter slept on.

The watchman was the first to throw off the effects of the drug, while Baxter still lay stupefied alongside of a pile of glass that once had contained doctored whisky. Throwing cold water in Baxter's face, the watchman aroused him, and the two cursed the whisky that had had such a bad effect upon them both.

Operating a dictograph is a tiresome and monotonous proposition under any circumstances. In this case the operator had to sit with the receivers clamped to his ears every minute of the day. No one could tell when the conversation would shift from general topics to those pertinent to the case. The French Chief, realizing the nature of the work and the strain it was upon a man, early sent one of his men to alternate with Gorman in listening in.

For several days all these men heard were conversations dealing with the buying and selling of wines. Then came the day that we were to secure

what we had been so patiently waiting for. The captain of one of Lapin's ships had come in from a trip to Spain with wine. Throughout the forenoon the talk was continually of wines, wines, nothing but wines and the wine market! But after lunch, when only the captain and Marceau were in the office, our man was startled to hear the captain say:

"Marceau, the big chief in Spain wants us to make a determined effort to secure more passports. Excuses will not go any longer with him. You know, they have a habit of tipping off the French when one of their workers rebels and refuses to obey orders. While the chief didn't say so directly, I fear that if we don't comply with his wishes, that's just what he will do. We must try to get him some more passports!"

"You know as well as I do," replied Marceau, "that since the two Algerians were caught it has been next to impossible for me to secure a single passport. However, I will try my best to do as you say!"

Now, at last, after weeks of waiting, we had a real clue as to how these crooks had worked: the two Algerians had stolen the passports, committing murder when necessary to get them, and had sold them to Pedro, who in turn had passed them on to Marceau. Marceau had forwarded them by the captain to the Germans in Spain.

Still we wanted to catch them in the act. We decided to use Pedro as the medium through which we

would work. He was to be given his chance to escape the guillotine, provided he would play fair and do as he was told. Pedro was once more brought into the "Chamber of Horrors."

This time the Chief adopted the silent method: for fully five minutes the only sounds to be heard in the room were the scratch of the Chief's pen and the laboured breathing of the prisoner as he twisted and turned to avoid gazing at the picture. Feeling at last that Pedro was in the proper frame of mind, the Chief turned and, still without speaking, himself sat studying the picture. Then, with a shudder, he slowly turned to the prisoner.

"Doesn't look very inviting, does it, Pedro?" he queried. "I wonder what a fellow thinks as he sees that knife descend?"

"For God's sake, Chief," cried Pedro, starting from his chair, "don't send me to death! I'll do anything you want me to, if you'll only save me!"

Still maintaining his rôle, the Chief said that he would see what could be done, and he ordered Pedro back to his cell.

"Let him think it over for a while," commented the Chief, as the door closed after Pedro.

The plan was to release Pedro (under proper surveillance, of course) and supply him with plenty of faked passports. He was to go back to the underworld and get in touch with Marceau. After Marceau had the passports, we would follow them through to Spain and then seize the entire gang.

After the plan had been re-checked to provide as far as possible against failure, Pedro was once more called in from his cell, and the part he was to play was carefully explained to him. He was told that upon his following our instructions depended his escape from the guillotine, and that if he did exactly as he was told his connection with the stolen passports would be forgotten and he might go free. Naturally, Pedro protested his willingness to go through with the plan and his loyalty to us.

Yet I could not allow myself to trust Pedro's word. Experience had proved that a crook's word was good only so long as it suited his purpose. Consequently, I suggested that two of the Chief's men go with him, staying with him night and day, to prevent his double-crossing us if he were so minded. There is nothing that will keep a man of Pedro's calibre straighter than the knowledge that there is always someone hovering in the background, near enough to catch him if he goes wrong. To make assurance doubly sure, I sent two of my men to watch Pedro; these two were unknown either to that worthy or to his French shadows.

Pedro was handed six passports. The door of the prison opened to him. He was now free once more to enter the haunts that he loved so well. And he headed straight for the "House of Glass" to wait for Marceau to appear.

Pedro had not been free two days before Marceau put in an appearance. Eagerly he questioned:

"How did you escape from the police? Do they know what you have been doing? Is it perfectly safe for us to go on with the work?"

To all of which Pedro had a good answer ready. Appearing satisfied with Pedro's answers, Marceau asked:

"Can you get me some more passports? It's very important that I have some at once!"

Pedro promised to do the best he could, and suggested that Marceau meet him at his (Pedro's) room the next night. We wanted Marceau to go to Pedro's room, for there we could secrete men who, while remaining unseen, could see the actual transfer made. And so it worked out.

Promptly on time the next night, Marceau turned up, the money was paid, and the passports delivered. As soon as Marceau was out of sight, Pedro's two shadows brought him back to the prison for safe-keeping.

While the two French detectives were making sure of our witness, my two men took up the trail of Marceau to learn what he did with the passports. We had our trouble for our pains, however, since that wise gentleman went directly to his home and there remained.

At nine o'clock next morning Marceau appeared at the warehouse.

We were at the dictograph early; but we had a long wait before we were able to hear anything of interest.

Marceau seemed possessed: it was wine, wine, wine all the time.

Everyone in Gorman's room was getting on edge from the strain—and no wonder—when Gorman, who was listening in on the machine, suddenly yelled:

"Shut up, everybody! That captain has just come in!"

The captain began to tell Marceau about the grape crops he had seen that day in the country when Marceau broke out with:

"Hang the country! Listen to me! I met my man again last night, and he had six passports for me. You may have them to take back with you."

"Fine! That's good work!" exclaimed the captain. "The big chief will be mighty glad to get them. Now, let us hustle my cargo on board, so I can get away. If possible, I want to sail by Saturday on the afternoon tide."

"I'll do it if we can get the men to work fast enough," promised Marceau. "In the meantime, I'll keep the passports here in the safe until you sail, when I'll slip them to you with your manifests."

Our patience had been well rewarded. Had we not good evidence against at least two? But were there others? That question still bobbed up to plague us. Should we chance it and arrest the pair now, or allow them a little more rope, in the hope that they would not only hang themselves but bring the rest to the rope? We still believed that there were others. We could keep Marceau under such close watch that

we could grab him when we wished to. We also felt confident that the sea captain, if he were not alarmed, would return, since he must bring the money for the passports. Consequently, it seemed best to let them run a little longer.

As long as we had decided to hold our hand for the moment, we deemed it wise to try to place one of my men on that boat to make the trip to Spain. Maybe, we thought, if we can see the delivery made in Spain, we can get from the receivers the lead to the master brain behind this scheme.

Who was the one to send? Who had the nerve to carry through such a dangerous mission? Who would be willing to sail in a boat filled with cutthroats who would as lief kill a man as take a drink of water? Who was qualified to go? Who among us could speak both French and Spanish? And at that moment, as if in answer to my questions, the door of my office opened and in walked Lieutenant Johnson, just back from leave—the very man for the task. Utterly fearless, cool under the most trying circumstances, never allowing anything to ruffle him, speaking both French and Spanish, strong enough if called upon to perform the work of a sailor—he was, indeed, well fitted for the task!

Never was one of my men *ordered* to go on a dangerous mission. Rather, the case was laid before him, and then the choice was his. It was so in this case. And Johnson jumped at the chance.

"Why, Major," he urged, "the sea voyage is the

very thing for me. Surely you wouldn't consider any one else for the trip? When do I sail?"

"Not so fast, my good friend!" I smiled at his enthusiasm. "First we must look over the ground and see how we can get you on that boat. Every last blessed one of that crew is a Basque. You could no more pass as a Basque than could I as the Admiral of the Great High Fleet."

"Oh, that's an easy one! We can still fall back on the old deserter's dodge, you know. If that captain is the type I think he is, he'll be only too eager to earn a few pennies to transport a poor fellow, dead-scared of the war, to some port where there is no danger. You just give me the money, and I'll do the rest!"

Money *will* work wonders, and Johnson was as good as his word. He came back later on, and told us that he had struck a bargain with the captain, and was to get his baggage and be ready to slip aboard at ten o'clock that very night.

Lieutenant Johnson's trip on that vessel was merely one example of the quiet bravery that prevailed throughout the military police organization. No one could tell what might happen. His mission might be discovered. If so, there would be a quiet knife-thrust and a drop overboard.

Although Johnson knew all about the hazards, he never flinched, and was on the spot when the captain appeared to take him on board.

The trip was an uneventful one. The wind was right, and they made a quick run to Spain. Johnson

put himself out to win the friendship of the captain, and succeeded so well that when the boat arrived at her port in Spain, the captain offered to take Johnson to San Sebastian and there introduce him to those who could aid him. Johnson accepted, and so was present when the passports were turned over to Meyers, one of that famous "Group of Five." The next day after the delivery, when the captain received a sealed envelope from the same man, Johnson also contrived to be present.

"Tell Marceau," ordered this man, "that we are pleased with his work."

Since Johnson had learned all that he wished to know, he prepared to return to us. Watching his chance, he slipped over the mountains and, one day, came smiling into our office and reported.

We had secured what we wanted.

We determined, when the boat returned, to close the trap. We knew that that letter the captain brought would give us the needed clues. Accordingly, plans were made to seize the captain as soon as he set foot on shore.

Late on the second night after Johnson's return the boat came in, and by the time she was tied up to her dock we were ready for the captain. The tide had kept her off the bar at the mouth of the Gironde River until long after the warehouse was closed, so we knew we had a chance to read that letter before we moved further.

As the captain stepped ashore we seized him and

hustled him off to the French Chief's office. Here we searched him, and found the letter carefully sewed into the lining of his great sea-coat, which he had nonchalantly thrown over a chair as he entered the office. Eagerly we tore it open. Now we would know who was at the bottom of the plot—who, other than the three already implicated, were reaping the rewards of dishonour.

Alas! Our hopes were doomed to failure. The envelope contained merely the pay for the passports, twelve thousand francs, and a letter telling Marceau that if he would secure as many more, they would the next time give him an additional bonus.

Disappointed by the failure, yet at the same time finally convinced that we had all implicated, we prepared to go to Marceau's home and arrest him. We had overlooked one detail, however: we had neglected to put a guard over the crew. The mate observed the arrest of his captain, and later slipped away in the darkness to warn Marceau.

When we arrived in front of Marceau's house, our men on watch there reported that a man had come running to the house a short time before and, after a few minutes' conversation with someone at the door, had gone on down the street. They had seen Marceau come out, look around, and go back inside.

Had our man escaped at the last minute? we wondered, as we went up the steps and knocked on the door.

In response to our knock the door was at once

opened, and we saw Marceau's old servant standing there.

"Come in, gentlemen; Monsieur Marceau is expecting you. However, since he is ill in bed, he requests that you go up to his chamber."

Nonplussed by the turn events had taken, we followed the old man up the stairs.

When we were ushered into the chamber, our wonderment was further increased to see Marceau reclining in bed.

"Pray be seated, gentlemen. I know why you are here, but it won't do you any good. You can not harm me now. See this!" He held up a small empty bottle. "That bottle contained a deadly poison. I had always vowed never to allow you to arrest me if I were found out. So, as you came up the stairs, I swallowed the contents, and I have but an hour to live!"

I was for sending for a doctor; but the French Chief, who had taken the empty bottle from Marceau and had carefully noted the odour it emitted, shook his head.

"A doctor will be of no use here, my friend. The one to send for is a priest."

"Silence, gentlemen," broke in Marceau. "I have but a short time to live, and I want to clear my conscience before I go. I am going to ask you to listen without interruption."

The scene in that death chamber, that night, is for ever engraved upon my memory. Not an incident

will I ever forget: Marceau, the calmest one in the room, lying there in his bed, propped up with pillows, and facing an inevitable death without so much as the flicker of an eyelid; the French Chief and I, seated beside the bed, fascinated by the coolness of the little clerk; Marceau's family and servants in the background, quietly weeping; the French detectives scattered around, watching in amazement the tragedy being enacted in the room.

"Gentlemen," began Marceau, "in the early part of this year we were having trouble with our agent, a man from Dax, who had represented us in Spain for several years. I made a trip in one of our boats to see if I could straighten out the matter. It proved a disastrous trip for me. I was unable to collect the large amount of money that was due the firm, and was about to start back with the failure of the house of Lapin staring me in the face. If we could not get that money we should have to close our doors. I knew that such a catastrophe would kill the man who had been my friend and benefactor—Lapin.

"The last night came, and with it came our agent, accompanied by a man whom I afterward learned was at the head of the German spy system in Spain. He said he had heard about my difficulty, and that he was in a position to help us, provided I would do something in return for the favour. This man represented to me that he had charge of the neutrals in Spain, and that all I had to do was to secure passports, so that some of the neutrals interned there

could pass through France on their way to their own country. He said they were afraid to travel by water, because of the submarines.

"It seemed a small matter, and as the reward was great, I accepted. The man handed me enough money to lighten our burden, and promised more when the passports were safely delivered into his hands.

"How I have rued that day! It would have been far better for me to have gone back empty-handed. How little I knew the type of man I was dealing with! I sent him three passports, and thus placed myself in his power. Ever since that time my life has been a hell on earth. He has, by continual threats of exposure to the French authorities, forced me to do his pleasure. He has always kept his word, however, as to the payments, and by the use of German money I have been able to carry on the business and pay our bills.

"Your presence here proves that you know how I have been recently securing these passports, so let us pass over that phase of the matter. About three weeks before the two Algerians were caught, Lapin overheard the captain telling me of an interview he had had with that brute in Spain. Lapin threatened to expose me. But I soon convinced him that he himself was deeply involved, although innocent of actual participation in the crime. Had he not used the money in his business? But I alone am guilty, gentlemen! Do not molest my good friend Lapin!

"You," he said, suddenly turning to me, "I have twice tried to kill. I learned you were present on the night Pedro was forced to jump through the window to escape, and the thought came to me that with you out of the way I would be safe. I hired thugs to shoot you; they failed. Then I myself tried to kill you by dropping a jardinière filled with rocks upon your head; but again you were lucky and escaped."

"Yes; but how did you know that I would pass through that particular street at exactly that time?" I asked, for that attempt on my life had been a mystery to me.

Marceau could not help smiling at the thought of how he had kept me guessing for so long.

"That was easy! You were at Lapin's, making a call, and I was there also—in the rear of the house. I saw you come, and it occurred to me to drop the rocks. All I had to do was to watch you, and when you started to go, I slipped quietly up to the roof of Paul Lapin's house and made my way over the others until I came to a good place to drop the jardinière. While you were so excitedly searching those houses, I was quietly sitting in my friend's house, chatting with him."

During the recital of the story, the poison had been getting in its deadly work. Marceau was steadily growing weaker. His face had turned deathly pale, while the perspiration was streaming over it. He could scarcely speak above a whisper now, and his body was racked with spasm after spasm of pain.

Just as I was about to speak, there came a rap on the door. It was quietly opened, and the good father from the near-by church stood in the doorway.

All except the family and servants arose and quietly passed out into the hall, where we waited for the end.

Finally the priest came out and, in a hushed voice, announced:

"Gentlemen, Monsieur Marceau is no more."

And thus passed away one who, in faithfulness to a friendship, had sacrificed his loyalty to his beloved France—unwittingly at first, it is true.

This surely was a night of the most astounding happenings. When we arrived at Lapin's, the house was illuminated from garret to cellar, and behind the shades we could see several persons moving.

I had now to enter the home of a friend and to arrest him for treason—the most painful duty I was ever called upon to perform.

Still it had to be done. *Guilty, yet not guilty,* he must pay the price just the same. But he never did!

The same man who had carried the news of the captain's arrest to Marceau had, by his orders, told Lapin of the circumstances. The news of the arrest and the consequent discovery of the exact situation by the authorities proved too much for Lapin's weak heart. When we were admitted, we were met at the door by the doctors, who told us that Paul Lapin was slowly dying.

The French Chief dismissed his men, while he and

I slowly walked back to my hotel. Sitting in my room, smoking to quiet our nerves, we discussed this very remarkable case.

No good would be accomplished by bringing its facts before courts, since grim death had taken a hand. Instead, we would file it away and allow it to pass out of our minds.

We were prompted to do this out of respect for the families of the two dead men, especially since Lapin's two daughters were engaged to marry two officers each of whom was loyally serving his country.

Then it occurred to me that we still had the sea captain to deal with.

"But what about keeping that sea captain quiet?" I asked.

"Leave him to me! I will close his mouth for ever!" grimly replied the old Chief.

And I did.

## THE WOMAN SPY OF BIARRITZ

TO THE Frenchman there is no place for a summer holiday like the fashionable and renowned watering-place, Biarritz. One might forego a visit to Nice or even Deauville; but, even if the family jewels have to be pawned, the vacation at Biarritz must be had. And the French are right, for Biarritz *is* a charming place. There the mountains and the sea meet, and the surf from the Bay of Biscay pounds on the rocky shores of Gascony. Most of the French shore-line on the Bay of Biscay is stretch after stretch of sand-dunes; but at Biarritz the coast is rugged and picturesque.

The surrounding hills are dotted with some of the most beautiful villas to be found in France. These villas run the gamut from the lowly Basque farmhouse to that magnificent pile of white stone nicknamed the "Turk's Harem" because it was built by a wealthy Turk for his summer home. Swept by both the cool breezes from off the Bay of Biscay as well as from the Pyrenees, Biarritz is unmistakably well blessed in its climate.

While the city was an ideal place for an American to spend a leave, unfortunately its location so near the Spanish frontier brought it under the suspicion of

the Allied Intelligence Staffs and it was "off limits." Eighteen miles from the boundary, it was easy of access to the German Secret Service operating in Spain. A German spy could cross the line after dark and be safely sheltered in a friendly home in Biarritz before daylight. Bolo Pasha, that clever, audacious French renegade, made his summer home in Biarritz; and here, doubtless, were formulated many of the plans and schemes that finally landed this picturesque Frenchman before the firing squad.

Shortly after Bolo's execution the American Red Cross engaged one of the most modern of the larger hotels to be used as a convalescent hospital and home for the American officers. The hotel was situated on what was called the Northern Heights, and was directly adjacent to what was formerly Bolo's summer home. While the hotel and the climate made it an ideal place for wounded or sick officers, nevertheless the spy menace, in the minds of our intelligence staff, more than offset the advantages, and a protest was made against the hospital—but it was opened, notwithstanding.

The news that the Americans had engaged the hotel and were coming to Biarritz in large numbers travelled fast; nor did it take the German Secret Service in San Sebastian very long to prepare to reap a golden harvest of information from our men. Some of their best spies were sent into the town to operate, and both the French and the American Secret Service had their work cut out for them in eliminating these.

Many strangers were rounded up, and those who could not show a clear record were quietly deported or sent back where they had come from; stringent orders were issued to all the officers who came to this city that under no circumstances were they to enter into conversation with strangers, and above all they were not to discuss anything pertaining to our armies.

It was not natural, however, for our men, so far away from their homes and women-kind, to resist talking to somebody, especially if that somebody were feminine and appeared sympathetic and interested in hearing all about the battle and how the wound was received. This was particularly true when the listener happened to be a charming woman whose husband was at that moment fighting in Flanders.

Surely no one of our men would ever think of telling their experiences to a stranger; but was not this particular woman one of our allies, also a leader in the entertainments given for our benefit? And did she not join us in our swims and "keep open house" on the beach where we could get cigarettes and a drink?

"A spy? Most certainly not!" Such was the reply you would have received, no doubt, had you attempted to question the wisdom of talking with this woman. Some of our officers were so sure of her good faith that they would even have gone as far as to have offered to fight you for questioning her loyalty.

Such was the condition of affairs in Biarritz in the

early summer of 1918. Then things began to occur. On the front, our intelligence officers were suddenly confronted with the fact that Germany appeared to have some very definite and detailed information about a number of our divisions and regiments and where they were located. Throughout the war the Germans seemed to take particular delight in belittling the American Intelligence Service. They naturally believed that we were amateurs in this class of work. Every time a German officer was captured, he boasted of the ease with which his country could find out about the American Army and its movements—and the most deplorable part of it all was that their knowledge was so remarkably accurate.

After this had gone on for some time, and the various officers captured had corroborated each other as to the knowledge, it was decided that somewhere there was a big leak. An analysis of the statements of these boastful Germans showed us, so diversified was the information they had, that the leak must be in a place where there was gathered a large body of men from our various regiments and divisions.

It could not be from the prisoners whom they had captured, for the knowledge comprised not only the activities of the trenches but also of the units in the rest and training areas. The only places furnishing the right conditions all around were our two convalescent hospitals, one at Cannes, for the enlisted men, and the other at Biarritz, the Red Cross hospital for the officers. Further examination of the situation

brought out the fact that the enlisted men at Cannes were not the ones who were disobeying the orders—and so it must be Biarritz.

Shortly after my arrival at Biarritz, where ostensibly I had gone to the hospital as a convalescent, I began to hear about the splendid woman who was doing so much to help our officers forget the horrors of the war. The men were loud in their praises of her—then told of how, as the head of the local Red Cross entertainment committee, she seemed tireless in her efforts: bridge parties, dancing parties, drives through the near-by hills in the old horse-drawn carriages, and tennis tournaments were the rule of the day. Surrounded by the younger set of Biarritz, whose fathers, brothers, or husbands were at the front fighting, this woman seemed never to tire of doing good. Quite naturally, having had her praises dinned into my ears morning, noon, and night, I was anxious to meet her myself, so that I, too, could enjoy her hospitality.

The opportunity came one day when, as I came out of the water with a brother officer, he suggested that we go to this woman's tent on the beach for a drink. The officer, when he learned that I had never met her, volunteered to present me.

I, too, found Mrs. Powell a very charming and pleasant woman. Tall and stately in her simple white gown, and with a most disarming smile, her jet-black hair set off her delicate white skin strikingly. She made a beautiful picture as she sat in her

tent like a queen on her throne and with her own hands mixed the whiskies-and-sodas for us. Her tent was the Mecca of all the officers on the beach. Here, after a dip in the ocean, one could go for a cocktail or a smoke.

It was not long before I myself fell under the spell of this woman's hospitality; nor was there the slightest suspicion in my mind that she was an intriguing adventuress. Except for a chance remark that she made, I might have left Biarritz none the wiser as to her identity.

On the next day after the introduction, while I was sitting on the sand beside Mrs. Powell's tent enjoying a smoke, a podgy Frenchman passed, on his way to the water. Almost like a ball he looked as he waddled down the sands; and his bathing suit of alternating wide red and yellow stripes running around his body fairly screamed at us.

Mrs. Powell, turning to another woman, remarked in Spanish:

"How odd he looks! Doesn't he look like a convict?"

I, also, thought the Frenchman made an amusing picture, and smiled at Mrs. Powell's remark. Quick as a flash, Mrs. Powell, noticing my smile, turned to me:

"Do you speak Spanish?" she asked in that language.

"Yes, a little," I replied, also in Spanish.

The conversation then drifted to the subject of

languages. We found that we both knew several in common; and then, in rather a boastful manner, she said:

"Well, I know one that you cannot speak."

"No?" I parried.

"Oh, yes, I do! I speak Russian!"

Until this remark was made, I would have sworn that she was what she seemed—a woman devoting all her time and energy to giving us a good time. But to be able to speak Russian—ah! that was different. Any one who spoke that most difficult of languages and still claimed to be English warranted at least an investigation. Russian is a language most unusual to master without residing in that country, and a quiet interrogation among the officers of her acquaintance did not bring forth one who remembered hearing that Mrs. Powell had ever visited that country, much less lived there for any length of time.

In a woman I suppose the suspicion that all was not as had appeared would be called "intuition," while in a man one would call it a "hunch." At any rate, it didn't sound entirely plausible, and I determined to play my hunch.

That afternoon I wired my Chief in Tours, and asked him to secure what information he could about Mrs. Powell, giving him all the facts as I had gathered them. In a few days back came a wire containing complete details about her, which the Chief had been able to secure from the French. Her nationality was not known, though she claimed to be English.

She was a former wife of an English Army officer who was at this time fighting in Flanders. About five years before he had divorced her. Shortly after the divorce, she disappeared from England, and until 1918 there was no record of her activities. Then she suddenly appeared in Paris, travelling under an English passport. She was supposed to be receiving money from her former husband through a bank in Switzerland. For a time she was under suspicion and the French Secret Service kept her under close surveillance; but nothing having been found that would warrant action being taken, the French had withdrawn from the case and she was free to go where she wished.

As soon as this report was received from the Chief, I had a conference with the French Secret Service captain in Biarritz, and together we carefully canvassed her case. We determined, in the light of what we knew about this woman, the fact that the leak was unquestionably in this city, and the opportunities that she had for obtaining much valuable information, that Mrs. Powell would bear watching.

Fortunately for plans, I had my motor-car with me; for since the French, owing to the scarcity of gasolene, had prohibited the operation of pleasure cars, it was believed that this woman would fall an easy prey to the lure of frequent rides in the surrounding country and the mountains.

She gladly accepted all my invitations to ride, and soon assumed a kind of leadership over the car and

the driver. She was the one who decided who should and who should not go on the trips. Nearly every day we would go for a spin, sometimes with her friends and sometimes alone. Various trips were made through the country and in the Pyrenees; in fact, Mrs. Powell had only to express a wish to go somewhere and the trip would be made.

I must win this woman's confidence; on her part, she had a twofold reason for wanting to go: in the first place, because she really enjoyed the beautiful rides; and in the second, because she always rode in the front with me, and thus had the opportunity to use me as a source of information to further her own ends. It really was an unequal battle, because I had the advantage; for I believed that I knew her game and, by being forewarned, could so play that I always held the winning hand.

Why the word *spy* should be considered a term of reproach is beyond my ken. It all depends on the reasons why a spy *is* a spy; but, whether he is a patriot or not, few but the bravest of the brave engage in such service. Intelligence work, as it is called in our army, is the most hazardous yet at the same time the most fascinating of all the duties connected with war. This is especially true when one's opponent is a beautiful but unscrupulous woman. She not only fights with her keen and alert brain, but one must also be always on guard against the womanly wiles that she is so sure to employ. We are, after all, human; and in playing this game where a woman is

concerned one cannot but sometimes remember rather sadly that her life is the stake we play for.

As time went on and I became better acquainted with Mrs. Powell, I was able to fathom her adroit questions till I was so sure of her guilt that the question of penalty did not now enter into my calculations. I knew in my own mind that through this woman's activities many a good soldier had paid the price—no one will ever know how many, but enough to make her life a forfeit many times over.

I admired her boldness. She had surrounded herself with friends who were above suspicion as to their loyalty, and, behind them as a screen, she carried on her intriguing and dangerous work.

Having settled in our own minds that we were not on a false trail, we concentrated all our efforts on Mrs. Powell: both her incoming and outgoing mail was subjected to the closest scrutiny; but she was too clever to be caught sending anything through the mails that would incriminate her. Her only incoming mail was from American officers who, having enjoyed her hospitality while in Biarritz, were still keeping up the acquaintance by mail. Some of the letters intercepted, if they had been sent to the commanding general, would have resulted in a quick court-martial for the writers. They told of battles, location of divisions, strength of units, and much other information that was absolutely forbidden by General Orders.

Here Mrs. Powell's French maid was interviewed

by the chief of the French secret police, and she was instructed to say that her presence was needed at once at her home, as her father had died. At the same time, a woman of the French service was substituted in her stead. The substitution was made without Mrs. Powell's realizing the duplicity, but the new maid could not learn anything that in the slightest degree gave us a clue as to how this mistress of the game was operating or how she sent out her messages.

In order to enable the French to have ample time to search the house, a motor trip of a week through the mountains to Clermont-Ferrand was arranged. While we were away the French secret police searched every inch of her house from cellar to garret: the panels in the rooms were sounded for secret recesses; desks and tables were examined for hollow hiding-places; all her papers were gone over. But the French had their trouble for their pains. Not a single item was found that would give us any encouragement. . . . She was remarkably clever, was this woman.

One of Mrs. Powell's customs that afforded our officers much pleasure was the farewell parties which she always gave to officers who, having been discharged as cured from the hospital, were leaving for the front. In France the trains always seem to be either leaving or arriving at midnight, and her farewell party was always given to last until train-time. The party ended with a trip to the station to see the officer started on his journey.

Mrs. Powell's house, of a semi-bungalow type,

was attractive. The living room, occupying the entire front of the house, was artistically furnished, with here and there a cozy corner to add to its comfort. Whenever dancing was on the programme the centre of the room was cleared and the rugs taken up. Here, to the music of a phonograph, the officers danced away the time. The dining room opened off the living room through an archway that was partly closed by heavy portières, while directly opposite this archway was an entrance on to the porch, which overlooked the ocean. Always at these parties there was a buffet lunch for those who cared to eat; and there also seemed to be an endless wine-cellar, for there was always plenty of the various kinds of French wines on ice for the thirsty. It was Mrs. Powell's boast that her home was her friends' home, and any one who was invited was supposed to leave formality outside the door—and, indeed, these parties were delightfully informal.

One night, when Mrs. Powell was giving a farewell party to Lieutenant Jones (not his right name), who was leaving on the midnight train to rejoin his regiment, she made her *faux pas*, and her method of sending out her information was discovered. At the time there were several couples dancing a waltz, and Mrs. Powell and Lieutenant Jones were dancing together, while I was sitting out the dance with a French girl. This girl and I were in the living room, seated on a couch that was placed against the partly closed portières of the archway. During this time I

was studying Mrs. Powell and debating in my mind whether, after all, we were not on the wrong trail. The passing of Mrs. Powell and the lieutenant into the dining room for a drink broke up this line of thought and I was about to ask the young French girl for a dance when I suddenly became aware of voices on the other side of the portières. Mrs. Powell and the lieutenant had seated themselves on another couch directly behind us with only the portières between.

She had been immune so long that she had grown careless and either did not see us when she passed into the dining room, or had forgotten where we were sitting, or possibly she considered me just another dupe, and so of no consequence. Anyway, I was able to overhear the conversation. I am afraid there is one girl in Biarritz who thinks the Americans are a queer lot; for as soon as I heard the two talking on the other side of that portière, I neglected the young lady seated on my right and concentrated my entire attention on overhearing what was said by Mrs. Powell. I have no apologies to offer for eavesdropping; I was at this party for one purpose, and one purpose only—to catch this woman napping. Eavesdropping was justifiable under the circumstances.

I heard Mrs. Powell ask Lieutenant Jones whether he was returning to his regiment by the way of Paris, and upon his replying that he intended to stop over there two days she continued:

"As you are going to Paris, Lieutenant Jones, I

would appreciate it if you would do me a great favour. I know it is not supposed to be done, but you will do it for me, I am sure. My husband sent me some deeds to be signed, and I must return them to our bankers in Switzerland. Already there has been quite a delay, as the French mails are slow. My funds depend upon my returning these papers quickly. If you would please take them, censor them for me, and mail them in your American postoffice in Paris, it would save me a great deal of embarrassment. Another favour—I should like to keep up our pleasant acquaintance. Will you not write me once in a while, and if by chance you should be located anywhere near my husband, while on the front, I will have him look you up. And then, after the war is over, I would like to have you visit us at our home in England."

Orders are orders, and it was a court-martial offense to mark a letter as censored unless the officer had read it. But this letter was already sealed, and who would suspect such a charming woman? Besides, it was so trifling a return for all the pleasant times—and she had been so kind to a poor lieutenant who was far from home—and—the lieutenant disobeyed orders for the woman and promised to send the letter on.

The time arrived for the lieutenant's departure, and we all went to the station to see him off. Just as the train pulled out, Mrs. Powell, in bidding the lieutenant good-bye, once more cautioned him to remember to mail the letter as soon as he reached Paris.

These farewells always had a depressing effect on those left behind, and as it was such a delightful moonlight night, someone suggested a walk on the beach. The others joined in; but, pleading a headache, I returned to the hospital.

As soon as possible I got the Bordeaux office on the telephone, and instructed Lieutenant Greene to meet the train on its arrival there and to place Lieutenant Jones under arrest and remove him from the train. Under no circumstances was he to allow Jones to talk to any one, and he was to confine Jones in the Hotel Gobineau, with a sergeant always on guard in the room, so that no one could enter and that Jones could communicate with no one. These extra precautions were taken in order that Jones, if he were in league with Mrs. Powell, would not have an opportunity to "tip her off." (Right here it might be added that an investigation of Jones proved that he was only a tool in the hands of this shrewd woman.) Lieutenant Greene was also instructed to rush to me all the papers found on Jones, at once, by messenger, on a motorcycle. Right well did Greene obey the instructions; for before this woman had awakened from her beauty sleep the next morning we had absolute proof of her guilt.

Instead of deeds, she had given the lieutenant sheets of a closely written message in code. The letter, written on fine tissue paper, was a mere jumble of words; but we soon discovered that it was written in the so-called "diagonal code." The key to the code

was the date. The letter was written on a square paper, and the words were in columns.

In solving it, we first added the figures of the date, which gave us seven; then counting seven words from left to right on the top line, we had the second position of the code; then, counting diagonally across the paper, still keeping from left to right, the last word was the ninth from the top. With this number we went back to the first column, and, counting down nine words, we had the first word of the message; skipping nine words, we had the second; and by continually skipping nine words and going from left to right, we had the entire message.

We found that Mrs. Powell was sending out detailed information as to location, plans, and strength of our forces, information which she had succeeded in securing from the officers she was entertaining, as well as that contained in the letters she was continually receiving from some thirty officers who had been her guests at Biarritz.

After a lengthy conference with the French, it was finally decided—since Mrs. Powell claimed that she was English and her punishment, if convicted, would be death in front of a firing squad, and because she was so well intrenched in the good graces of the influential people of Biarritz—that it was absolutely necessary for our evidence to be beyond question when we made the arrest.

Not having seen the letter actually passed to Jones, it was impossible for me to swear that the incriminat-

ing letter we had was the one that Mrs. Powell had given to the lieutenant that night when I was listening on the other side of those portières. In court it would be his word against hers, and as the lieutenant had already disobeyed orders, the tendency of the court would be to believe Mrs. Powell.

Then again, there was another and a very good reason why I did not want to make a slip: there is a law in France that allows a person falsely accused and found not guilty to recover, without recourse on the part of the accuser, a large sum of money for such accusations. I did not propose to involve the United States in any such lawsuit. We must have proof that was incontrovertible before we made a move.

The plan of action finally agreed upon was that I should secure the necessary proof directly.

"I must go to Bordeaux to draw my pay," I told Mrs. Powell. "Is there anything that I can do for you while I am there?"

Mrs. Powell gave me several commissions to perform for her, and then I was thunder-struck at her daring when I heard her say:

"Major, will you find out for me when Admiral ——— is due in with the next convoy? The Admiral is a dear friend of the family, and promised that when he next returned from the States he would come to Biarritz for a few days' rest. I am very anxious to know when he will arrive, so that I can arrange for his entertainment and run up to Bordeaux to meet him. He might not keep his promise unless reminded

of it personally"—a very plausible reason on the surface of it.

Promising to endeavour to secure the desired information for her, I left for Bordeaux. Upon my return with many pledges of secrecy and impressing upon her the fact that I would be court-martialed and unquestionably shot if it ever became known that I had told any one about the arrival of a convoy, I gave her the information she desired:

"The next convoy with Admiral ——— in charge is expected to sail from New York two weeks from today. It should arrive off the mouth of the Gironde River fifteen days after sailing. You no doubt have noticed," I went on, "that we are not losing any of our boats now. One of the naval officers explained that to me.

"He said that a convoy, as soon as it left New York, sailed directly east for two hundred miles, and then turned directly south and continued on that course until off the coast of South America; then sailed east until within a hundred miles of the coast of Africa; and then sailed north until they can dodge into a port. The 'subs' are lying in wait off the English coast and are being fooled." (This information, of course, was false, but I gave it to the spy to see what she would do with it.)

The logical time had now come when we should stop Mrs. Powell's activities. If Mrs. Powell was guilty, as we believed, she would seize the opportunity to send to Germany the information regarding

the convoys. A faked telegram was prepared, ordering me to turn my car into the motor park at Bordeaux and report to the First Army for duty. And with the telegram I presented myself at her house and informed her that I was leaving the next night for the front by the way of Paris. Mrs. Powell at once arranged the farewell party for me, while I sent my car ahead to Bayonne, fifteen miles away in the direction of Bordeaux, with orders for it to await my arrival there.

The night of my departure came, and I went to Mrs. Powell's home for the party. During the evening, while dancing with her, Mrs. Powell suggested that, since it was so warm, we go into the dining room for a drink, and there sit out the remainder of the dance. Here she told me the same story she had told Lieutenant Jones—about the deeds, money, bankers in Switzerland, and all. Determined to see just how far she would go, I said to her:

"Mrs. Powell, won't you allow me to be your banker until you can get funds? You have made my stay here in Biarritz very pleasant, and I should like the opportunity of showing my gratitude," I urged.

"No, dear friend," she replied; "I have enough to carry me. But if you will only do this favour, and mail that letter the minute you arrive in Paris, I will greatly appreciate it."

I accepted the sealed letter, and, in order that her suspicion might not be aroused, took out my foun-

tain-pen and wrote across the lower left-hand corner of the envelope:

"Passed as censored" (with my name and rank underneath).

Train-time arrived, and all went over to the station to see me off. Instead of remaining on the train until it reached Paris, as Mrs. Powell thought I would, I left it at Bayonne, where my car was waiting for me.

By two o'clock in the morning I had placed our entire and conclusive proof of this spy's guilt in the hands of the French Secret Service chief. We were obliged to do this, for all arrests of civilians in France had to be made by the French police. The envelope given me was opened, and in it we found another code letter containing all the information that I had given her regarding the Admiral's arrival and the sailing plan of the convoys.

The arrest was made at daylight.

Since it was thought that she might attempt to commit suicide if she knew the evidence against her, and also since the French desired to make an example of her as a warning to others who might be tempted to try the same manœuvre, I did not participate in the arrest. As soon as the message had been decoded and we found that it actually contained the false information given her, I quietly left the city, and by the time the arrest was made was far on the road back to Bordeaux.

Mrs. Powell's arrest created a furore in Biarritz. It did not seem possible to those who had been so

closely associated with her that she was the type who would use friendship as a cloak for serving the Germans. Her friends rallied to her assistance and employed the best legal talent for her defense. Not knowing the actual evidence against her, Mrs. Powell was sure of her acquittal. Both she and her friends derided the French Secret Service officers for the arrest, and promised after she had gone free that they would make it uncomfortable for those officials.

But the old chief only smiled and bided his time.

Mrs. Powell was taken to Bordeaux for trial. When we saw the number arraigned on her side we certainly congratulated ourselves that we had taken the precaution to secure our additional corroboratory evidence.

When Lieutenant Jones and I faced her in court —and this was her first intimation that either of us were connected with her arrest—the situation was altered. Her face blanched. She realized that her little game was up. A peculiarity of the French law allows a prisoner to harangue a witness in open court. They believe—and in the majority of cases it proves correct—that an accused person if allowed to harangue a witness will make admissions that will disclose the true status of the case. When I was called to the stand, Mrs. Powell gave me a reception that I will never forget. There on that stand I learned the full meaning of the old saying, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

Her trial was a brief one; for my testimony, sub-

stantiated as it was by Jones, together with the two code letters, was sufficient to secure a conviction. Mrs. Powell was found guilty and sentenced to be shot.

Even though I knew that Mrs. Powell had supplied much valuable information to the Germans, I could not feel otherwise than sorry for her, and did my best to soften the agony of her few remaining days. As the prison food was very plain, arrangements were made to have an outside restaurant supply her meals. The French Secret Service women who were placed on guard in her cell day and night were carefully selected with the view of adding to her comfort as much as possible. The American Protestant chaplain was sent over to the French prison, while the French priests attempted to give her the consolation of their religion; but Mrs. Powell died as she had lived, without the help of any church.

One bright sunny morning at six o'clock Mrs. Powell was led out into the courtyard of the prison and placed against the wall. The command "Fire!" rang out—and she had paid the penalty. . . .

From one of the Frenchwomen who guarded Mrs. Powell we learned her story. (Mary Powell is a name substituted by the author for her real one.) Her father was an Englishman, while her mother was a Bohemian. Shortly after her birth, her mother had eloped with a Frenchman, and to make up for the loss, her father had lavished all his wealth and love upon Mary. Young, handsome, with a wild type of

beauty, and reputed wealthy, she became the object of adoration of many a young Englishman.

An officer in the King's Own Guards finally won and married her. Blood told this time with a variation of her mother's story. Her husband's duties kept him away most of the time, but one evening he discovered her with another man. He quickly divorced her. Shortly afterward she went to the Continent to live. The Czar of Russia, always on the lookout for such tools, soon employed her, and she became a member of his confidential secret force. When the revolution broke out in Russia, Mrs. Powell, with others of that so-much-feared secret force, was obliged to flee for her life.

She made her way to Switzerland, arriving there almost penniless. By now she was lost to all sense of honour and was willing to serve the highest bidder. The German Intelligence Staff soon found her, hired her, and, equipping her with an English passport, sent her to France to operate.

She established herself in the beautiful villa at Biarritz. When it was announced that the Americans were to open a convalescent hospital for wounded officers, she aimed to become, and did become, a leader in the entertainments for our officers, thus securing much valuable information for the enemy. She always used an American officer as her messenger and her letters were mailed through our postoffice in Paris.

## THE WOMEN IN ROOM 27

LONG before you arrive at Arcachon, you are sure to wonder why you ever started. Of all the trips in France, either by train or automobile, the one from Bordeaux to Arcachon easily takes the prize for being the worst. Four years of war had raised such havoc with the rolling-stock of the French railroads that the cars in the service on the Bordeaux-Arachon line looked as if they were of the vintage of 1800. The railroad winds in and out through almost endless forests of pine trees planted row on row by the French, until even these rows get on your nerves, and you long to see just one tree that is out of line. There are no picturesque scenes on this trip—just miles of flat, sandy, uninteresting country.

Then there are the salt marshes that must be crossed. If, by chance, you cross them when the tide is out—and it seems always to be out—you will no longer wonder why it is that both the men and the women of France are such inveterate users of perfume—without a scented handkerchief, negotiating the Arcachon marshes is quite an event.

Surely, you think, a city located in such an inaccessible place cannot be much of a city. And when the train whistles for the station you are already consult-

ing the time table to learn when the next train leaves. Then, in a twinkling of an eye, all is changed. The train rumbles across the bridge, and through the trees you see a vision of beautiful white villas. They resemble nothing so much as doll houses, each one apart in its own little park, and surrounded by luxuriant semi-tropical trees and flowering plants. The streets are lined with these attractive villas, and, unlike other cities in France, the passer-by, instead of being compelled to look at some ugly stone wall and guess what is on the other side, can peer through an ornamental iron fence and share with the owner the artistic beauties of the place—such is Arcachon.

The city is located on the inside of the hook that forms Arcachon Bay and has one of the finest bathing beaches on the entire French coast. Here one is not disturbed by the Life Guard's whistle when endeavouring to get into water deep enough to splash around in without touching bottom. If you have ever visited the watering places of France, you know well that officious personage, the Life Guard, with his whistle. Just as you are out deep enough to enjoy a real swim —"whee-ee-ee!" goes the whistle and with frantic arm-wavings you are called back to mingle with the women and children in about six inches of water. Is it any wonder, then, that the fast French set flock to the one bathing beach where there is no such plague?

The city fathers had wonderful visions of making Arcachon the Monte Carlo of France. Millions of francs were spent upon the race track and the gam-

bling casino, said by those who should know to be one of the finest examples of Moorish architecture in the country. Now all this was changed. Where, before the war, you heard the clink of silver, the cry of the croupier, or the sigh of the ruined gambler, you now heard the moans of the wounded or the shrieks of the dying. France had ruthlessly requisitioned the casino and had turned it into a hospital.

War itself could not keep the French smart set away from this city, and even during the darkest days of 1918, if one did not know, here at Arcachon it would not seem possible that France was at death grips with her old-time foe. Beautifully gowned women, escorted either by French or American officers or by civilians in white flannels, paraded up and down the beach or out on the promenade pier. During the bathing hour the beach was covered with small tents, sheltering those who came to swim and those who came to show off. It was an ideal spot for a war-weary veteran to pass his leave; and many of our officers availed themselves of the opportunity to spend a week or two here.

About five miles directly south of this spot, in the midst of sand dunes and pine stumps, lay Camp Hunt, the most desolate of all our training camps. Inasmuch as at this camp were trained our heavy artillery units, it must of necessity be off by itself. Here our soldiers were trained in the handling of the big guns. And if they were to shoot straight when they went into action they must have plenty of

practice first. Besides eight-, ten-, or even twelve-inch shells flying around a closely inhabited country are not conducive to health; so an open spot in the wilderness, far removed from all habitation, was selected for the site.

Still another reason why this camp must be isolated was that here the new guns were tested out and here plans were made and drills were held, which, later on, when put into actual practice on the front, would mean a painful surprise to the Germans. With all these activities in this camp it was obviously necessary that the camp be closely guarded. We were well aware that Germany suspected what was going on and that we were preparing a surprise for her. Much to our chagrin, even with all our precautions, she was learning about our work at Camp Hunt. German artillery officers captured on the front seemed to take particular delight in informing us about our artillery experiments; how many guns we had, the calibre of them, just how many batteries we had in training, and other things that it was never meant they should know. The loquacity of these prisoners proved to us that what we had considered a closely guarded secret was a secret no longer. It was disconcerting, to say the least, to be told by a prisoner that our carefully guarded plans were known to the enemy and that they were profiting by that knowledge. Such was the condition of affairs in 1918, when from our headquarters at Tours came the order:

"Plug that leak, and plug it quick!"

It was very evident to us that the information was coming from the camp direct or near by. It did not seem possible to us that Germany, clever as she undoubtedly was, could successfully plant a spy in the camp itself. Then, too, the character of their information convinced us of this improbability, for the troops were continually moving in for a few weeks' training and then moving on to the fighting areas. If a spy had succeeded in joining one of the regiments, he would long ago have gone forward with his unit. If the leak was not in the camp itself, and we were satisfied that it was not, then *where* was the logical point for Germany to concentrate her spies?

Arcachon was the answer.

It did not require a very strong argument to convince us that this city was a nesting place for spies. The city was a rendezvous for the American and French officers and men on leave from the front, and the only recreation spot available for the officers and men from Camp Hunt, who came in at every opportunity to escape the dreariness of the wilderness and the monotony of camp life. What better place could be found for secret work? The hotels and cafés were crowded; and in the midst of the native population and the transient French guests a clever spy could work undetected. Our deductions satisfied us that in this city of villas and beautiful women we would find the answer to our problem.

It was an assignment much sought after by our

men. For once, while working to solve a problem, they could at the same time secure more or less relaxation and enjoyment out of the work. Too, it gave us an opportunity to reward the men who were most deserving: Lieutenant Johnson was assigned to cover the hotels, Sergeant Bell to take care of the *pensions*, and Graham, our best man, assigned to cover that underworld from which no city of any size anywhere is free. (The names given these men are not their true names.)

Army officers will tell you that it is not action, but the unavoidable waits and delays, that weaken the morale of the soldier. Our men were not immune to the effects of waiting and watching. Graham, the one who had been covering the underworld, was the first to break under the strain. Believing that he was of no further use and ready to admit defeat, he decided to come in.

Graham had lived long enough in France before the war to have absorbed some of the volatile temperament of the French. When working on a hot clue he never tired or gave up, but he did not have the stamina to withstand inaction. Always working in civilian clothes, speaking French like a native, he easily passed for a Frenchman. In fact, his disguise was so perfect that on more than one occasion insinuations had been made that he should be at the front with the rest of the *poilus*. It was quite natural when, one Sunday afternoon, he boarded the train and took a seat in a compartment already occupied by three

American officers that they thought him merely one more Frenchman and continued their talk unmindful of him. Graham, too down-hearted to pay any attention to the conversation, stared disconsolately out of the window.

Jests and banter flew back and forth among these three young officers returning to their regiments after a two weeks' leave at Arcachon. One would recall an amusing incident and all would join in the laugh—and then another, in turn. Their leave had apparently been a joyous one for them. Their jokes had made no impression on Graham until the conversation shifted to certain women, Madame Boudin, Madame Fountain, and Mlle. Brisson; and as the talk now became more personal, Graham, although he still continued his stare out of the window, was all attention.

"Bill," said one, "what would your girl back in the States say if she knew how friendly you had been with Madame? Guess I'll have to write her and put her wise!"

"Well," drawled Bill, "I reckon if my girl did find out she would be sore; but if she knew that I'd permitted Madame to pay the bills, I sure would be gone for good!"

"Never mind, Bill," replied the other officer, called Cole, "we are all in the same boat. Those women were mighty good to us. They knew that we couldn't splurge on the pay of a second lieutenant—it was right enough that they help pay the bills."

But Graham well knew the French character and he could not for the life of him comprehend why three Frenchwomen, of whatever strata of society, should pay for the entertainment when men were in the party. "It isn't done, that's all!" Thinking it over, Graham came to the conclusion that his leaving his post at Arcachon was for the best. If Frenchwomen were entertaining American officers and paying the bills, it was something to be investigated and investigated quickly.

While our troops were in France one characteristic of theirs stood out above all others in the minds of the Frenchwomen. It was one almost universal among both the officers and men—the habit of treating all women with respect. It seemed beyond the conception of the average American that a woman could do the work of a spy. Germany, also, knew this trait of the Americans and whenever she wanted information from them, if possible, she sent women after it.

The women in Germany's secret service were attractive, prepossessing, suave, and polished. They were at home either in the drawing room or in the peasant's home. They had been well trained in the art of taking advantage of the chivalrous nature of our men. Many a pleasant, quiet-mannered woman, laying herself out to comfort a poor, homesick boy, sickened with all the horrors of war, was in reality in the pay of the German Government, and while so sympathetic and helpful was all the time carefully

plying him with questions and gaining much information of value to the German High Command. They were extremely clever, these women spies.

Graham lost no time in reporting to us the conversation that he had overheard on the train; and although we did not connect the spendthrift Frenchwomen with the leak at Camp Hunt, nevertheless, our training had taught us never to overlook the most trivial happening. So Lieutenant Greene was called in and assigned to investigate these women.

Lieutenant Greene was the "Beau Brummel" of our force. Well equipped by nature and by training to pass as an innocent young fellow just out from home, his frank open countenance and smiling blue eyes would never lead one to suspect that behind it all lay one of the keenest and brightest minds in the service. More than one clever operator had discovered, when it was too late, that instead of making a tool out of this young officer, the tables had been turned and she, instead, was the dupe. Greene, by preference, would have been at the front; but he was too valuable here and, although the work was extremely distasteful to him, he was just the type to deal with the women we encountered in our work. He had been universally successful in his assignments involving women.

"Lieutenant," I instructed, "you will proceed to Arcachon, prepared to remain there indefinitely. You are to work in uniform. Your pass states that you are just out of the hospital and that you belong to

a siege battery on the front. In the Grande Hotel are three young women who are making a practice of entertaining American officers; you will study these women, watch their movements, note what they are doing, whom they entertain, what is said at the entertainments and who says it. You will also observe what these women do when there are no officers around. Do not make their acquaintance, but see if you can learn who and what they are—no love-making until you are further instructed. We shall check them up as far as the French status is concerned, so you will not have to cover that angle. Here are your papers. Good-bye and good luck!"

As fast as the train would take him, Greene went to Arcachon and established himself at the Grande Hotel. He made a point of becoming confidential with the manager, telling him that he had been shell-shocked and was just recovering from the effects of it. He didn't care to meet any one and asked for a table by himself and a quiet room. Greene was one to attract attention anywhere and, even while he was being shown to his room, the younger of the three women was busily engaged in making inquiries about him from the manager. News among such people travels quickly, and by the time Greene had returned to the lobby, his story was all over the hotel. His request that he be left alone gave him an opportunity to study the other guests at his leisure, and a few tactful questions enabled him to learn which of the guests were known as Madame Boudin, Madame

Fountain, and Mlle. Brisson. Even on the night of his arrival, these women were entertaining a party of young officers from Camp Hunt. Greene, without apparent effort, succeeded in securing a table adjacent to the party and was able to see and overhear all that went on at the table. Wine flowed freely, and it was not very long before the tongues of the officers were loosened and he was hearing them tell things that would have meant a court-martial for them if he had been their commanding general.

Skillfully these women led the conversation around to the size of our guns, to the number of the men in the batteries, when they came over, and to other various timely topics that would be of interest to the German High Command.

Greene, listening intently, believed that here was the source of the leak. Were not these women far too inquisitive for innocent French society leaders? Must there not be some sinister motive behind it all?

On the following night they entertained other officers, and the same programme was carried out—a good dinner, plenty of wine, and the same clever questioning.

Greene's first report to us convinced us that we had made no mistake in starting our investigation of Madame Boudin, Madame Fountain, and Mlle. Brisson. When his second report came in it crystallized our half-formed suspicions that these three dames were far deeper than appeared from superficial observation.

"Night before last," read his report, "these women entertained an officer who apparently knows all about our transport sailings. I noticed, as the wine began to flow freely, that Madame Boudin did not join with the others. The result was that as Madame Fountain and Mlle. Brisson plied the officer with wine and his wits became fuddled, Madame Boudin, by careful questions and insinuations, finally wormed from him the fact that a convoy of ships from the States was expected within the next three days. As this officer became more and more under the influence of the wine he began to brag that the American Navy had driven the German submarines off the seas; that they did not dare attack the American transports; that the Port of Bordeaux was cleared from the menace of the submarine; and that our ships could now come and go without fear of trouble.

"I had all I could do to hold myself in check when I knew, in my own heart, that this fool officer was jeopardizing those brave men who were bringing across the seas the supplies for our troops."

Bordeaux is not on the coast, but lies about thirty miles up the Gironde River. For centuries the river has been carrying down and depositing sediment at its mouth until to-day there is a mud-bar across the entrance which prevents the deep-sea steamers from passing except at high tide. Our transports lying by, waiting for the tide to come in, were an easy mark for the German submarines. . . .

Even as we were reading Greene's report, we were

informed that the "subs" had sunk two of the convoy mentioned by that fool officer. His hostesses, if they were responsible for this, had certainly worked fast.

Our department had been criticized for not turning the information at hand over to the French so that they could arrest them and prevent them from doing any more damage. Suspicion and proof are vastly different things; if we had turned these women over to the French our proof would not have been sufficient to have convicted them. We had not discovered how they operated; and until we could close the trap on the entire group, we must of necessity wait.

Our heart said: "Stop these women from doing any more damage." Our judgment replied: "What good will that do unless we get them all? If we take these three, three more will spring up to take their places and carry on the work. Wait until we can catch the master minds"—and judgment won.

They all roomed together in No. 27. That was another suspicious circumstance, seeing that they were such fine ladies. The French are economical, to be sure, but perhaps this was more the economy of the German Government. In any case, it helped us. It made it the easier to follow their private conversation.

A dictograph was placed in their room, and for hours at a stretch Greene sat in the adjoining room with the receivers glued to his ears, waiting for a word that would disclose the method and the one who was behind it all. But if these women ever talked over

their plans in their rooms, they did it in so low a tone of voice that the machine would not register. However, if only some of those officers who had prided themselves on their conquests could have heard what Greene heard when listening, they would have had a far different opinion of their ability as social lions, so uncomplimentary were the remarks.

One night Greene was sitting on his window-ledge studying the windows of Madame Boudin's room when all at once he discovered that she was using a powerful flashlight and apparently was signalling across the bay; but even with his glasses he could not see an answering flash. This must be the way they passed the information on to the next station. Closely watching the flashes, Greene discovered that there was just a series of two flashes, then three, then two, and again three and so on; they were not using a standard code.

On the following day, when the three sirens went out for their customary daily sail on the bay, Greene watched them through his glasses as they made their way directly for the opposite shore. The glasses showed him that they made a landing near our Naval Hydroplane Station. Were they making a friendly visit or what were they doing?

If they were making a practice of signalling each night, it was necessary for us to get busy immediately. O'Riley and Rich were at once sent down. Their instructions were to check up on those night signals, and, if possible, discover the receiving station.

Under the cover of darkness they drifted around Arcachon Bay in a rowboat—no child's play. Of all the work entailed in gathering the evidence in this case, none of it took the courage called for in these lonely vigils out on that bay. Rough, cold, blustery it grew out there; and several times thunder-storms came up, which not only drenched the two men to the skin, but the squalls which accompanied the showers threatened to cut short their careers by upsetting them into the waters of the bay; while the marshes contributed their share of discomforts by sending myriads of mosquitoes to bite and pester them. It seemed as if the very mosquitoes must have been in league with the Germans, they tried so hard to force the men off the bay. This dismal watch went on for several nights unrewarded.

But at length success came. Rich caught the flash, and for the next half hour these two faithful secret service men, in torture all the while from the hordes of mosquitoes, watched for an answering flash from the other shore. The men noticed that these women used great precaution in their signalling, not daring to come to the window where all the world might see, but working from the back of the room so that the rays of light would be directed one way.

The work had speeded up so fast that a daily, or rather nightly, conference between Greene and myself was a necessity. Extreme care had to be taken in the holding of these meetings so that Greene would not be uncovered. Knowing that some of the Ameri-

can officers on leave there might know me and in answer to a casual question disclose my identity to the very ones we were shadowing, arrangements were made that the conferences be held far up the beach. Here, late at night, after the conspirators had retired, huddled together, with guards around to keep off any eavesdropper, and with the stars looking down, we planned and plotted the downfall of this clique. These consultations usually lasted until long after midnight; and when they were over that dreary thirty-mile trip back to Bordeaux had to be made. Many a night, while this case was on, the only sleep I had was what could be snatched by curling up on the rear seat of the automobile on the return.

We knew that the women did not signal every night, and we certainly did want them to. But if they were to signal, they must have information; and so Greene planned to break his reserve and join in their parties. Through the manager of the hotel it was not difficult for him to obtain an introduction, particularly as the youngest of the three had been casting amorous glances in Greene's direction for some little time. Mlle. Brisson at once claimed him as her special victim.

Greene was well supplied with false information to give them, and before many hours had passed he was confiding it all to Mlle. Brisson.

When this information reached the German High Command they must have congratulated themselves on the clever women whom they had sent to Arca-

chon, so voluminous was it. We have often wondered if the German High Command acted upon *some* of the information which Greene so generously furnished them. If they did, and later on checked up the results with the original information received, the air at German headquarters must have been very blue and somebody must have suffered for the disastrous blundering.

Greene's information kept Madame Boudin busy. Each night the flash talked to the other shore; each day the women went out in the boat for a sail.

But in spite of our zeal we were unable to catch these clever operators napping. It was absolutely necessary that we locate the person who was receiving the flashes and *at once*, before our false information redounded to our discredit. It was purely a question of angles and lines. Exactly how far on the opposite shore did those signals register?

If they could be seen for miles up and down that coast then we might be months in finding the receiver, if we ever did. It was a question of days with us, however, so we appealed to the Navy to help us out in our extremity. Two naval officers with chart and compass soon solved this difficulty for us. The results of their survey centred our efforts on a short stretch of the shore. More men were detailed on the case, and every night the houses in the district mapped out for us by the naval officers were watched. At last we found the right one. It was occupied by a man who claimed to be a Belgian who, stranded in

Paris by the war and unable to return to his home, had finally come here to live, across the bay from Arcachon.

If we were to keep a close watch on this man, we must place one of our own men under his roof. By the time the United States had entered the war France's secret service in the rear had been sadly depleted for duty at the front. The French welcomed the new blood that we brought to such work and at all times coöperated with us one hundred per cent. It was a simple matter, then, for us to have the French arrest the Belgian's cook on a trumped-up charge of desertion and in his place install the man that we suggested.

We were not obliged to wait very long for the confirmation that at last we were on the right trail. Our chap in the Belgian's house soon discovered that after the women flashed the signals and the next day took their customary sail, the Belgian, also, would go out on the bay in his power boat. After every time that he went out on such a trip that same night he would flash signals toward the point where there were more cottages.

Hurriedly transferring our men who had been watching the cottages on the opposite shore from Arcachon, we immediately set them to watch the houses at the Point. One of the men discovered that one cottage, far removed from the others, was sending flashes out to sea at night. These flashes were sent on the even hour and began at nine o'clock, then

again at ten, and so on until twelve o'clock, or until answered by a red light flashing from the sea. During the next morning, after such a night of signalling, the man who lived in the isolated house would, while in swimming, make his way out to a ledge off-shore. Climbing up on the rocks, he would apparently rest for some little time, then slowly swim back to the shore.

Greene believed that his hand would be greatly strengthened with the women if he were arrested and then released. Accordingly, we arrested him on a trumped-up charge of overstaying his leave. With a great show of indignation Greene demanded his release, and of course we allowed him apparently to fool us. This, as he thought, gave him added prestige in the eyes of the women. He confided to Mlle. Brisson, the one to whom he was so devoted, that he intended to remain where he was as long as possible. His parents were German born, he said, and, while he had been forced either to take a commission in the army or be drafted, he didn't intend to fight his own flesh and blood if by any means he could avoid it.

We now had gathered together all the loose ends of our case and it was time to start closing the jaws of our trap. Care had to be taken, however, that the movement of the jaws as they closed did not frighten away our suspects so that they would escape being crushed. Consequently we fell back on the old method of creating female strife.

Although Greene had never in so many words

promised to marry Mlle. Brisson, he had led her to believe that after the war they would be married. (So sure of her conquest was Mlle. Brisson that she had boasted of it to her other companions.) Then suddenly, out of a clear sky, and with no apparent reason, Greene picked a quarrel with Mlle. Brisson and began devoting his attention to Madame Boudin. Confiding to her that Mlle. Brisson had no reason for saying that they were to be married, he quickly gained Madame Boudin's good graces. Greene was a likable fellow and it was not long before he announced that at last he had found the right girl for his wife and intended to marry her as soon as possible. The next day after this announcement Madame Boudin appeared with a solitaire. . . . Greene in order to make good his promise had been forced to purchase it for Madame; of course he expected to recover it when the dénouement came, but somehow Madame Boudin secreted it and we never got it back. Our expense account for this case required quite a bit of explaining to the chief when he went over it and found an item which read: "One solitaire diamond ring.....300 Francs.".....

When Madame Boudin appeared with the solitaire the fun commenced. Consumed with rage and jealousy, Mlle. Brisson lost her self-control entirely. Accusations and counter-accusations flew fast and furiously around the head of Greene and soon he had the complete story:

Cruising along the French coast was a German

submarine whose duty it was to pick up the information gathered by the various spies and take it direct to Germany. Receiving word of the expected arrival or sailing of a convoy, our trio signalled the news to the Belgian's house across the bay; the Belgian, in turn, would pass it on to the Point; from there they would pass the news to some submarine, which, in turn, would wireless it to some other submarine in the vicinity.

If, however, they had what they classed as general information, they would signal in a different manner, and then on the next day would go out in the boat and drop the message overboard in a small bottle, so weighted that it would sink, but having a small float attached. This bottle was always dropped in the same place.

The supposed Belgian would then come out in his boat, pick up the bottle, and keep it until he had notified the man at the Point that he had a message to pass on to Germany. On the following morning he would take his boat and cruise around the Point at the time the cottagers were in bathing and, passing close to the shore, would hand or drop the message overboard to the man from the house who, having watched him coming with his boat, would swim far enough out so that no one would suspect that anything was going on.

The swimmer would then hide the message under his bathing suit, carry it into the house, and keep it until he had a chance to notify the submarine that

he had a message. When he knew that the submarine had received his signals, he would swim out to that ledge and secrete it there. That night the captain of the submarine would send in a boat and get it, and together with other messages picked up along the coast, would return to Germany. No doubt along the French coast there were many such stations which harvested much valuable information for Germany. *This was the method used. . . . And once more a jealous woman had upset the carefully thought-out plans of the German Secret Service.*

We could now "Plug that leak!"

With a full knowledge of the methods of transmitting the information out of France and into Germany and of all the spies involved, and with plenty of evidence at hand to convict, we decided to at once arrest the entire group. So that neither Madame Boudin, nor Madame Fountain, nor Mlle. Brisson could possibly spread the alarm, they were placed under close guard in their rooms. Meanwhile, men were detailed to raid both houses where, as we knew, the master minds were located. All watches were set to the minute; and at nine o'clock that same night the arrests were to be made. In some way the Belgian discovered us before we could gain an entrance to his home and, fleeing upstairs to his room, he barricaded the door. Just as we were forcing the door we heard the shot which instantly ended his life. The man at the Point we arrested; but before he could be brought to trial he succeeded in hanging himself in his cell.

The rest were tried and convicted. The ringleaders were sentenced to death, while the minor offenders were sent to the French penal colony in Africa.

The arrest and conviction of these spies frightened any others who might have been working in this neighbourhood. But for fear that the German High Command, knowing full well what a gold mine of information this city was, would send others, Arcachon was placed "off limits" for all American troops; for where there were no troops the information available would not pay for the risk involved.

## THE COCAINE SMUGGLERS

GENERAL, were you ever homesick? Did you ever feel that if something did not happen soon you would go crazy? Did you ever see rugged men break down under this malady and cry like babies or go crazy and jump over the barricades? If you have ever suffered such pangs of homesickness you know the answer to why so many of our men are turning to cocaine. To them a whiff of cocaine is a great relief, a boon." . . .

Homesickness was first recognized as an official disease in the army during the Philippine campaigns in the years 1900-1902. The Surgeon-General of the army devoted to this malady several pages of his official report covering that period. There, one may read how strong men suddenly went crazy and, running amuck, jumped over the barricades and were lost for weeks in the wilderness; how others broke down and cried and cried and cried, until it was necessary to dull the ache with drugs; while still others took to drink and would stay drunk for days at a time. It is one of the most insidious of all diseases. Through the aid of the various welfare organizations an attempt was made in the last war to counteract homesickness; but outside of those wonderful mothers of

the Salvation Army, it was not a marked success. Many a soldier, if he would but tell the truth, would admit that night after night he has suffered and sometimes has even cried himself to sleep over the intense longing for home. . . .

"No doubt," replied the General, "all that you say is true, but I don't believe that it is quite as black as you paint it. Anyway, get after it and show me!"

This conversation with the General occurred as the result of a report made to us by Colonel Donnelly, of the Medical Department of the Base.

"Major, we must have your coöperation at once," pleaded the Colonel. "There is an alarming increase in the number of 'dope cases' we are called upon to treat! Every day new victims are brought to the hospital for cure; while at Bassens there is one stevedore battalion so thoroughly under the influence of this baneful drug that over ten per cent. of the men are classed 'ineffective' and that means that they are slowed up just that same amount in getting their shipments off for the front on time. If we do not want our Base to have a bad record, we must put a stop to the selling of this drug, cocaine, which seems to be the only one being used to any extent."

Of course we had known for some time that there were drug addicts among our troops, but we did not realize the seriousness of the situation until the daily medical reports began to be filled with cases of cocaine poisoning. It was these reports that brought Colonel Donnelly to our office asking for help. If the

Colonel was right, and his daily reports were evidence enough that he was, it was time for quick action.

France has some very drastic narcotic laws, but her men in the drug-enforcement department had been called to the colours and her force thus depleted. Consequently four years of the war had sadly lowered the standard of enforcement of these laws, and if a continuous war is not carried on against drug peddlers they soon become very bold.

Our quickest way, although to an outsider it might well be considered the most cruel, was to take one of the well-known users of the drug whom we had arrested while under its influence and, by confining him in the hospital under the direct charge of a doctor, shut off his drugs until he would talk. (I will admit that it was a hard-hearted procedure, but it was also the most direct way to reach the evil's source.)

One of the worst cases was selected; and this soldier we confined in a room especially fitted up for him, with Lieutenant Murphy, our medical officer, in constant attendance. Any one who has had the gruesome experience of listening to the ravings of a drug fiend will know something of what we went through before we succeeded in breaking down the resistance of this drug-crazed man.

He was a pale, anemic chap and when we took him to the room in the hospital was so weak that he had to be supported by two men. But when the craving for the drug took possession of him, it was necessary to hold him in bed by main force, and it took three

men to do it; yelling at the top of his voice one second, babbling like a child the next, he continually begged for just one dose of the drug.

"Please! Oh, please! Please, doctor, give me some cocaine! I shall die if you don't!" was his plaint for a few minutes. Then, suddenly seized with a maniacal frenzy, he would curse us at the top of his voice, until, from sheer exhaustion, he would quiet down. Watching this man's sufferings made me realize why it is that some drug fiends will commit even murder to secure possession of the drug. . . . To every demand for cocaine he was met with:

"Yes, you may have some when you tell us where you have been getting the 'snow.'"

Then a sly, crafty look would come into his eyes and he would laugh at us and curse us some more, telling us we would never find out through him.

It was a terrible strain upon us all and a question in my mind as to who was suffering the more: the addict, crying and cursing for his drug, or the few of us gathered around that bed who, with pity in our hearts, yet had to steel ourselves to his cries, holding to the thought that it was only through the suffering of this poor boy that hundreds of others of our boys might be saved from a similar fate. We fought him for three days before he gave up the unequal struggle. Then, exhausted from his last spasm, he cried out: "Damn you for hard-hearted wretches! Give me some cocaine and I'll put you wise as to where I've been getting it."

Lieutenant Murphy, with all the kindness of a woman, eased his cravings. After the cocaine had time to get in its work, the sufferer told us what we had been struggling for three days to find out:

"I have been a user of cocaine for three years," he said, "and have had treatment for the habit twice. But a short time ago the old craving came over me and I tried several drug stores for a supply. Not one would sell me any. So I next resorted to an old trick of mine, and when in front of a doctor's office I pretended to have a fit and staggered up the steps. By playing on the doctor's sympathy I succeeded in persuading him to give me a prescription and to tell me where I could have it filled. This I at once took to the drug store named by the doctor and had no trouble in securing a small supply.

"When that was gone I tried to get more at the same place; but the druggist refused to sell me any more unless I got another prescription. While I was pleading with the man I noticed that a Frenchman seemed to be listening, and when I went out he followed me. In English he asked me if he could help me in any way; and, knowing that he had heard me talking with the druggist, I told him the truth.

"He offered to show me a place where I could obtain all the cocaine I wanted if I had enough money.

"I told him I had plenty.

"Then he took me down to 'Spanish Town' and introduced me to a man by the name of Manuel Ferez,

who claimed to be a Spaniard. Short and thick-set, with a swarthy skin, he appeared more like an East Indian. Deep-set black eyes peered forth from under bushy eyebrows and, with a scar across his left cheek, he looked exactly what he was, a white-slaver.

"Ferez demanded to see my money, and when I displayed it he seized a 50-franc note with all the greed of a Shylock, giving me in exchange the 'snow' I craved. Ever since that day I have been a good customer of this man's and have been sending my buddies to the same source of supply."

As soon as possible this soldier was placed in a motor-car and, with one of our men driving, the two of them went to "Spanish Town" and found where Ferez lived.

Realizing that a case of this nature required very cautious men to handle it, Rich and Reilly were detailed to run down the source of supply and arrest the sellers. It has been said that success in the detection of crime depends not upon the big things, but rather upon the minute attention to detail. It would not do to send two men on a case of this kind until they were thoroughly posted on what might be called *local atmosphere*. So Rich and Reilly were placed in the hospital among the users of the drug. Here they were to familiarize themselves thoroughly with the lingo of the cocaine addicts and also to study the mannerisms of these poor unfortunates.

Those who are familiar with cocaine drug-users

know the telltale pallor of a confirmed user. So after these two mastered the lingo of the addicts, Lieutenant Murphy came to the rescue and changed the healthy glow of our men's skins to the pallor of the drug-user. Murphy was quite equal to the task and soon announced that if he didn't know otherwise he would condemn them both as drug-users by their looks alone. An artful job with grease-paint and wax defied the closest scrutiny.

In the detection of crime one must avail himself of the instruments at hand. In the underworld of Bordeaux was a man (for his own safety he must go unnamed) who, although engaged in business that decent men condemn, was nevertheless a very great help to us in numerous instances. Always willing to use all his people for the collecting of information for us, he was in certain ways invaluable, for through him I was always kept in touch with the underworld and I knew many things that were supposed to be buried deep. When I asked him for help, he readily agreed to put Rich and Reilly in touch with Ferez and vouch for them, which he soon did.

Rich and Reilly were to pose both as users and peddlers. They were to represent themselves as having plenty of money, and as soldiers they could sell the dope to the troops. Two interviews with Ferez convinced them that in him they had found only a retailer, and that Ferez himself paid tribute to someone higher up. It was this one higher up that we wanted. It was most necessary, too, if we were to be suc-

cessful, that we shut off the source of supply at the fountain-head. Putting this little "piker" in jail would by no means stop the sale of cocaine.

To reach this one higher up, Rich casually remarked to Ferez: "Ferez, you and I can make some money on the side! Reilly has a man in tow who has loads of money! This man has been convinced that there is money in this business and he is ready to purchase 'snow' in large amounts. If we can put this man of Reilly's in touch with the wholesalers we can get a 'rake-off' both ways! He will pay, and so should your man!"

"Before I would make a move," said Ferez, "I should want to meet this man! Tell Reilly to bring him down and I will talk with him. I must be sure of what I do, for if I make a slip my life would pay the forfeit!"

"All right!" replied Rich. "I know you can depend absolutely upon this man. I'll bring him down tomorrow night."

On the next night, dressed in civilian clothes, I accompanied Rich and Reilly to Ferez's house. I explained to him that I had connections where I could dispose of large amounts of the drug and I showed him a large roll of bills. I was to purchase the first order to the amount of 15,000 francs; and if the first lot was satisfactory I would then take 30,000 francs' worth the next shipment.

Ferez, without doubt, figured on getting a good slice out of this money and, in consequence, his cu-

pidity overcame his native caution and he agreed to try and put me in touch with his "Chief."

They were a suspicious lot—these cocaine smugglers. It required a great deal of letter-writing and telegraphing before the *inner circle* would agree even to meet me. Finally their desire for the money carried the day and they sent a man down to Bordeaux to investigate.

We met at Ferez's house, and almost his first words were: "I want to see the colour of your money."

I laughed. "Do you think," I demanded, "that I would be fool enough to carry 15,000 francs with me? I should say not! I also wanted to see you first! But now I will go and get the money and be back here in an hour, and then we can talk business."

Going to my office, I took the money out of the safe and returned with it. Since I had Rich and Reilly with me, I felt safe in taking the money there. Fifteen thousand francs is a large sum of money to the average French crook, so we were on the watch for trouble. It was evident, however, that they were playing square with us and did not intend, at this time, to kill the goose that was to lay the golden eggs.

And once again their cupidity carried the day for me: the man from Paris agreed to meet me in that city and introduce me to the "Chief."

Not to take any chances, I had Rich and Reilly accompany me to Paris. As an added precaution I

also had Lieutenant Greene and Sergeant Graham, in civilian clothes, go along. They were to keep a continual shadow on us and "tip us off" if things looked dangerous. I believed that the smugglers would play square with me as long as it suited their purpose, but I didn't know just how long that would be. It would not be at all difficult for them to try and knock me over the head and clear out with the money—and I never believed in taking unnecessary chances.

With Ferez as a guide we all went to Paris, where we stayed at one of the second-rate hotels. We had to await the pleasure of the head crook; and Ferez informed us after he had gone to see the "Chief" that it might be two or three days before he would see us. In the meantime, we could see Paris.

This "Chief" was a very clever and a very cautious man as well. During the time we were supposed to be *seeing Paris,* we were, in reality, being *seen* by the ring, and the "Chief" was studying us at his leisure. As we learned afterward, when we went for a walk with Ferez, he would manage to take us to a café where, while sipping our wine, the "Chief," within two or three tables of us, would have the opportunity calmly to look us over. Several times I was conscious of the scrutiny of a pair of eyes as if trying to bore into my innermost consciousness, but I never quite located those eyes. In many ways we were tested; our rooms were entered while we were out and our baggage searched, although they were careful to re-

place the various articles; strangers would accost us on the street and try to lead the conversation around into personal channels; day and night we were followed, our shadows, in turn, shadowed by Greene and Graham. In fact, we were subjected to a most exhaustive examination before they allowed us to meet the "Chief."

We were well aware of all that was going on, for Greene managed to keep us advised, and we played our hand accordingly—and then Ferez suddenly announced that at last we were to be presented to the "Chief."

Our waiting was over. Preparing for any emergency we carefully inspected our guns; and Greene was instructed to call on the French Chief of Police and explain the circumstances to him and secure his assistance.

Soon Ferez came for us and we entered a cab and were driven to the other side of the city from our hotel. Stopping before a house in a most forbidding neighbourhood, we left the cab and started on the last stage of the journey afoot. Walking down a short flight of stone steps, Ferez opened a door and we were ushered into one of the worst dives in Paris. Lighted as it was by swinging kerosene lamps, and with the windows closed, the fumes that met us as we entered were almost overpowering: the odour of stale wine, mingled with the smell of the lamps and the visitors, was nearly enough to turn the strongest stomach. Dirty was no name for either the place or

the denizens who were there that night. But it was a place where, without fuss or feathers, a knife could be quietly slipped between a man's ribs or the cord of the garroter could effectively do its work with no fear of interference—such was the rendezvous where we met the "Chief" who, while claiming to be French, looked to me too much like a boche.

When introduced by Ferez, in the desire to appear friendly with this man, I offered him my hand, when, to my astonishment, a gun flashed out in his hand, and I was covered. That gun was pointing directly at my heart and as wicked a pair of eyes as I ever saw glared behind the sights.

"I know you for just what you are," said Solvinsky (the name by which he had been introduced). "You are a member of the damned American Secret Service! In just two minutes I'm going to send a bullet crashing through your cowardly heart! You think you are smart, don't you? But now I guess you know that there are smarter people in this world. If you ever prayed, pray now, for the time flies, and in two minutes I am going to send you on a long, long journey—and there are no return tickets sold."

If this man was aiming at my heart and intended to hit it when he fired, he was aiming far too low just then; for that necessary organ was at this time away up in my throat.

It was a tense moment—tense in the extreme. If this man meant what he said, there was no chance for me to resist. He could fire before I could make

a move, so there was no use for me to make a try for my gun. And, unfortunately, I was standing in such a position that neither Rich nor Reilly could fire without hitting me, and Greene and Graham had not yet shown up.

What was I to do? What *could* I do? For me it was a desperate situation! Taking a rapid glance around the room, I saw everyone watching, but no one making a move, either to pull a gun or to interfere. Then, like a flash, it suddenly dawned upon me that if this man really believed what he had just uttered, he never would have taken the trouble to have had me brought to this place just to kill me. There had been plenty of opportunities for a quiet shot since our arrival in Paris. Now realizing that my only hope lay in bluffing it out, I slowly advanced toward this man. Never taking my eyes from his face and gradually moving nearer and nearer until I finally stood where I could grasp the barrel of his revolver, I reached out with deliberation and as slowly as I had advanced toward him I as slowly turned the barrel toward the floor.

"You better look out," I remarked, in what I hoped seemed a steady voice, "or that thing might go off and someone might get hurt! You wouldn't kill the man who is trying to help you make some money, would you? Besides, I did not bring the 15,000 francs with me. Better wait until you can get that!"

"I was only trying you out," chuckled Solvinsky. "If you had made a move to pull your gun, I would

have fired; for then, in that case, I would have known you were just what I had accused you of being —a damned American spy!"

When I had recovered control of my nerves and, after several attempts, had finally induced my heart to return to its normal place and resume functioning, I sat down beside this affable gentleman.

That evening spent in the company of Solvinsky was one never to be forgotten. Surrounded as we were by some of the worst cut-throats of Paris and adventurers from every clime, the stunts which they performed for our entertainment that night were almost beyond belief. The air was growing heavy with tobacco smoke; the oil-lamp fumes mingled with the odour of cheap wine seemed to strangle us; it was a continuous effort, and even a struggle, to supply the oxygen which our lungs were crying for and at the same time retain control of all our faculties—so vitally necessary. A slip on our part would mean sudden death.

At last Solvinsky, tired with the performance, condescended to talk business and after a while admitted that his stock of drugs was too small to supply my needs.

"You see, my dear friend, we do not keep a large stock of the drug here in Paris; so if the police should stumble on it, we do not lose very much. Our supply comes from Spain. I will arrange with our agent there and you can meet us in Hendaye in a few days and buy direct from my man there. You return to

Bordeaux and as soon as I am ready I will notify Ferez and he will arrange for the meeting at Hendaye."

What a great relief it was when we could once more breathe the fresh air! We stood still on the sidewalk and filled our lungs again and again to clear away the poison gathered from that foul air!

We were indeed glad to return to Bordeaux. There, at least, we would not be required to spend another evening in such company and under such conditions as we had the last one.

Arriving at Bordeaux and going to my office, I cleared up those things that had accumulated while I had been away. I was ready for Ferez when he notified Rich that Solvinsky had made the necessary arrangements and was prepared for us at Hendaye. Accompanied by Rich and Reilly and still trailed by those two faithful men, Greene and Graham, we arrived at Hendaye. Greene's first work was to get in touch with the French and arrange for the necessary help to make the arrests when the time came.

Nearly the first word Solvinsky said when I met him was to suggest that I turn the money over to him and then he would cross over to Spain and get the cocaine. I had rather expected some such move from this man and was ready with a reply.

"Nothing doing!" I burst out. "I must have the drugs before I turn over the money. It is not that I don't trust you, Solvinsky, but between good business men it isn't done."

"All right!" laughed Solvinsky. "I merely wanted

to save you a trip up into the mountains. I don't hold it against you that you are so cautious. I'll arrange for the transfer to-morrow night at a hut in the mountains."

Rushing over into Spain and as quickly returning, Solvinsky announced that final plans had been made and we all would soon be back in Paris. With everything ready to close in on the gang, and anxious to return to other cases in Bordeaux, we impatiently waited for night to come.

Then, while with us, Solvinsky received a telegram. He read it, and without telling us the reason why, calmly announced that for the present the trip was off; and he at once hurried Ferez across the border to tell the man in Spain to hold up until further orders.

What was the matter? What was in that telegram that had, in the twinkling of an eye, changed all the plans? Was all our work gone for naught? These and other questions immediately flashed through our minds as we considered this sudden and ominous postponement of our plans. It was vitally necessary to our future success that we see that telegram, and see it right away! But how?

It seemed the quickest way to get Solvinsky drunk and then, at our leisure, go through his pockets. We didn't know his capacity for wine and it might well be that he could stand quantities; so it was arranged that I should start it; and if he could put me under the table, then Rich was to take up the task; in any

event, Reilly was to stay sober so that, if we won out, he could read the telegram. With this in mind I suggested to Solvinsky that, inasmuch as we had to wait and Hendaye was a dull town, we have a good dinner with plenty of wine to make the time pass more agreeably. Since I proposed it, it would be up to me to pay the bills.

Solvinsky was always ready to enjoy the other fellow's hospitality; and, as long as the party did not cost him anything, he was quite ready to accept.

At the dinner Solvinsky was soon started on the road to stupefaction. Before it was over he was drunk; a few more bottles finished what had been so well begun, and soon we had to carry him to his room. After being undressed and put to bed, he at once dropped off into a deep sleep, and Reilly was able to go through the criminal's pockets at his leisure, and soon had a copy of the message. Later on, in my room, he handed the copy to me—and Solvinsky was none the wiser!

Consternation seized us when we found out what that message contained, for in it we could read the end of all our carefully laid plans. The telegram was signed by a man whose name I at once recognized as the sergeant at the hospital at Bassens. It read:

"Have learned you are in Hendaye. Need more medicine, so will be in Hendaye in two days for some." . . . And it was signed: . . ."Marshall."

If this Marshall was the man I supposed, he came from the Bassens camp, and the chances were that he

might know me by sight. If he did, and found me in such close personal touch with Ferez and Solvinsky, he soon would spoil it all. Then again, if I suddenly left Hendaye, Solvinsky would himself smell a mouse. I could not leave, and I surely could not stay and meet Marshall. What under the sun could I do? It certainly had me puzzled when, to my great relief, Reilly solved the difficulty for me.

"Say, Major," suggested Reilly, "I have it! You have suddenly been taken sick with the 'flu'! I'll get a French Secret Service man to act as your doctor. He can put you in quarantine, and I'll be your nurse and the go-between for you and Solvinsky. Thus you will be on the spot and yet secluded, so that neither Solvinsky nor Marshall will see you."

I agreed to this scheme. Reilly hurried away to arrange for the doctor, while I took to my bed, prepared to have a high fever, if necessary, to fool them. The ruse worked like a charm. Solvinsky, learning that my sickness was contagious and afraid of his worthless life, steered clear of my room; while Marshall, intent only upon getting his supply of cocaine and returning to his duties, learned nothing whatever of my presence.

We had hoped that Marshall would get his drugs and return to Bassens, but no such luck! They decided that he, too, should go up into the mountains for his supply. As Marshall had been the cause of the delay and now further delay was no longer necessary, Solvinsky was anxious to get the deal over

with and hurry back to his beloved Paris; so he arranged for the transfer to be on the very next night after Marshall arrived. Still afraid of being recognized, I had to remain in my room, delegating Rich to complete the transaction in my stead, with Reilly along for company. Lieutenant Greene was "tipped off" as to when the start was to be made. He reported that he had made all the arrangements and a good strong force of French police would be hiding around the hut by the time the others arrived.

The night arrived, just the right kind of a night for such crooks. The Devil, they say, takes care of his own. If he does, he surely was on duty this night; for it was as disagreeable a night for human beings to be out as ever I saw. In the lowlands a heavy mist seeped down that soon penetrated to the skin, while a cold wind added to the discomforts of the whole party—a perfect night for dark deeds. No honest men but ourselves were abroad. Even the local French police were under cover.

Allowing the crowd a fifteen-minute start, I followed along with a French guide. We finally made the hut in the mountains. Greene was on the lookout for me and met me a short distance down the path. He told me that the whole gang, except the Spaniard, were in the hut. It was a cold session for us who had to wait outside for the arrival of that Spaniard. We did not dare to move around to keep warm for fear, either of frightening off the Spaniard or that those inside the hut would hear us and run.

All we could do was to curse an unkind fate that kept the honest men outside in the cold and rain, while within were the crooks, warmly housed. We promised that crew in the hut a much warmer time if they would only give us the opportunity, when we started in to round them up.

The tardy Spaniard eventually arrived, and, passing through the line of crouching men on watch in the darkness, entered the hut. Then we were ready to close the trap. Each man knew exactly what he was to do and each man did it with commendable promptness, the French making the arrests. All wanted to get into the fire.

How Solvinsky cursed me when he discovered who I really was! Straining at his bonds, and with foam-flecked lips, he cried: "Damn you! Why didn't I pull that trigger that night? I felt, then, that you were not what you claimed you were! Why didn't I do what my instinct told me to and send that bullet crashing through your spying heart?" And then one of the French police shut him up tight.

Taking advantage of an old trick of putting one crook to accuse another when in need of evidence, we had arranged that both Rich and Reilly should be arrested with the rest. If there was any detail that we had overlooked, I was certain that these two men of ours would get it. They staged a fine bit of acting when they, too, accused me of double-crossing them.

Of all the raids that I participated in in France, this one was the most weird and dramatic. Away up

in the mountains, in Stygian darkness, half the time in a pouring rain, and the other half amidst the clouds themselves, we held our investigation.

Interviewing one at a time, we questioned our captives. When Reilly's time came, he whispered to me that while he was coming up the mountain he had talked with Marshall who, in a burst of confidence, had told him that he did not get all his cocaine from this source, that he had still another place where he could get a certain amount. Even while we had been congratulating ourselves that we had plugged the source, and the only source as we thought, here was a development as sudden as it was unexpected, and if we were to be 100 per cent. successful, we must also close this avenue. Reilly suggested to me that he and Marshall be allowed to escape and he himself would try to find out the source of Marshall's other supply. So it was agreed that they should fade away into the darkness. Greene was tipped off. And when we started to round up our prisoners for the return trip, Reilly and Marshall were missing. After lining up the prisoners we first handcuffed them, the left hand of one to the right hand of another; then, when we had them in pairs, we snapped a light steel chain to the handcuffs. It reminded me of the days on the farm when we used to hook up several pairs of oxen to a sled.

When we returned to Bordeaux, Reilly reported that he had accompanied Marshall back to Bassens. But it was evident that Marshall's recent experience

had given him such a jolt that he was on his guard, and not a thing could Reilly learn, nor could he win his confidence. So we withdrew Reilly and sent over another of our men, Sergeant Hines.

We had Hines detailed as an orderly at the hospital where Marshall was; and in this way we were able to watch the inner workings of the hospital. Marshall's recent flight was still too vivid for him to start at once peddling the dope and for a few days he made no move. Then, as his fear of arrest subsided, he resumed the sale of cocaine. Marshall was the senior medical sergeant in charge of the receiving-room of the hospital at the camp where so many of the stevedores had become addicts of cocaine. Hines was not long in discovering just how Marshall worked it.

The method of handling sickness in our army was efficient. Every morning any man in the camp who felt sick was put on "sick report," which meant an opportunity of telling the doctor just what the matter was. Of course some men who were lazy and wanted to get out or work, would try and beat this report. In other words, they would go on "sick report" to try to fool the doctor and thus get a few days' rest out of it, either in the hospital or in quarters. Every one whose name was on the sick-book went to the hospital where first Marshall interviewed them; and, after separating the ill from the "beats," sent them on in to the doctor.

Those of the stevedores who were in on the "know," would get on sick report and thus get to the hospital.

One at a time they would enter the examining room. Here they would pay their money and receive the drugs, while Marshall would give them a couple of days in quarters, thus enabling them to get out of any work.

We now had Marshall's method of distributing the dope, but we still wanted his smaller source of supply. Hines, in his work as orderly, had access to all parts of the hospital. He discovered in the examination room Marshall's cache where he kept his supply of the drug. A daily checking up on this cache soon developed the startling information that the supply of cocaine was largest just after a shipment of medical supplies had been received from the intermediate medical supply at Gièvres.

Clark, another of our men, was then sent to Gièvres. There, after a conference with the commanding officer of that camp, he was detailed to the medical supply depot. It didn't require much effort on the part of Clark to discover that all requisitions from Bassens, the main supply base, were handled by one man, Corporal Blake. Clark secured copies of the requisitions, checked them up, and found that the majority had, in addition to the name of the medical officer of the hospital, the initials of Marshall in the lower left-hand corner.

With this information in our possession, we decided to try to force a confession out of Blake. Under the cover of darkness Blake was arrested and smuggled out of the camp, nor did we tell him the

reason for his arrest. By daylight he was in our office at Bordeaux.

There have been many stories circulated about the cruelty practised on the American soldiers in France, 99 per cent. of which is all "bunk." Never did we attempt to secure a confession unless we had a doctor present, and then never by the use of physical force. We found there is nothing so effective with a certain type of soldier in causing him to lose his bravado as silence. "How by silence?" you ask. Put a suspect in a room with an officer and—completely ignore him. If he is guilty, in nine cases out of ten he will eventually confess—the strain is too great to hold out against.

Blake was placed in a chair behind me, but so arranged that he could see my face and my desk in a mirror. Then began a battle of wits. Without speaking a word I first took up Blake's descriptive card, which contained his complete record; next, I took a pencil and marked down on the top of the page, so that he could see it, the names of his father and mother; then I commenced to read the requisitions, sorting out those which had initials on them.

For over an hour this combat of silence went on. Blake was now beginning to twist and turn in his chair. First he would watch my face in the mirror; then the magnet of those requisitions would pull his eyes downward and he would stare at those papers as if trying to blot out the telltale marks. Unable to watch them any longer, his eyes would turn to-

ward the notations I was so industriously making in the book. The suspense was becoming too great for him.

Breaking the silence he asked what the penalty was for what he had done. I told him it all depended upon himself, since we knew about it; and building a case out of what we had succeeded in finding out linked with what we surmised, I asked him if it was true.

"Yes, Major, it's all true just as you have stated it. Let me explain about it!" and then he told us the whole story.

"Sergeant Marshall and I were chums in the States; and when we found that we were in a position to profit by stealing and selling cocaine, we could not resist the opportunity to make some easy money. Marshall did the selling while I attended to the supplies, and we split even on the money. Our plan worked like a charm. When I received a requisition for drugs from Marshall, if it had his initials, I would fill it with cocaine and outfits and forward it as so much medicine; then when Marshall received it at the hospital, he in turn would enter it on his books as medical supplies, then expend it by entering in his ledger: 'Used up in treatment.' This would destroy any evidence of his crooked work. When the inspector examined his books he would find everything correct."

In court-martial cases a confession obtained from the accused is not considered as good evidence if not

substantiated; accordingly we arranged for Blake to return to his post with the understanding that if he would help us catch Marshall, we would recommend to the General that he be given consideration for his work. We then awaited the next requisition from Marshall; and when it was filled, we marked every bottle with a secret mark. Hines, at the hospital, was warned as to what was going on, and he watched the cache. When the shipment came in, Marshall entered it up as so much medicine and placed the dope in his cache. Then he started in to sell it. This was sufficient evidence, and we arrested him as well as the men who had just purchased the dope. Searching the prisoners we found they all had our secretly marked bottles of the drug.

With Marshall under arrest we had the French bring to Bordeaux the men whom we had arrested on the frontier and who had since then been in jail at Hendaye. Through their confessions we ultimately found the rest of the peddlers, and the French captured them all. Adding up the results, we found that we had been successful in seizing over $5,000 worth of cocaine and we had successfully plugged the source of supply.

When tried, the civilians were all found guilty. The French judge gave them sentences varying from two years to life—life in the penal colony for the ringleaders.

## THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

MAJOR, if you didn't break Spanish neutrality wide open this time, you most certainly put a deep crack in it. Spain was furious at what they considered an unwarranted invasion of their territory when you arrested that man. They claimed he was a Spanish subject, as you know, and if you had not had an iron-clad case against him, much as we would have hated to, we would have been forced to offer you up as a sacrifice. Do not do such a thing again; we can't afford to take any more chances."

That was the first and last rebuke my Chief gave me while I served under him in France.

My offense resulted from a message reading:

> Intelligence service in Spain reports large influx American deserters into that country. Stop exodus.

From time to time, on our trips into Spain, we had encountered scattered American deserters; but this was a more serious matter. We knew that Germany was spending millions of dollars in an endeavour to buy and hold Spanish friendship (I write of World-War times), though one faction was strong for the

Allies. There were also monetary reasons why Spain was not coöperating with us in keeping her frontier tightly closed: she was making money out of our deserters.

When one of our soldiers escaped into Spain, her officials interned him, and the United States was forced to pay the Spanish Government for feeding him. Besides this, the Geneva Conference required that all interned soldiers be paid. Then, too, the exchange favoured Spain. Worse still—a real danger—Spain was overrun with German spies, and by cultivating the acquaintance of these deserters they were able to obtain valuable information.

A draft army obviously must contain many non-fighters or men who, having blood relations among the enemy, never intended to fight their kinsmen. Many of these succeeded in escaping before they could be sent overseas; while others watched their opportunity to desert after they landed in France.

The southern part of Base Section No. 2 included the French-Spanish frontier extending through the Pyrenees Mountains, with many a road leading into that district. Early in the war the Allied commanders, realizing the potential danger from German spies in this territory, had closed it for all troops except the forestry regiments. At each of the frontier towns the French had stationed a small detachment of partially disabled soldiers whose duty it was to arrest any of her soldiers, or even civilians, who did not have proper credentials.

Lieutenant Hodson, who spoke Spanish fluently, was sent to Spain to check up on the activities of the deserters and to obtain first-hand information. In civilian clothes and posing as a Mexican, he studied the situation. When he returned to our headquarters, his report convinced us that, if there was not an organized effort to assist Allied soldiers who wished to desert into that country, at least there was a well-known path that the majority followed.

Some of these deserters told Hodson how they had been supplied with passports and were now waiting for the opportunity to pass on into Austria, or even into Germany. But when these men were questioned as to how they had managed to travel across France, they were dumb. Not one of them would tell how it was done, yet here was conclusive evidence to prove that a soldier without a pass could, somehow, get from the front clear through to Spain right in the face of all the military police scattered around in France.

Without doubt the deserters travelled mainly by train. So our first idea was to cover all the trains that passed through our section and, at some point in the line, to search and arrest every passenger who did not have credentials. We even went so far as to requisition more police, to enable us to place one M. P. on every train. But before we got to that something happened.

One night, at St. Sulpice, one of our Negro military police arrested three white soldiers.

St. Sulpice was one of our large intermediate supply depots on the way to the front. There we had many troops. This night there had been a bad wreck between St. Sulpice and Bordeaux, and the railroad officials had stopped the night express from Paris at the St. Sulpice station, with the intention of bringing the passengers by motor-trucks into Bordeaux in the morning. Our coloured M. P. was standing on the platform, when he was approached by three strange white soldiers who insisted that they were ordered to report to him.

"What for are you to report to me?" asked the M. P.

"We're from Paris, and we were told that you were to look out for us until you could send us into Spain!"

"All right, boys! Don't talk, but just you come along with me and I'll find you a nice warm place to sleep."

He surely knew his business, this lad. He led them to headquarters and, opening the door, pushed them inside, face to face with the military police officer in charge of that district.

"Captain, here's some boys who want to get into Spain. I told 'em you could sure help 'em out." And he told the circumstances of the arrest.

After hearing the story, the M. P. officer considered that the capture warranted immediate action. With a strong guard, he bundled the three deserters into a motor-car and took them to Bordeaux.

Roused out of my bed at two o'clock in the morning, I went to the office to interview the trio.

Preliminary questioning brought out the fact that two of these men were of Austrian parentage and had near relatives fighting in the German Army, while the other was a native American. The latter looked like a clean-cut young chap, and I considered him the one who could be most easily influenced to tell us his story. I took him into my private office.

I soon learned that this man was only twenty-two years old, a volunteer, and had a mother and a sweetheart in the States. By appealing to his love for them, and promising to help rather than punish him, I won him over.

He told us a story that sounded like a tale of Civil War days with its "Underground Railroad."

"I have been over here for six months," he began. "I fought all through Château-Thierry, and then my regiment was sent out of line to a rest billet. I have relatives in Paris; and as there was an order that entitled any soldier who had served six months in France to a seven-day leave, I asked my captain for permission to take my leave and visit them. My captain refused to allow me to go, although he granted leave to others.

"So, right after pay day, I stole away and went A.W.O.L. I knew, of course, that the roads leading to Paris were guarded by the military police, but an American chauffeur carried me by them all, hidden in his truck. During my stay in Paris I was not once

questioned. I intended to see my relatives, take my seven-day leave, and then return to face the music. But it was the old story: I was having a good time, and the days passed all too quickly. Suddenly I remembered that I had been away more than ten days and without a doubt by this time was posted as a deserter."

(In time of war, a soldier absent ten days without permission is classed as a deserter, and may be shot for such desertion—although this was not done in our armies in France.)

"I was standing on a street corner in Paris, debating what was the best thing for me to do, when a civilian came up and spoke to me in English. He introduced himself as M. Moreau. His easy manner led me to believe he was the gentleman his appearance indicated. Altogether he won my confidence. I did not question when he told me he belonged to an organization the members of which devoted their spare hours to seeing that American soldiers on leave in Paris had a pleasant time.

"He invited me, first, to have a drink. One drink led to another, and somehow, before I knew just what I was doing, I was telling him all about my troubles. Moreau sympathized with me.

" 'If you return to your regiment now, you may be shot for desertion,' he said. 'I would not like to think of a friend of mine being shot, so I suggest that you escape into Spain. After the war your government will undoubtedly pardon you, and you can then

return home without trouble. I think I know of a man who can assist you, provided you have money to pay for such assistance.'

"He painted the worst so vividly that I could picture myself facing a firing-squad, and my poor mother at home breaking her heart over her son who had been false to his country. In desperation I agreed to allow him to assist me and turned over to him all the money I had, three hundred francs.

"Moreau took me to a house near a railroad yard, and there he introduced me to a man named Mornay. Moreau told me that Mornay would hide me in his house until the chance came to send me into Spain. While I was waiting for that time to arrive, these other two men were brought in by Moreau.

"Shortly after their arrival we were taken out in the night and put aboard a train for Tours. We were placed in the baggage-car, and Moreau told us that the baggage-man would take care of us until we arrived at St. Pierre des Corps, where we would be met by a man who would hide us in his house until we could be passed on to the next guide.

"Sure enough, when the train arrived at St. Pierre des Corps, the man climbed aboard the baggage-car and, after a few minutes' conversation with the baggage-man, motioned for us to follow him. Guided by the dim light of a lantern, we stumbled across the fields until we came to his house. Here we stayed two days and one night, and then we were put on a train for Bordeaux, in charge of the conductor, who

was to turn us over to an American Negro at Bassens, across the river from Bordeaux. He was to see us on the last part of our journey. We all fell asleep. When we awoke the conductor was nowhere to be seen. The train had stopped, and when I looked out of the window and saw that coloured M. P., I thought we had arrived at Bassens and that he was our guide, so I roused my two companions and we all left the train. You know the rest."

One at a time, the other two prisoners were brought in and questioned. We first related the story as we knew it, and then asked them if they had anything to add to or subtract from it. No, we had it all straight. But not one of them could assist us in locating the places where they had been secreted.

Lieutenant Hodson, with six of our men, went to Paris to follow the story through. Three were put in uniform and set to wandering the streets in the hope that Moreau might spread his nets for them. The other three, in civilian clothes, were detailed to shadow the first three. Although the men walked the streets and frequented the cafés for more than two weeks, they could not get a nibble. As a last resort the men were shifted and a new group were put on the streets.

On the third night after the change, Hines, one of our men, was approached by a man who introduced himself as M. Moreau. He told Hines the same story about being the head of a committee to entertain American soldiers in Paris. Taking Hines into a

café and buying him several drinks, he asked the supposed soldier if he had a pass allowing him to be in the city.

Hines admitted that he had run away for a good time. "I am not going back to the front for a long while if I can help it!" he declared. "I'm about fed up on the fighting!"

To this Moreau replied: "If you really want to get away from all this fighting, I can arrange with a friend of mine for you to go to Spain without fear of being arrested."

"All right," said Hines. "Can you fix it for me?"

"If you have money to pay for the trouble," replied Moreau, "I think it can be arranged. It will cost you five hundred francs."

Hines paid over the money and urged quick action. Telling Hines to follow him, Moreau paid the bill, and both left the café.

Moreau led Hines by a circuitous route through many streets.

It was quite apparent to Hines that Moreau was purposely trying to confuse him so that he couldn't remember the way if caught later on and forced to assist the police in locating the house which they were headed for. After what seemed an unending walk, they finally passed the P. L. M. R. R. railroad station and came to a house that backed up close to the railroad yards. Moreau gave the secret signal, and when the door was opened, Hines and Moreau disappeared inside.

Rich and Graham had had them under surveillance. Leaving Graham on guard, Rich now hurried back to the hotel and reported to Hodson.

Hodson at once sent more men to assist Graham and Rich in covering the house and to pick up the trail of Moreau and discover where he lived. Graham swears to this day that Moreau did not come out. Nevertheless, in some manner he succeeded in getting away, and it was days later before his trail was picked up again.

Only too well realizing the uselessness of trying to shadow the house in the daytime, Hodson had Graham disguise himself as a French labourer and hire rooms in a house across the street. Graham, speaking French like a native, had no difficulty in renting three front rooms. Graham explained to the landlady that he had two friends who would share the rooms with him. There, behind the window-curtains, the three alternately kept continuous watch on the other house. By the time the watch was over we had a very complete description of every caller going through this door.

Meanwhile, we were combing the city for Moreau, while Hines, in the mystery house, was being initiated into the secrets of the Spanish road. Allowed out only at night for exercise, and then always accompanied by one of the band, he became impatient from restraint and delay; but he was told that he would have to wait until there were at least three in the party before they could go forward. To satisfy

him they gave him full details of the system and instructions as to what he should say and do on the trip. Then one night he was overjoyed when three more soldiers were brought in—especially as among them was Rich.

The next night the four, each carrying his few belongings in a paper bundle, left the house, crossed the railroad yard, and climbed into the baggage-car of the Paris-Bordeaux express. The baggage-man hid them behind a pile of boxes.

Calling them from their hiding-place after the train had been under way for a few minutes, he informed Hines, who had been placed in charge of the party, that the first stage of the journey would be finished at St. Pierre des Corps, a junction-point, about two miles outside of Tours. Here, he said, they would be met by another member of the organization, who would take care of them until he could put them on a train for Bordeaux.

When Graham from his window saw the party leave the house, he notified Hodson, so when the train arrived at St. Pierre des Corps, besides the apparent deserters it carried Hodson and Graham, who left the train on opposite sides, ready to take up the trail.

Graham saw the deserters swing off the car and, in charge of a peasant, start off across country. He called to Hodson, and they both trailed along as closely as they dared. Luckily for them, the peasant had brought his lantern with him. Stumbling and floundering around in the darkness, chasing that will-

o'-the-wisp of a lantern—through bushes, falling into ditches and mire, wet to the skin, and chilled by the night air—they finally ran their quarry to earth in an ill-smelling French peasant's cottage. While Graham kept watch on the house, Hodson started off in the darkness across country in search of a telephone, to warn us that the chase was on.

It was well after daylight when Hodson, dirty, footsore, weary, and wet from sudden immersions in numerous ditches that he could not see in the darkness, finally reached St. Pierre. Making his way to the American camp there, he told the commanding officer who he was, and at once communicated the situation to us at Bordeaux.

The deserters, when they left the train, were cautioned not to make any unnecessary noise and to follow behind the guide in single file. When at last they reached the farmhouse, they followed their guide up a ladder and into the loft of the barn, where they threw themselves on the makeshift beds and were soon lost in the sleep of utter exhaustion.

Poor Graham on the outside, after hunting around, finally located a hay-stack. By dint of hard work he dug himself a nest, and crawling in he, too, was soon sound asleep. The next morning, before any one else was stirring, Graham succeeded in finding himself an empty bottle, which he filled with water to sustain him in his lonely vigil. That night Hodson returned, bringing food, and for the first time in twenty-four hours, Graham had something to eat. The two

got what comfort they could in their hay-stack, and prepared to spend that night there and as many more as were necessary until the deserters again started on their journey.

The second night came; and at one o'clock in the morning Hodson, who was on watch, heard the men talking, and soon saw them start back across the fields toward St. Pierre. Waking Graham, they both quietly slipped out of the stack, and once again took up the trail. The procession made its way to the station at St. Pierre.

Once again the deserters boarded the train, but this time riding with the other passengers; and under the care of the conductor, they started on the second leg of the journey. Telling Graham to follow them to Bassens, Hodson left him and, going to the camp, again telephoned us at Bordeaux.

When the train arrived at Bassens, we were there, ready to pick up the trail and follow it through. We sent Graham to take a much-needed rest.

At this time there was employed as a janitor at the American postoffice in Bordeaux an American Negro who had lived in France for about five years. Greatly to our surprise, this Negro was the man who took charge of the deserters when they arrived across the river at Bassens. He piloted them to the outskirts of the town and there, in his own house, he secreted them. This was the Negro the three soldiers whom we had caught at St. Sulpice expected to meet.

The next step of the journey was from Bassens to

Hendaye, a border town near the Spanish line. From Hendaye they were to be sent across the border. Again there was a delay until the right man made the trip to Hendaye. This time the deserters were in for a hard ride—no more passenger expresses; the man who acted as the guide on the Bassens-Hendaye section of the Underground Road was only a conductor on a freight train.

Every freight-car on the French roads has a small hut built on one end, resembling as much as anything the seat on some of our drays. In these cubby-holes the deserters were placed, one in each. Jolting and bouncing around in these small coops, swallowing smoke, with cinders continually in their eyes, unable to sleep for fear of falling off and being crushed under the wheels of the train, each alone with his own thoughts, these men certainly passed a most miserable night. It came to an end in time, and as the first rays of the sun appeared over the Pyrenees, the train stopped. The conductor, approaching the side of the train, instructed the deserters to follow him. A short distance down the track, in a clump of bushes, they were greeted by an old white-haired man. This old man was the fourth member of the organization. It was his duty to hide them until such time as he could supply a guide and send them over the Pyrenees, into Spain and safety.

Allowing his charges to rest a day or two before attempting the long journey on foot that was still ahead of them, the old fellow watched the weather

for a suitable night. The third night—dark, and with a mist from the mountains—proved ideal. With a guide, they started up the trail into the mountains. Arriving at the same old hut we had seen filled with cocaine smugglers,* the deserters were met by a man from the Spanish side of the boundary and were turned over to him, and soon they were safe in Spain. After guiding them down the Spanish side of the mountains, this man turned them over to Spanish Government officials, who interned them, paroling them to the limits of the town.

Both Hines and Rich, having made the entire trip and now knowing the workings of the system, were naturally anxious to return to us in order to give us the details we lacked. Careful inquiry disclosed the fact that various deserters had gone on to Madrid; so Hines and Rich announced that they, too, wanted to go to the capital. They secured permission to do this, and, bidding their friends good-bye, they started, ostensibly to take the night train for Madrid. Instead, they slipped up into the mountains and made their way back to our headquarters.

We now had followed their system through, and knew the people who were implicated in it; but we were determined to get the ringleader out of Spain. We had to be very cautious, because Spain was jealous of her neutrality, and we did not want to cause trouble between her and the Allies. Furthermore, I

*The story about "The Cocaine Smugglers." See page 230.

knew if I made a slip, I would be turned over to the Spanish for trial, even if I were doing excellent work; and while I wanted that crook, I wanted my liberty more. Knowing full well, however, that if he went free we could not say that our work was successful, I determined to take a chance and go and get him.

Putting on civilian clothes, I crossed over into Spain. Guided by the description furnished by Hines and Rich, I soon met the man I was after. I cultivated his friendship, and finally told him in confidence that I myself was a deserter from the American Army, and that I had stolen fifteen thousand dollars, but had been suddenly forced to escape so quickly one night that I had left it behind with a woman in Paris, who would join me as soon as I sent her word. I told him that I was puzzled just how to get word to her, for I was refused the privilege of sending a message at the Spanish telegraph office.

This man then suggested that I take a chance, return to Hendaye, and send the message from there. He also said that he would give me a letter to a friend of his who would help me and keep me hidden, and assist me in returning after arrangements had been made.

This was exactly what I wanted him to do, for it gave me a chance to make final arrangements with the French Secret Service to capture him.

I crossed back into France, and at once went to the office of the French Secret Service. Here plans were made for one of the Frenchwomen attached to their

office in Paris to be instructed and sent down to help close the trap. After making these arrangements, I presented the letter I carried to the friend of the Spanish crook in Hendaye, and he assisted me in returning to Spain. He also promised to meet the woman, send us word when she arrived, and pilot her to the hut in the mountains, where I was to meet her.

Word came through that the woman had arrived at Hendaye and that on the next night she would be at the hut. I wanted to get my man, the chief of the whole scheme, out of Spain; so, when word came, I pretended to be ill, and asked the ringleader to go up to the mountains and meet the woman in my place. I was certain that the chance to get the money and double-cross me would overcome his caution about crossing the border into France. The eagerness with which he accepted the suggestion that he go in my place convinced me that I had judged rightly.

The night came, and off he started. I trailed not far behind him. Eventually he arrived at the hut. Here the crook hesitated. Did he smell a trap? Was his caution returning? Well—there were no witnesses except the French police, and at the trial they one and all swore that they arrested him on French soil.

We now had the Spanish ringleader, and were ready to finish the work and arrest the entire crowd. Men were detailed to cover the houses in Paris, Tours, and Bassens; while others were to shadow the men who worked on the railroad, a time being set to close in on them. We were successful: our first raid netted

us a total of twelve prisoners. A careful search of the houses, coupled with the breaking down of some of the members, who confessed to save their lives, gave us an additional list of other members of the gang, including five women.

At the trial the Spanish Government claimed that we had violated her territory and demanded that we return the prisoner we had arrested on Spanish soil. Our witnesses, however, soon proved that the *actual arrest* had been made on *French soil*, and they withdrew. All of those arrested were convicted, the leaders being placed against a wall and shot. The rest were sent to the French penal colony for life.

## THE MURDER OF PRIVATE HAND

BEFORE the war Bassens was a sleepy little river town in France. Cuddled in between the ridges on one side and the Gironde River on the other, she never dreamed that one day she would be one of the largest ports in France.

But war plays strange tricks with maps and nations; and the American engineers looking for a place to establish a port of entry found Bassens still dreaming. Almost overnight Bassens was changed—presto, and here were miles upon miles of docks with their galvanized-iron warehouses; and thousands of coloured stevedores, recruited and drafted from the levees and the plantations of the South, were in possession of the town.

There was a tremendous flow of all kinds of materials for the American Army passing through Bassens. Far into the night the Negroes could be heard singing as they unloaded the supplies for the fighting units at the front. For the most part these stevedores were like children and discipline was hard to maintain. The only real soldiers were the non-commissioned officers who had been transferred to the stevedore companies from the coloured regiments of the regular army.

In a camp of over 6,000 such units, chafing more or less under military discipline, the usual squabbles and fights incident to camp life were common. But nothing serious had ever happened and the officers were proud of that. On June 15, 1918, however, the commanding officer of the camp reported that two days before, one of his men, Private Hand, had been found dead on a by-path that led from the ridge into camp. Hand had been killed during the night. A Frenchman who was going to work in his vineyard had stumbled over the body the next morning.

It is almost inconceivable that any officer would not realize the importance of notifying the proper authorities as soon as such a crime had been discovered; but here was where the inconceivable happened, for it was two days before I (the Provost Marshal) was told of the crime, and then when I asked where the body was, this officer naïvely replied:

"Did you want to see the body? I sure am sorry, but we buried it yesterday. We didn't think you would care to see it."

Then I blew up for fair.

(Never again did that officer neglect to report at once even the most trivial happening of his camp. In his anxiety to make good he reported one of his men as a deserter, when upon investigation we found that the poor devil had dived off the dock and never came to the surface.)

We had a most difficult case on hand: a murder two days' old, and the body of the victim buried. The

only saving grace about the whole affair was that military regulations required that an autopsy must be performed on all persons found murdered—and the "Medico" had done a thorough job. Hand had been shot twice in the back and the top of his head had been crushed with some blunt instrument. The "Medico" proudly handed us the two bullets he had taken from the body and called our attention to the fact that the gun used was evidently of French make. The two bullets, with Hand's uniform, made up our total assets in the way of clues.

With these few shreds of evidence in our possession we hurried to the scene of the crime, hoping against hope that we might find a lead to work on.

Alas for our hopes! The path, for quite a distance each side of the spot where the body had been found, looked as if it had been well prepared for spring planting. Hobnailed boots tramping over one spot soon cut up the earth. Not only had the path itself been well dug up, but it was evident that a most minute search had been made of each spear of grass. The hedges lining the path were broken down in several places and even the vineyards adjacent to the spot looked as if a cyclone had struck them. Judging from the appearance of the ground, every one of the 6,000 stevedores had visited the spot. If there *had* been any clues, they were either well obliterated or had been carried away as souvenirs.

We were blocked. In reporting the crime to our Chief, at Tours, we admitted that the chances of our

ever finding and bringing the guilty to punishment seemed dubious. Back in the next mail came the report with this laconic endorsement:

Report noted. Find the murderers.

It is very easy, you know, to sit in a swivel-chair in a cool and comfortable office and say: "Find the murderers."

"Yes, but how?" we might have asked had we been civilians; but we were in the army, where "but hows" did not go.

Hunting for a needle in a haystack would be child's play compared to searching through a camp of 6,000 stevedores for a murderer. At best, these Negroes were suspicious of us. To them an army officer represented the authority that had torn them away from a peaceful, happy life and, after submitting them to the horrors of a sea voyage, had transplanted them to a foreign shore. Like all peoples far away from home they were very clannish, and our first investigation netted us nothing new: two lead bullets and the blood-stained uniform, in the pocket of which we had found a pass, were still all we had to work from. The pass belonged to a man by the name of Williams. Williams, we found, was a member of Hand's company.

If one can believe the correspondence schools that teach one how to become a detective, there is no mystery in the solving of a crime.

"Just place yourself," they say, "in the position of

the criminal. Decide what you would do under like circumstances and, in 90 per cent. of these cases, the real criminal did exactly what you yourself would do. Then find the motive for the crime, and the mystery is solved."

Here we had an easy case: Williams's pass in Hand's pocket. Get Williams and we would have the murderer, for it was self-evident that Hand had no right to Williams's pass. The stolen pass was the motive. Hand without doubt had stolen the pass, thus preventing Williams from spending his monthly leave in Bordeaux. Hand, realizing that with the stolen pass he could not hope to enter the camp through the main gate, was trying to slip into the camp over the ridge. Coming in he encountered Williams. Words and accusations followed. Williams, in a rage at Hand for causing him to lose his evening in Bordeaux, killed him.

It really resolved itself into a very simple case after all: Finding Williams was easy enough. He was in the guardhouse at Bassens—and had been there for two weeks! If the records of the guardhouse were correct, and they were, Williams could not have been on the ridge; not having been on the ridge on the night Hand was killed, he could not have committed the murder. The guardhouse records proved a perfect alibi for Williams.

As long as we could not pin the crime on Williams, we fondly hoped that an examination of Hand's history would provide us with the motive.

How we hustled and dug into that man's past!

The entire result, however, was a clean bill for Hand. Hand, we found, was one of the best men in the camp—never causing trouble—quiet—no wine—no gambling—nor did women enter into the well-ordered life of this black soldier, for Hand was a full-blooded Negro, one of the best of a race that produces some of the most faithful, God-fearing humans in the world. His Bible was his best friend; he was always willing to assist the chaplain in his religious work. Everyone was singing the praises of the murdered man. Hand's captain summed it up when he said:

"Hand was a good Christian boy. He lived clean, thought clean, and, to our knowledge, didn't have an enemy in this camp."

And so we found ourselves bumping our several noses against a very blank wall.

Inasmuch as the camp was composed exclusively of coloured troops, we could not work under cover. We tried staining the skin of one of our men and we were congratulating ourselves that we had been very successful when one of the men called attention to our pseudo-stevedore's lips and nose. We might turn a white man into a Negro by staining his skin, but we could not make over his lips or his nose.

Every available man that could be spared from other cases was put to work on this case. It had become a matter of pride with our department that, encounter what obstacles we might, we intended to

solve this mystery and punish those who were guilty. At the end of the first week's investigation, however, we were just where we had started, we were still bumping our noses against the blank wall. If the murderer was in that camp, and we believed he was, his tracks were carefully covered, for the stevedores either could not or would not help us.

It seemed as if every member of the staff at the Base Headquarters became interested in the case. Questions were continually hurled at us about it. Even at the daily conferences with the Commanding General I was always greeted by the "Old Man" with:

"Well, Major, who killed Hand?"

Our Chief, at Tours, also added to our irritation by continually prodding us about it, till it seemed as if the very housetops were shouting the same question:

*"Who killed Hand?"*

But, try as hard as we could, the only thing that we discovered was that blank wall. We were handicapped because our white detectives could not mingle with the stevedores. Finally we began to realize that it was absolutely necessary to place a coloured detective in the Bassens camp if we ever hoped to find the solution of this baffling crime.

Coloured detectives do not grow on trees. The man we needed must be quick to act, for there was no telling what emergency might arise; keen of mind, so that he could eliminate suspicion from himself; observing, so that he would not overlook details that,

while small in themselves, might point the way to the murderer; and brave enough to face and run to earth a desperate criminal who, having killed one man, would not hesitate to kill another if his life and liberty were in jeopardy. It required a careful and painstaking search to find such a man. At our Central Records Office, at Bourge, a feverish examination of the records of the coloured troops finally produced the man we were looking for.

His name, let us say, was Wilson. Before the war he had been connected with the Texas Rangers. The records showed that the Chief of the Rangers spoke highly of Wilson's courage, determination, and intelligence, and that meant a great deal coming from him, because the Rangers hold a place in military estimation comparable to the distinction of the Northwest Mounted Police.

Wilson must be our man. He belonged to a combat unit and was with his company training at the front. The question was how to get him back to us. After carefully considering the matter, we were convinced that an open, formal transfer would not do, for we found that there was more or less correspondence carried on between the Negro combat units at the front and the Negro stevedores at Bassens. We must arrest Wilson on a trumped-up charge and bring him back that way.

We took his captain into our confidence and explained to him the urgency of our case. He, in turn,

agreed to assist us in every possible way. The company was paraded; and there, in front of all his "buddies," Wilson was called from the ranks. The charges of the fictitious crime were read to him and he was formally placed under arrest.

Wilson indignantly denied the accusations, and appealed to his captain.

"Captain, you know that I am innocent of this charge. I did not do it! For Heaven's sake, don't let them take me back to the rear and railroad me to jail! I want to stay here with my buddies!"

It was seemingly a most unjust thing to do, but if we were ever to find an answer to the question, *"Who killed Hand?"* we must have Wilson, and this was the only way to secretly place him in the Bassens camp.

"I am sorry, Wilson," said the Captain, "but I have examined the charges and they are in regular order. No doubt you will be successful in disproving them, but you will have to go with the Major. I will do everything possible to help you." To make a greater impression on Wilson's comrades we handcuffed him and, hustling him into the automobile, we drove away.

Miles away from his camp we stopped and, releasing Wilson, we told him the why and wherefore of it all.

Naturally, he was very angry at such a high-handed method, for we had humiliated him before all of his buddies. He insisted that he did not want to be

transferred to duty in the rear, but wanted a chance to get at the boche.

It was necessary to explain the situation in detail and I did so, telling him that I had been unable to solve the crime and as far as the authorities knew he was the only man in France who could help us. He alone could find the guilty one and thus clear away the cloud of suspicion now resting upon the 6,000 of his fellow-citizens, and an appeal was made to Wilson's pride of race. After a promise to return him to his company as soon as he had finished with the case, he was finally won over to our point of view, and he agreed to assist us.

Wilson was a fine fellow, a graduate of Tuskegee, and one of those brown Negroes who seem not of mixed blood, but to come from a superior African tribe.

In Bordeaux, Wilson was confined in the guardhouse, with instructions to escape as soon as opportunity offered and make his way to the Bassens camp. If possible, he was to join one of the stevedore companies. Major Henderson, who was in charge of the guardhouse at Bordeaux, facilitated the escape, and within a few days Wilson was safely hidden away in the Bassens camp. At first we were apprehensive that he might be arrested there as a deserter, but later on it was all made clear why he was permitted to remain there unmolested.

Not knowing how many pairs of eyes were watching over every movement, I was afraid to have Wil-

son either mail his reports or even come to our secret office to deliver them personally; so knowing the superstitious fears of the coloured stevedores, we arranged that every night between nine and ten I or some one of my staff would be at the spot where Hand had been killed, and here Wilson could make his report.

Several discouraging nights passed before Wilson put in his first appearance. But when he came to the rendezvous he had plenty to tell. For over an hour he poured out a tale that seemed almost incredible.

"Why, Major," he began, "conditions at the Bassens camp are terrible! There are two sergeants there who are running the camp just as they please; their names are Hodges and Pew. There is no attempt at rotation of the guard; instead of every man having a chance to do guard duty, Hodges and Pew select the men they want for the guard—their word is law in the selection—and these two sergeants are making a fortune out of selling places on the guard. You understand that if a man is doing guard duty he is released from work on the docks? Working on the docks is hard, and the men have to work eight hours and sometimes more. Those doing guard duty, however, walk post for four hours and then loaf or sleep the other eight, before they are required to do four hours more of guard duty. Compared with work on the docks, guard duty is a snap. The price for being assigned to guard duty is ten dollars a month, and those

who do not pay are quickly returned to the docks. With three hundred guards in this camp these two sergeants are cleaning up big. However, that is only one source of income, or graft.

"You issued orders," he went on, "that only three hundred men a week from the Bassens camp may come into Bordeaux on pass. All the stevedores want to get into Bordeaux, if possible, so the competition for passes is keen. These two crooks, taking advantage of your order, are selling the passes. The price is ten francs, per pass, per day. As all the men are required to report upon return and turn their passes in to the guardhouse, these sergeants have them for reissue.

"Hodges and Pew also have their stool pigeons present at all the gambling games going on, and these stool pigeons collect a rake-off for them. When one of the men is caught overstaying his pass or breaking the rules or regulations, they hold a mock court-martial trial over the culprit and fine him all the traffic will bear, the fines, of course, going into their own pockets."

"But, Wilson," I said, "how can these two sergeants hold up and rob six thousand men? It does not seem possible! The men would rebel and complain to their officers."

"That's what I thought, at first," replied Wilson, "but Hodges and Pew have a tremendous control over there; it came about in this way:

"Several months ago a man did rebel at being

robbed and complained about it to his captain. Hodges and Pew, however, were successful in convincing the captain that the man was lying; and for punishment the man was sent to the guardhouse. That same night Hodges shot this squealer. When the investigation came up Hodges swore that the man attacked him with a knife and that he had to shoot in self-defense. Pew corroborated Hodges, and the verdict was:

" 'Killed by Sergeant Hodges in self-defense.'

"Ever since that time all Hodges has to do is to recall the fate of the squealer to the mind of any gambler, and fear does the rest; and then the stevedores are firmly convinced that both Hodges and Pew practise the Voodoo rites and hold the power of life or death over them. It's fear of the Voodoo that makes the stevedores mortally afraid of these two crooks. It is only by the liberal use of the money you gave me that I have not been turned in as a deserter. But I have bought Hodges' friendship all right."

Surely here was plenty of food for thought: Hodges and Pew running the camp and collecting tribute from all sides. If they were capable of such graft, were they not also capable of killing Hand? Naturally the idea that the murder was a part of this carnival of crime took its place in our minds, but that alone did not get us any further.

"But all things come to him who waits." The next day after we had received Wilson's report, a French

peasant, digging in his vineyard, uncovered a revolver. Luckily for us, this Frenchman realized what his find meant, and carefully wrapping the revolver in a newspaper, he brought it to us. It was of French make and was of the same calibre as the one used in the murder of Hand. There were two empty shells in the cylinder and it was covered with what looked like rust. The trigger guard was all bent out of shape, and on it and on the butt we found several hairs. An analysis by the medical department told us that, without doubt, what we had thought was rust was blood, and that the hair came from a coloured man. *At last we had a real clue.*

We carefully cleaned the revolver and were finally able to decipher the number and make. Fortunately for us there is a law in France which requires that a record be kept of the sale of all firearms. A book is supplied for the purpose; and in it the merchant enters the name and number of the gun, and the purchaser signs the book. With the make and number of the revolver that killed Hand in our possession, we canvassed all the firearm stores. By the process of elimination, we finally located the store that had sold the gun.

"Yes," the proprietor remembered the sale. "It seemed strange to me that an American soldier, especially a coloured sergeant, would need to purchase a revolver."

Scrawled across the book we found *W. S. Grant,* the name given by the purchaser. When asked if he

thought he could identify the soldier, the proprietor replied:

"I am sure that I can, for I remember him quite distinctly."

The proprietor was willing to assist us, and he was taken to Bassens. There, secreted in a café which was frequented by the stevedores, the proprietor picked out Hodges. When asked his reasons for picking out Hodges, he replied:

"The soldier who purchased the revolver had a scar across his chin."

So had Hodges.

Moreover, Hodges was such a distinguished looking soldier that one naturally would remember him. He was over six feet tall, straight as an arrow, a real bronze giant. His colour was light, and he could have passed as an Indian. For years he had been a soldier in one of the coloured regiments of our regular army and as a result of those years of training he was to all outward appearances every inch a soldier. To one who did not know the real fiend underneath this exterior, he appeared to be a "regular" who knew his job and his place; and when he was talking with any one, looking him straight in the eye, his manner at once inspired confidence in the man and what he was saying. He made as good an impression as did "Honest Iago," another soldier, by the way.

To prove before a court-martial that Hodges was the actual purchaser of the revolver, it was necessary to compare the handwriting in the book

with that of Hodges. We secured a copy of a daily guard report written by Hodges, and with the page from the record book both were submitted to a handwriting expert. His report confirmed our suspicion—both had been written by Hodges.

*Now we had two clues.* They were useless, however, unless we could back them up, for it would be easy enough for Hodges to swear that he had lost the revolver, and then where would we be? However, we were now sure we were on the right trail.

Wilson was instructed to play strong on Hodges for a confession. But, even in his cups, Hodges never gave an inkling that he either knew about or had a hand in the murder. He was a wise one, was Hodges.

And we were still fooling with the same blank wall.

As a last resort, we finally decided to apply psychology to the case and see if that science would not help us to solve the crime. So calling Hodges and Pew into my office, I said to them:

"Boys, I am up against it. I cannot find a clue as to who killed Hand. If I don't find one pretty quick, I am going to hear from General Pershing. Your Captain tells me that if any one can find the murderer, you two can. I want you to help me. I am going to appoint you special detectives; give you passes so you can go anywhere at any time; supply you with civilian clothes; let you carry guns; in fact I am going to make you my confidential assistants."

If Hodges and Pew really did kill Hand, they were likely to know if there were any witnesses to the

crime or any men who suspected them. And it was morally certain that such deep-dyed villains as these would move heaven and earth to pin the crime where it would do the most good in doubly insuring the safety they were enjoying. In trying to convict others I had strong hopes they would help me convict themselves.

Hodges and Pew were well pleased with their appointment. They thought they were dealing with a fool and could easily pull the wool over his eyes. Then, again, the passes and the civilian clothes would allow them to have some good times in Bordeaux without fear of arrest by the military police.

Pew, by the way, was only a willing and useful tool for the engaging Hodges. He, too, had been a regular and for several years in the same regiment with Hodges, and though he had a good soldierly record—that he had been made a sergeant showed that—he was a squat, pock-marked black fellow, who could never look the soldier, and had no such intelligence as made Hodges such a master.

With Wilson covering the activities of the camp, and Hodges and Pew working to convict the witnesses so they themselves would be free, I felt that it would be only a question of time before the necessary evidence would be in our hands and the trap would be closed. The answer to the question: *"Who killed Hand?"* seemed to be coming nearer and nearer.

My judgment was soon confirmed, for within a few days after Hodges and Pew had been appointed de-

tectives, they came into the office with a coloured stevedore.

"Major," said Hodges, "here is one of the murderers."

Turning to the man, Hodges demanded in a threatening voice: "Givens, didn't you help kill that boy Hand?"

And now, right in my own office, I was face to face with the uncanny power of these two men. Here was a poor, ignorant coloured boy, crushed under the mysterious influence of these two crooks, confessing to a crime which I was morally certain he did not commit, for Givens replied:

"Yes, Major, I helped kill Hand."

Carefully explaining to Givens that what he might say could be used against him, I again questioned him as to his guilt. Even in the face of the certainty that he must hang for the crime, he still maintained that he helped kill Hand. Voodoo was against me and would never get this victim to own his innocence with Hodges and Pew around.

I bestowed flattering praise on Hodges and Pew for their quick work, saying:

"Now that we have the guilty man I will have a court-martial convened and we will quickly settle this boy Givens."

"But, Major," interrupted Hodges, "there is another man in that camp that also had a hand in the killing. We will have him in here in a few days, then you can hang them both."

And so, triumphant in their diabolical scheme, the sergeants departed to find another victim for the hangman. When they were gone, I fell to trying to get the truth out of Givens; but it seemed that a fear of something more than death hung over him like a pall. Even telling him that I knew he was innocent was of no avail; he still maintained his guilt. I knew Givens was not guilty; but the question was, how could his fear of Hodges and Pew be mastered?

He was sent to the guardhouse; and I had to issue instructions to impress upon his mind the horrors of being hanged, so that the physical fear would overcome his fear of what Hodges could do to him with his Voodoo tricks. Two days later I had Givens brought back to the office and there, after hours of careful and hard work, the truth was finally wrung from him. With tears streaming down his face, trembling with a fear of the unknown, and pleading for protection from Hodges and Pew, Givens gave us the facts. (Givens was a black chap who spoke like Uncle Remus, but reproduction of his dialect is beyond me.)

"The night that Hand was killed," said he, "I had been in Bordeaux. I overstayed my leave and was sneaking into the camp over the ridge. While making my way along the path, I heard someone coming, so I jumped over the hedge and hid. I saw Hodges and Pew, with Hand between them, come up the path and pass by the place where I was hiding. A few seconds later I heard two shots. Then Hodges and

Pew came running back along the path. As they passed me Hodges proclaimed:

" 'There, I have fixed that damned squealer.'

"I was so scared that I remained hiding for over an hour, and then slowly made my way into the camp. The other night I got drunk and bragged that I knew all about the shooting of Hand. Evidently Hodges heard of it, for I was soon arrested. Hodges told me what to say, and said if I denied it when brought before you he would put a Voodoo spell on me and on all my relations. He can do it, too; so I confessed."

It was evident that even while he told this story Givens was as much afraid of Hodges as he was of hanging. Poor Givens believed that he was a doomed man whichever way he turned. That night, to allay his fears, he was secretly transferred to the prison at Tours.

*Our net was slowly closing about Hodges and Pew.* Now we were able to place them at the scene of the crime with the murdered man. We also were able to show that Hodges had purchased the gun.

Still I was not satisfied and planned to await further corroboration before ordering their arrest. Being convinced in my own mind as to the guilt of any one, and proving it before a court-martial were two vastly different things.

The next man Hodges brought in was Williams. And again the farce was gone over. Hodges accused Williams of the actual murder, and Williams admit-

ted it. When asked how he could have been on the ridge when he was supposed to have been in the guardhouse, he replied:

"I sneaked out and had been to the village for a drink. On my way back I met Givens and we both were slipping into camp the back way. We met Hand. He said he was going to tell on us, and so I shot him."

Once again the evil influence was at work. We were living in the 20th century, but the fear of a Voodoo was actually strong enough to cause two innocent men to swear away their own lives. They, in truth, were so thoroughly frightened that they believed what they said. If Hodges said they killed Hand, why they did, and that was all there was to it. The thing was almost inconceivable. But here it was staring us in the face. I knew in my own mind that both these boys had been lying; still, if they had persisted in their confessions, we should have been forced to hang them.

Again it was necessary to resort to peculiar methods in order to overcome that terrible menace! Williams was sent to the guardhouse and the same sergeant who had been so successful in breaking down Givens was set to work on him. Finally successful, the sergeant brought Williams to the office. After giving him our solemn promise that we would send him away where Hodges could not find him, and giving him a charm that we swore was a sure protection against any Voodoo spell, we got the truth from Williams:

"I was in the guardhouse the night Hand was killed," said Williams. "I remember it well, though, for I saw Pew come in and get another uniform for Hodges; I saw Hodges wash his hands and the water was all red, as if with blood. I reckon Hodges must have seen me watching, for yesterday he accused me of the crime and told me just what to say."

Faithful to my promise, I spirited Williams away and put him in the prison at Tours, where he and Givens could keep up each other's courage.

During the time that Hodges was corralling Givens and Williams, Wilson was busy on his end of the investigation. Among other things, he learned that Hodges was maintaining a woman in Spanish Town—Spanish Town was one of the worst parts of Bordeaux and had "off limits" for all Americans ever since their arrival in that city. Hodges would wait until the military police were withdrawn each night, and then he would slip in from the river-front.

Believing that Wilson had accomplished all that he could in the camp, he was instructed to allow the military police to pick him up. The orders were quickly obeyed and Wilson was soon back in the guardhouse. So that there would be no question about Wilson's standing and to clear his record, the farce of a court-martial was gone through with. Wilson, of course, we found not guilty and released. He was then detailed as my chauffeur, and equipped with

a pass that permitted him to go anywhere, he was instructed to make a play for Hodges's woman. In this he was not so successful as we had hoped. True he was able to induce her to go riding with him; but though the opportunities for rides in the automobile were many, the woman never wavered in her love for Hodges—she would not talk.

There is an old and true saying:

"If you want to make a woman talk, first make her jealous." So we planned to try by some means to create a feeling of jealousy between this woman and Hodges.

I took my troubles to my friend, the Chief of the French secret police, as I needed his help in finding a woman that I could use for the purpose in mind. During the war the secret police of Bordeaux was a powerful organization, made up as it was of many nationalities, and comprising both men and women. Among the women was a girl whose father was a Negro and whose mother was a half caste. Marie, the Chief prophesied, was just the girl for my work, pretty as a picture and absolutely fearless, and the Chief sent Marie to me.

Her instructions were simple. She was to frequent a café in Bassens where Hodges was in the habit of spending his spare time. An acquaintance with Hodges was to be formed and when she had accomplished this, further instructions would be given her. Marie carried out her part of the plan promptly and before many days had

passed she reported that Hodges was making ardent love to her.

The stage was now set for the jealous woman to appear. Marie was told that at four o'clock on the next afternoon she must be walking along the La Palice road with Hodges. During the time that Marie had been working on Hodges, Wilson, in turn, was diligently planting the seeds of suspicion and jealousy in the mind of the woman from Spanish Town.

Spinning along the La Palice road on the next afternoon Wilson, with the Spanish woman, passed Marie and Hodges.

"Look!" exclaimed Wilson. "Why, there is Hodges, right now, and he sure has some good-looking girl with him. It's just as I have been telling you, Hodges has a new sweetheart now! He doesn't love you any more!"

During the remainder of the ride, Wilson made the most of his opportunity; and before he returned to Bordeaux he had succeeded in working his companion into a fine rage. He continued throwing insinuations after their return to the house, and finally broke down her reserve. Turning to Wilson, the woman cried:

"If I can't have him no other woman shall! I know enough to hang him! He can't throw me over like that and get away with it! Why, it was only a month ago that he came here in the middle of the night with a bundle containing one of his uniforms,

all bloody. He asked me to have it cleansed. I took it to the cleanser just around the corner and it is there yet.

"Hodges was in a terrible rage at the time. He even threatened to kill me if I ever told. Several nights later he came in drunk. During the evening he boasted that he had killed one of his men for threatening to squeal. It was terrible, especially when he told me how he had beaten in the head of the man. Later he said, 'If you ever tell on me, I will strangle you with my bare hands.' I don't care, now! He doesn't love me any more; but that other woman won't get him! Before I would stand for that, I would kill him myself!"

As soon as possible after this, without exciting suspicion, Wilson left the house and reported to me. A hasty visit to the cleansing establishment produced the uniform with Hodges's name stamped on it. The manager remembered the circumstances. He remembered, too, the trouble he had had in getting the blood stains out. He was also quite willing to assist us by testifying to the facts as he knew them.

*Our chain of evidence was now complete.* We had the revolver and could connect Hodges with the purchase of it. Through Givens, we could prove that Hodges and Pew were with Hand just before he was murdered. Williams would testify that Hodges had changed his uniform on the night that Hand was killed. Also from Williams, we could prove the fact that Hodges's hands were all bloody. We had the

statement of the cleanser that he had received the American uniform covered with blood spots; that he had delivered the identical uniform to us. He would also testify that it came to him through Hodges's woman. The uniform in question had Hodges's name stamped in it. Lastly, we had the questionable confession of the Spanish Town woman herself, as she made it to Wilson.

*The case was perfect.* All that remained was to draw the net and take our prisoners. Knowing that Hodges and Pew were desperate men, we set a trap to catch them unawares. Sending word to both Hodges and Pew that I wanted to see them in order to go over the evidence against Givens and Williams, I had them come to the office.

They were not a pair to take any chances on, and when they came in, four of my best men were stationed in the room. On some trifling excuse they were induced to go to a window to look out, and the first intimation that they had that their plans had gone astray was when they felt the muzzles of two automatics pressed into the small of their backs with a curt:

"Hands up!"

Hodges never gave a sign of fear or guilt! Pew was shaken, though he pulled himself together pretty well; but Hodges went to the guardhouse like a good soldier, carrying himself as though proud of his innocence, and falsely accused.

Securely ironed, they were kept in solitary confine-

ment to await the action of a court-martial. A few days after the arrest, Pew sent word that he wanted to see me. I believed that he wanted to confess, and since we did not as yet know the motive for the murder, I wanted that confession. Yet I knew that he would try to exchange his confession for his life and, not having the power to promise him anything, I would not see him myself, but, instead, sent a sergeant to see him. The sergeant told Pew if he would tell him what he had on his mind, he, the sergeant, would do what he could for him with the major.

"I want to get it all off my conscience," said Pew. "On the night that Hand was killed, he told Hodges that he knew plenty about the grafting. He was going to the colonel the next morning and tell him all about it. Hodges asked Hand and myself to take a walk up on the ridge so they could talk it over. During this walk, Hodges, knowing that Hand's word was as good as his bond, tried to get Hand to promise not to squeal. Hodges promised if he would not squeal he would stop grafting. Hand refused. Then Hodges beat in his head with the butt of the gun." . . .

I was transferred to the front before sentence was passed. And in March, 1919, I told this story at a dinner of the Adventurers' Club, in New York. I ended my story by saying I did not know what the court-martial's verdict had been. A member of the Adventurers' arose from his seat at a table and said he could supply the end of the tale. He had

served on the court-martial that had sentenced Hodges and Pew to be hanged; but the Reviewing Officer, believing no premeditation had been shown, had commuted their sentence to life imprisonment at Fort Leavenworth.

## AVENGING OLD JEAN

JEAN the cheesemonger, bowed over from years of back-breaking toil, with snow-white hair and scraggly beard, was no unfamiliar sight to our soldiers billeted in the French towns in our training area to the west of Bordeaux. His clear blue eyes, peering out from under shaggy white eyebrows, always smiled the welcome that his lack of English forbade expression in words. Dressed in his faded-out blue denim smock and nondescript trousers, with his faithful old pipe always in his mouth, he jogged along the roads selling his wares wherever he could. His little two-wheeled cart, drawn by a diminutive donkey as old and gray as himself and Jean seated on the thill, his feet, encased in rough wooden sabots, dangling down till they just cleared the ground as he passed along—the outfit was picturesque.

The order mobilizing the French regiments, in 1914, changed the current of life for many of the French people; but to none of them was the change of greater import than to the family of Jean Boudin. With the help of his wife and three sons, Jean had been able to make the third, that is, all but the last, payment on their little farm, where he dreamed of retiring from hard work and passing his declining

years in the peaceful quietness of country life. The boys were old enough to carry on the farm. Since they had served their time in the army, there was no reason why Jean should not sit in the sun and dream to his heart's content.

The mobilization orders changed everything, for the three boys were called to the colours. At the first battle of the Marne two of them were killed. The youngest, Gaston, blinded by a high-explosive shell, was sent home to pass the remainder of his days in darkness. His pension of only a franc a day was scarcely enough to keep body and soul together, and Jean was forced to work.

Jean made a heroic struggle to keep the farm; but age and the other odds were too great, and it finally had to be sold. With the small amount of money he received, after providing as much as possible for Gaston, Jean purchased the little old donkey and cart, and laying in a stock of cheese, he started out, hoping to earn enough to keep his family together, by supplying the local cafés, stores, and our troops. Scrupulously clean was his cheese, each kind wrapped in a clean white cloth and each in its own willow basket, while over all was another cloth. Always cheerful and never complaining of the hard fate that had forced him out on the roads to earn a living at his time of life, Jean had not an enemy in the world. Jogging along the various roads, he was even allowed to enter the training camps, while our generous soldiers, knowing of Jean's struggle, admired his pluck

and perseverance and let many an extra franc find its way into his pockets.

Jean was slowly but surely winning in his unequal fight, when, on the morning of June 20th, a detail of American soldiers under the command of their captain was passing along one of the side roads leading to the training field and found Jean's donkey, still hitched to the cart, nibbling grass along the side of the road. Fearing the old man had fallen out and hurt himself, the men scattered to search the various paths and roads near by in an endeavour to find Jean. About a mile from where his donkey was feeding poor Jean's body was found, his pockets rifled and his head battered in. Covering up the body with a blanket and posting guards to keep the curious from destroying any possible clues that there might be, the captain went to a telephone and notified our office.

With three of our men I jumped into the motor-car, and with all speed we drove to the scene of the crime. Everything was exactly as it had been when the body was found. Nothing had been disturbed, consequently we could make a careful search of the place. Three hours of painstaking examination brought out little that could help us: Jean's body by the side of the road; a rock about the size of a cocoanut, all covered with blood, which evidently had been the weapon used; and a basket of cheese, with the covering cloth gone—that was all.

The French police took charge of Jean's body, promising to hold it for a few days until our prelimi-

nary examination was completed; while we took the rock and the basket of cheese to our office. An attempt to find fingerprints on the rock proved a failure, so we turned our attention to the basket of cheese. Under the magnifying glass we found a well-formed thumbprint where a thumb had been pressed into the cheese, as if to see if it was hard. We immediately had the fingerprints of Jean taken and compared them with a photographed copy of the fingerprint found on the piece of cheese. The comparison showed that the impression had not been made by Jean.

Every soldier who was inducted into the army had his fingerprints taken and all these were placed on file in Washington. While, of course, we were not certain that the print on the cheese had been made by the murderer, nevertheless, we could not afford to overlook even the slightest clue and so we sent a copy of the fingerprint photograph to Washington with a request that it be identified if possible. Mails were slow, and the troops in the training areas were continually moving in and out; therefore, if we were to apprehend the criminal it behooved us to move quickly and not wait for an answer from Washington.

In the training area where the murder had been committed we had over seven thousand troops. It seemed like a hopeless task to search through such a body of men to find one who might have been the murderer. Just at this time we had several other cases pending investigation, so I was able to detail

only two men to the task of ferreting out the guilty one.

Sergeants Kirkham and Sherborne were those detailed for this work. Both these sergeants requested the assignment, for they knew Jean and his story and were determined to find the murderer and have him punished if he was an American, or if not, then to clear the Americans of French suspicion that some one of our men was guilty.

The doctors who performed the autopsy on Jean reported that the murder had been committed between six and eight on the night of June 19th.

Our first duty was to check up on all the passes issued on that date. Inasmuch as all passes had to be turned in to the local guardhouse when the soldier returned from his leave and the time of the return stamped thereon, we had a basis to start from. Every man who was absent from the camps on June 19th was placed under suspicion until our investigation had cleared him. This narrowed our work to quite an extent, as all we had to search for were the men who had been out on that day. First one and then another of these men were investigated and eliminated from the case. Finally the search dwindled to any one of six men whose stories of what they were doing on that night did not seem plausible to us. Once more checking up on these six men, we finally eliminated all but one whose story still did not impress us as true.

Just as we had narrowed the search to this one

man, the very thing which we feared more than anything else happened—this man's regiment was ordered to the front. We had no direct evidence which at this time would warrant his arrest, so we could do nothing else than follow him to the front.

Sergeant Kirkman was the one selected to go. Kirkman, before the war, had been a policeman on the Boston force and as a shadower few were his equal and none his superior: "Bull-Dog" Kirkman we called him—and right well did he merit his name. Probably never in the history of a murder case was a man shadowed under more thrilling circumstances than was this one. Kirkman had been regularly transferred to the suspect's company. We took the captain of this company into our confidence and had him assign Kirkman to the same squad as that to which the suspect belonged. The regiment was in the front line and Kirkman's work was all done, either in the trenches, the dugouts, or out in No Man's Land. At all times a close watch had to be maintained over the suspect lest he realize that someone was after him and desert or surrender to the boche. Then, too, there was the danger that in the continual fighting Kirkman himself might be killed and all his work nullified—but this was a chance we had to take.

One night, while on an advance post with three members of the suspect's company, Kirkman determined upon a bold stroke to see if these men knew aught of the murder.

"You remember that Frenchman who was murdered back in the training area?" queried Kirkman. "Well, I would not want to have that murder on my soul up here. Just think what it would mean to a fellow to be killed before he had a chance to confess. How awful to be obliged to face God with a thing like that murder to explain."

Picture, if you can, dear reader, these men in that advanced post pushed out into No Man's Land, not knowing in the darkness what minute death would find them. Kirkman, the big chap, in his quiet, serious, but forceful way, telling of the horrors of having to face the Beyond with a murder on one's soul. It was enough to cause any one to ponder deeply. While at this time the suspect himself was not present, yet Kirkman was in hopes that some one of the other three might take the lesson to heart and if he knew the least thing about the case would tell of it. In this Kirkman was not disappointed, for one of the men did speak up.

"I saw Private———" (he named the suspect) "just before pay day with a pocket full of money; but, owing to our move up here and to the fact that ever since our arrival we have been under constant fire, I neglected to tell our captain about it.

"Bottles" (the nickname of Private ———) "asked me to go out to a café with him for a drink. Knowing that only the day before he had tried to borrow money from me I laughed at him and told him to wait until after pay day.

"He then put both his hands in his pockets and pulled them out filled with silver.

"I asked him where he had found so much, and he said he had sold a lot of bottles that day."

Immediately, another of the three volunteered the information that he, too, knew about Bottles having been flush at this time. He said:

"I saw Bottles counting his money and he had about fifty francs in silver and bills. He repaid me a loan of fifteen francs just before we were ordered to the front."

Luckily for the success of our case Kirkman came through the campaign unhurt, and at the first opportunity he got off a report to us giving us the information he had gathered out there in No Man's Land. For fear that these two men might be killed during the fighting and I would thus lose some of my witnesses, I requested that an order be issued transferring them to my department at Bordeaux—and we hurried them away from the front.

Upon receipt of Kirkman's report we sent out men to convass the cafés in the surrounding country for evidence to substantiate Bottles' statement that he had sold a large number of bottles on the 19th of June. It was found that he had sold but a few, for which he had received five francs, which he had at once spent for cognac.

During the search we had succeeded in finding a clue which later on was to have an important bearing on this remarkable case. In a small café, about two

miles from where Jean had been killed, one of our men found two Frenchwomen who remembered that an American soldier had come into their café one night about the time of the murder and had purchased two bottles of red wine. One of these women said to our detective:

"His uniform was bloody and his hand was wrapped up in a white cloth. When asked how he had hurt himself, he replied:

"'I have been in a fight with one of the other soldiers. In the fight I hurt my hand and it has bled on my uniform. If I don't wash it off I will be court-martialed for getting my uniform all dirty.' And to our surprise he used the wine in an endeavour to wash out the stains. This was what impressed the incident so strongly upon our minds. The soldier appeared very nervous and kept gulping down drink after drink of cognac."

Pressed for further details, these two women were certain they could identify the soldier. Possibly they could; but we wanted to be sure, for a man's life was in the balance. So to test them we had them look over several regiments then in the training area. They assured us, after a complete inspection of these regiments, that the man who had come into their café was not among those whom they had seen. We saw that they knew what they were talking about; then arrangements were made for them to be ready to go to the front when we needed them.

I made a hurried trip to the front myself to post Kirkman as to the present status of the case and instructed him to centre his whole time and attention upon Bottles. The case had so narrowed down that it now warranted the closest attention. To give it such attention, Sergeants Sherborne and Kelly were transferred to the same company as were the others. Sherborne was to take up the shadow if Kirkman was killed and Kelly was to pick it up if both Kirkman and Sherborne *went West*. With Kirkman shadowing Bottles, Sherborne watching both, and Kelly watching the three, this extraordinary chase went on. Over the top, out into the hell of No Man's Land, in shell holes, through devastated towns, Kirkman stuck close to Bottles, with Sherborne and Kelly keeping as close as possible without exciting suspicion, yet close enough to pick up the trail if Kirkman was shot.

We all believed that Bottles was the guilty party and hoped that an enemy bullet would save us the trouble and disgrace of hanging him—but no such luck. Bottles seemed to bear a charmed life, for although he had several narrow escapes, he came through the campaign unhurt. Eventually his regiment was withdrawn from the front and sent to a rest area.

The case was discussed with the Judge Advocate, who advised an arrest if the two women could identify Bottles and if Washington reported on the fingerprints as belonging to the suspect. Even while dis-

cussing the case with the Judge Advocate, the cablegram from Washington arrived:

Fingerprints submitted belong to Private ———

The very man we suspected.

Arrangements were soon made for the two women, upon whose identification of Bottles our case depended, to go up to the front. It was planned that Kirkman with Bottles should be given a pass and on the next Sunday go to the town where we had secreted the two women and there mingle with other troops. In order to give Bottles every chance, and so that there would be no opportunity for either of the women to be influenced by the other's identification, we placed them in separate houses with detectives and asked each of them to point out the man if they saw him passing.

Soldiers were constantly going by. After a time, Kirkman with the suspect, accompanied by Sherborne and Kelly, passed down the street by the houses where the two women were hiding. Without a minute's hesitation both women pointed out Bottles as the man who had been in their café and bought the two bottles of wine.

Before we could make the arrest, an orderly came into the town with orders for every man to report back to his company, as a battle was impending.

Kirkman, with the suspect, returned to the camp, unaware of the result of our attempt at identification.

That night while on guard Kirkman remarked to Bottles, "You are lucky to have a new uniform."

"Do you know," said Bottles, "I slipped one over on the supply officer! I told him that I had lost my other uniform—thought it had been stolen—and he issued me another one in its place. I fooled him good! for I buried it in the barracks back at the training camp. It was all covered over with wine stains, and I knew if the officer saw it he would make me pay for it."

We reported the status of the case to our Chief. He had the Commanding General order Bottles back to the rear. Including our three men they all reported to me. We placed Bottles under arrest and all of us returned to Bordeaux.

We searched the barracks where this man said he had buried his uniform and, sure enough, we dug up an old uniform which we identified as his by the number stamped upon it. As it was covered with spots, we turned it over to the Medical Department for analysis.

Their report showed that some of the spots were undoubtedly blood, but owing to the time it had been buried, coupled with the fact that wine was used to wash out the stains, they were unable to swear whether it was human blood or not.

We were now ready for the trial when the officer who had been assigned to defend Bottles threw a bombshell into the case by claiming an alibi. Investigation of this alibi quickly convinced us that Bottles

had built it up in such a way that even with all our evidence, he might defeat us and go clear.

Some time before the murder, the *Saturday Evening Post* had published the story of the life of Al Jennings, the noted train robber. In this story, Jennings told how he had established a false alibi by visiting certain people and incidentally calling their attention to the date—the date he mentioned being a different one from the actual date. Not one had noticed this, however, and when Jennings was accused of participating in the train robbery, although actually there, he had proved by this false alibi that he was miles away at the time.

Bottles had done that same thing: He had visited the "Y" hut and had purchased a few things; had signed the slip as of the 19th (although it was the 20th) and had told the "Y" Secretary that this was his birthday and asked him to give him a smoke as a present. He had remained there all the evening and at ten o'clock had gone to his quarters. The "Y" Secretary remembered the date as the 19th. When Bottles had arrived at the billet he remarked to his squad leader:

"This is the 19th of June and my birthday. I hope to celebrate the next one in the States." The squad leader, when this was called to his attention, also remembered the date as the 19th.

I, too, had read the story of Al Jennings and clearly remembering the alibi instance, made up my mind that Bottles had manufactured one in the same way.

To break down this alibi, I determined to adopt the French custom in similar cases and reproduce, for the benefit of the accused, the crime.

The French have a theory that a criminal cannot fail to betray his guilt if the crime is reproduced as near the actual crime as possible, and at the scene of the crime.

We secured a basket of cheese, a donkey, and Jean's cart; and two of our men were detailed to act the part of the principals. Just at dusk, the prisoner with several witnesses was taken to the place where Jean had been killed, and we awaited developments. At a given signal, out from the cross-roads came Jean's cart and donkey, while our man, dressed as Jean, was nodding over the reins. Suddenly, from the other side of the road, came a man who in the distance looked exactly like the prisoner. He stopped Jean; and Jean, climbing down from his wagon, reached for his basket of cheese. A sponge full of red wine sufficed for the rock, and Jean was struck down. The sponge was squeezed, and in the gathering darkness it looked as if another murder had been committed. As *our* Jean fell forward, the prisoner screamed and, falling on his knees begging for mercy, confessed.

Sobbingly, he told us the story of his life: "I have been arrested several times. And just before I was drafted, I had been released after serving three years at Joliet. The day after I came from prison was the day I was drafted into the army. I determined to live

square and for six months had no trouble. I started drinking, however, and soon the old craving had me again and I knew that I would do anything to get a drink. I hadn't had a drink for a long time, was broke, and my credit no good, when I chanced upon Jean.

"Getting him down from his wagon on the pretence of buying a cheese, I grabbed him and tried to rob him. He fought me, recognizing me by my nickname, Bottles, so I grabbed a rock and beat in his head—fear drove me mad. When I found blood on my uniform I tried to wash it off with wine, thinking that the wine would obliterate any blood stains.

"When my regiment went to the front I was happy, for I hoped I would get killed or wounded so severely that I would be sent home. But I just couldn't. I now know it was ordered otherwise. Though I tried several times to get mine, I came through without a scratch."

With this man's confession and the evidence which we had collected, he was soon found guilty and was sentenced to be hanged. In the army, sentences against the military code that are punishable by death are carried out by shooting, while those against the civil law are executed by hanging. The reviewing authority confirmed the sentence and Bottles paid the penalty.

At last poor Jean was avenged.

THE END